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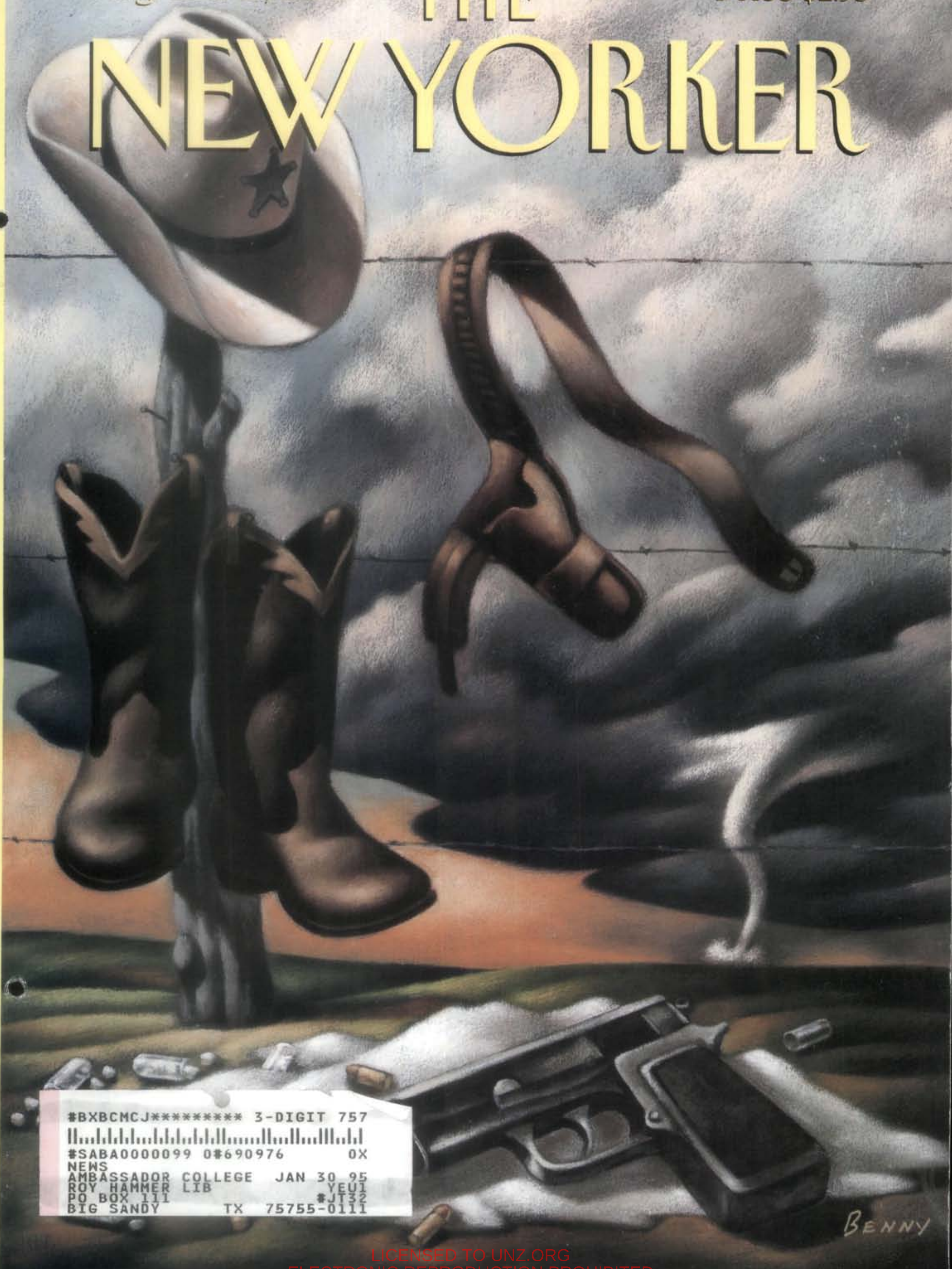

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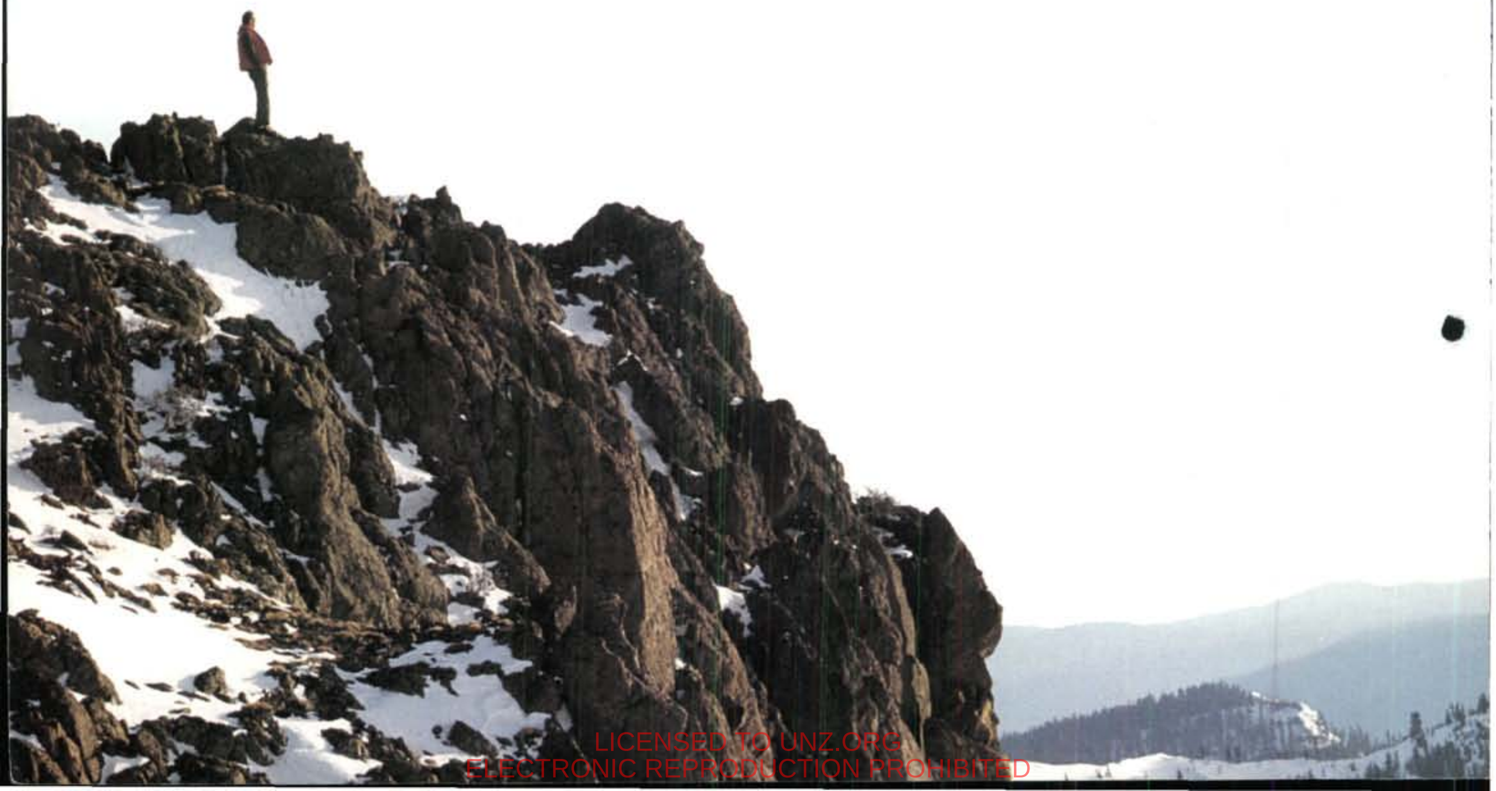

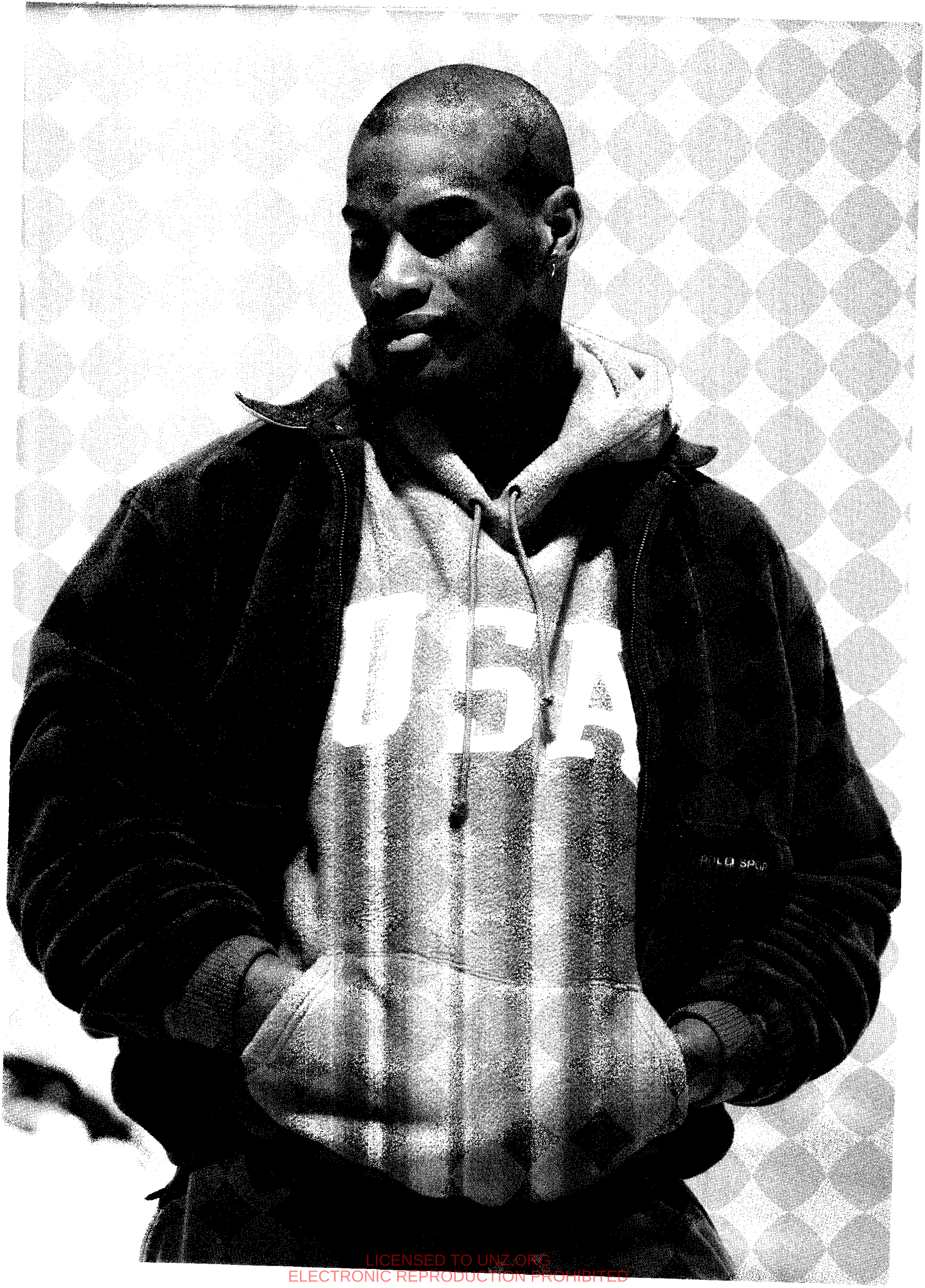
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THE NEW YORKER

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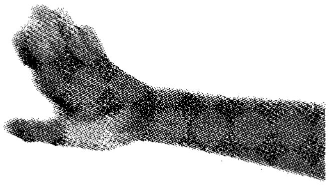

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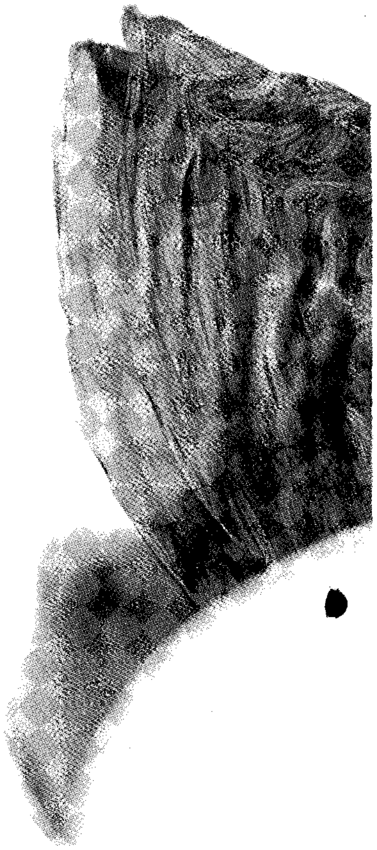

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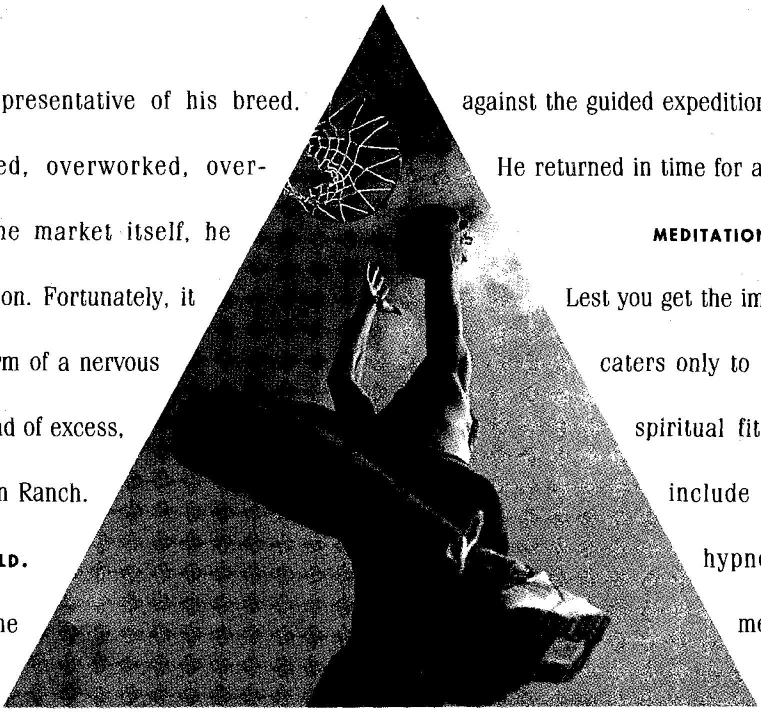
{The tale of the stockbroker who came back as a human being.}



He was representative of his breed. Overstressed, overworked, over-indulged. And like the market itself, he was due for a correction. Fortunately, it did not come in the form of a nervous breakdown or a weekend of excess, but in a visit to Canyon Ranch.

GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD.

After arriving here, one soon departs from life as usual. Our stockbroker began with a pick-up game of basketball. Then on to one of our many gyms. Here, a trainer helped him construct an exercise routine to rebuild his neglected infrastructure, which he then treated to a facial and an herbal massage.

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE PINE CONES.

Next day's agenda: get reacquainted with the "great outdoors," prime country for hiking and biking. Being a maverick, our man decided against the guided expeditions and pedaled off solo. He returned in time for a healthy gourmet meal.

MEDITATION, ANYONE?

Lest you get the impression Canyon Ranch caters only to the body, consider our spiritual fitness programs. These include stress management, hypnotherapy, tai chi and meditation, during which our broker was guided into a state of profound relaxation. (Warning: close your door before trying this at the office.)

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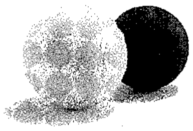

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COMMENT

CATCH-XXII

The filibuster lives, and it could kill off health care.

EVEN before the Senate opened the historic—or futile, we don't know yet—debate on health-care reform that now occupies it, the opponents of reform flourished their ultimate weapon. "Anything I can do within the rules of the Senate to prevent the government from taking over or controlling the health-care market, I'm going to do," Phil Gramm, Republican of Texas, declared at a news conference the day before the debate began. At the same news conference, Richard C. Shelby, Democrat of Alabama, put it more bluntly. "Would I mind filibustering against something like this to kill it?" he asked himself rhetorically, referring to the compromise bill offered by George Mitchell, the majority leader, and answered, "Absolutely not."

Mr. Gramm's "rules of the Senate" are really only one rule—Senate Rule XXII, which requires a three-fifths vote of the full membership to end debate. In practice, Rule XXII means that the real threshold for action in the Senate is not the simple majority we learned about in civics class—that is, fifty-one senators if everybody is present and voting, or as few as twenty-six if there are absences or abstentions—but an irreducible supermajority of sixty. By voting against "cloture," or simply by not voting for it, forty-one senators can veto any piece of legislation supported by the fifty-nine others. And, unlike a Presidential veto, this one cannot be overridden.

A filibuster used to be a handmade artifact, requiring many days and nights of marathon jabber. Strom Thurmond, the Senate's longest-serving member, was a master craftsman in his racist youth: in the summer of 1957, he set the record, still unbroken, by holding the floor for twenty-four hours and eighteen minutes straight, trying to kill a mild civil-rights bill. Then, beginning in the nineteen-seventies, production was automated. It is no longer necessary actually to conduct a filibuster; it suffices merely to announce one, and the Senate moves on to other business until the required sixty votes can be assembled or the targeted bill dies. No muss, no fuss, no embarrassing Cleg-

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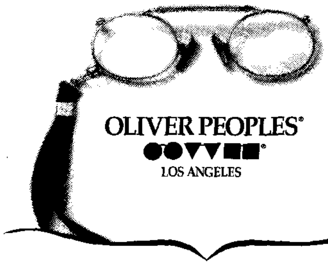
"A Man's Style is his Mind's Voice."

– Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1842



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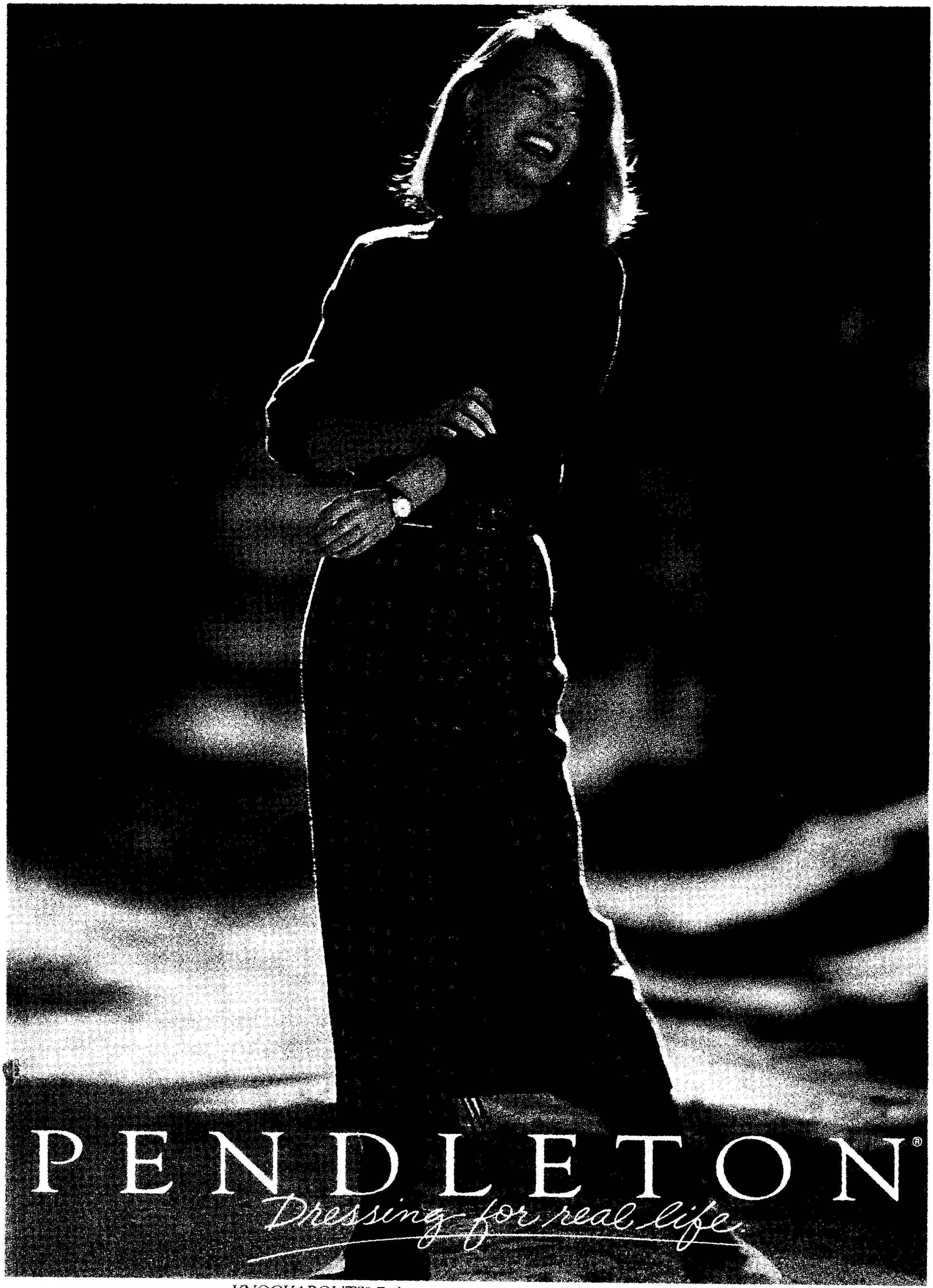
horns in string ties reading excerpts from the telephone directory far into the night. Today's filibusters are almost always invisible, and, perhaps for that reason, most people are unaware that they are now more common than ever before, despite their antique image. Their use has been expanding exponentially, and that's not hyperbole. Here's the scorecard, according to a June study by the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress: during the eighteenth century, no filibusters; during the nineteenth, sixteen; during the first half of this one, sixty-six; during the nineteen-sixties, twenty; during the seventies, fifty-two; and during the eighties, ninety. During the nineties, if the pace set so far is maintained, the Senate will rack up some two hundred. Senators use filibusters or the threat of them not only to kill bills but also to weaken them, and to hold bills or nominations hostage for some wholly unrelated concession. The filibuster shadows everything the Senate does. It is one reason that Senator Mitchell's health-care bill is already weaker than its House counterpart, to say nothing of President Clinton's original proposal (which, in turn, was weaker than the Canadian-style "single payer" plan that many of his advisers, and probably he himself, would prefer if wishing could make it so).

There's one other little problem with Rule XXII: it's unconstitutional. Lloyd Cutler, White House counsel in two Administrations, has made a compelling case for this proposition. The argument goes roughly as follows. First, the Constitution specifies that "a Majority of each [House of Congress] shall constitute a Quorum to do Business." Since a Senate quorum is fifty-one, and a vote to shut off debate is business, a rule that requires sixty votes to do that business (or any other) is quite plainly unconstitutional. Second, the Constitution specifies that the Senate must assent by a two-thirds vote—two-thirds of a quorum, by the way, not two-thirds of the full membership—in just five cases: treaty ratification, expulsion of a member, an impeachment verdict, the overriding of a Presidential veto, and the proposing of a constitutional amendment. Since the framers specifically rejected proposals requiring supermajorities for other categories of legislation, such as laws relating to foreign commerce, they would not have smiled on a rule that invites senators to impose such a requirement at will. Third, the Constitution's provision allowing the Vice-President to break ties in the Senate is made nonsense by a rule that subjects the Senate's every move to a supermajority vote, which, by definition, cannot result in a tie. Q.E.D.

It's true that the framers did not specify that the Senate would do its normal business by simple majority vote, but that's because it didn't occur to them that they had to specify it, any more than it occurred to them to specify that senators should not dunk each other's powdered wigs in the inkwells. For, as the Supreme Court noted in 1892, "the general rule of all parliamentary bodies" that "when a majority is present, the act of a majority of the quorum is the act of the body . . . has been the rule for all time, except so far as in any given case, the terms of the organic act under which the body is assembled have prescribed specific limitations." Unfortunately, the Court, which is extremely shy of challenging the internal workings of Congress, is not about to outlaw filibusters.

If Senators Gramm and Shelby carry out their threat, Senator Mitchell is likely to make them do it the old-fashioned way, in the hope of showing them up as obstructionists. But, even if a filibuster is averted, President Clinton and his congressional allies face immense obstacles in their effort to bring the United States into line with the rest of the developed world by guaranteeing health insurance to its citizens. Unlike his reforming predecessors Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson, Mr. Clinton has no mandate from an election landslide, no ideological majority in Congress, no atmosphere of crisis to help him rally support, and no party machine to discipline his nominal followers. Elected by a mere plurality, he has been further weakened by a series of trivial but chronic scandals, and now by the unexpected last-minute defeat of his crime bill. Under the circumstances, it's something of a miracle that he still has a chance, however slender and diminishing, of getting something done. —HENDRIK HERTZBERG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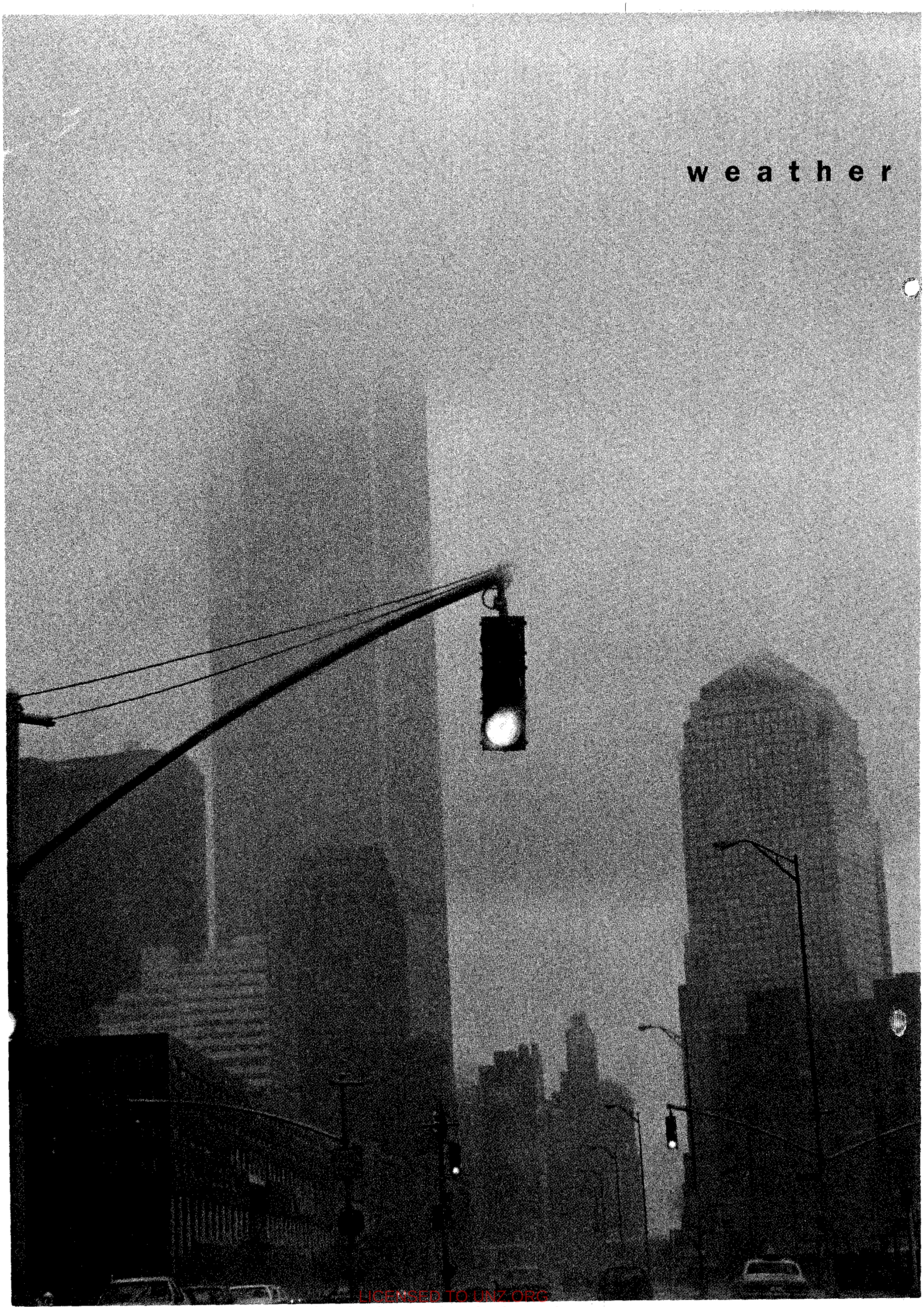

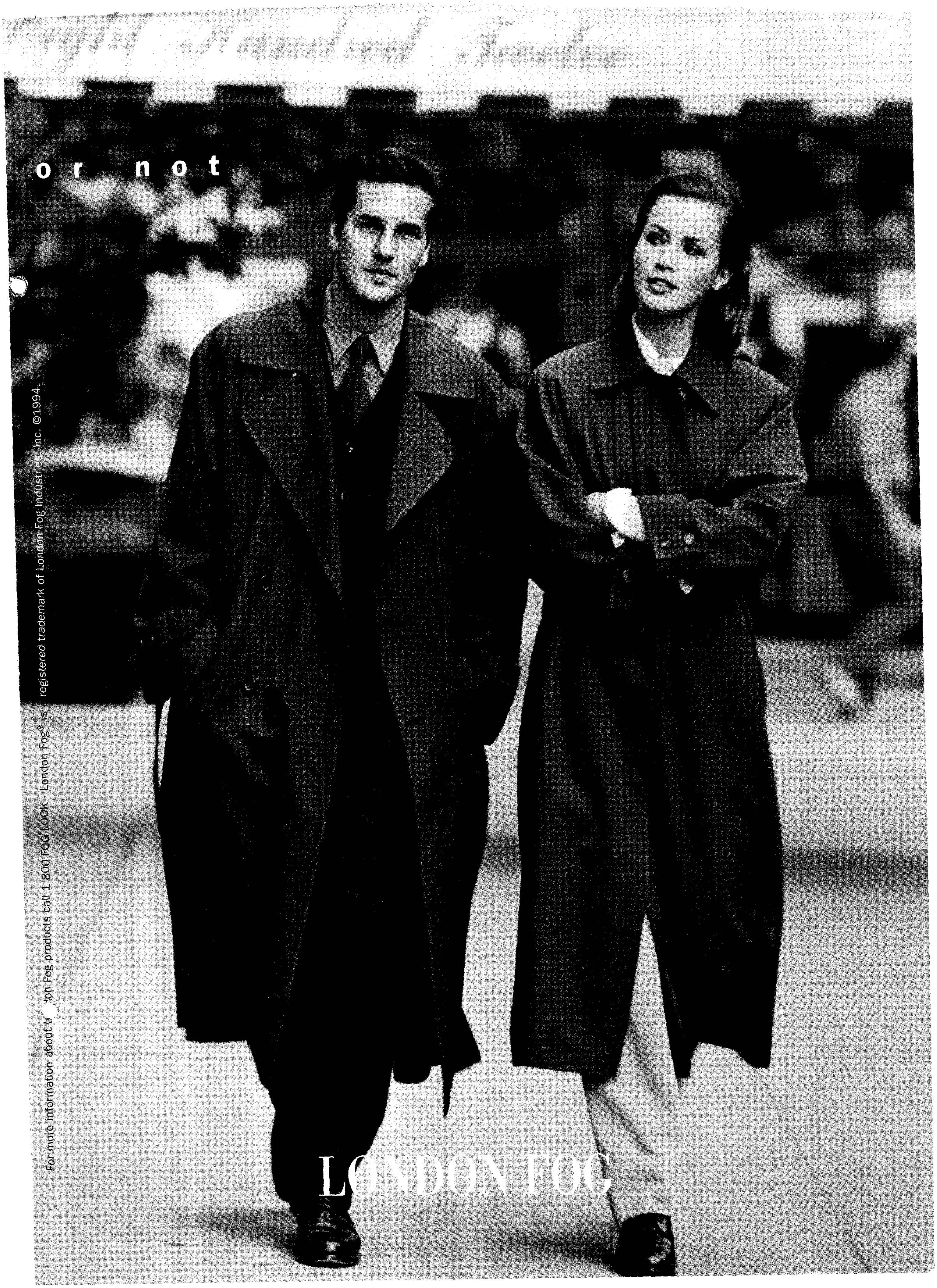
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IN THE MAIL

HOLY WAR

Sidney Blumenthal's "Christian Soldiers" (July 18th) is accurate and revealing but fails to mention one of the most despicable tactics of the right wing—one we experienced here in Virginia during the last statewide election. When our Lieutenant Governor, Donald Beyer, addressed the *political* agenda, not the religious agenda, of such folks as Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell, he was immediately attacked as a religious bigot. Beyer was nevertheless reëlected, but such mean-spirited, polarizing attacks are an insult to religious tolerance and freedom and an affront to patriotic Americans.

JOHN W. NEWELL
Ashland, Va.

I was appalled by Sidney Blumenthal's description of some of the buttons and T-shirts being sold at the Virginia Republican Convention. Can you imagine the outrage those same people would exhibit if anyone produced a button saying "Too Bad John Hinckley Was a Poor Shot"? The button saying "Where Is Lee Harvey Oswald When America Really Needs Him?" blatantly advocates the assassination of the President of the United States. That any person could sell such a pin and call himself a Christian is a contradiction I cannot comprehend. Imagine the United States if these people had their way.

ROSE STEELE
Mountain View, Calif.

Sidney Blumenthal mentions that Oliver North's farm is called Narnia. Readers not familiar with C. S. Lewis might get the idea that Lewis's views are similar to those of North and his cohorts. This is quite wrong, and is disturbing to us Christians who doubt both North's politics and his faith. Mr. Blumenthal suggests that North may identify himself with the redeeming Lion, Aslan, but I am reminded more of another character: a lazy, shrewd ape named Shift, who finds a lion skin and dupes his loyal but very dim donkey friend, Puzzle, into wearing it and impersonating Aslan for profit. Shift soon sells out to a hostile nation, leading to the defeat of Narnia. I see in North and his crew the friends and allies of Shift, constantly dressing up the facts to fool trusting people into believing that they are the upholders of the historical Christian tradition. They are not.

ARTHUR B. SHIPPEE
New Haven, Conn.

Sidney Blumenthal unfairly criticizes Mike Farris and Pat Robertson for claiming that "the separation of church and state" is not found in the United States Constitution. While the First Amendment does stipulate that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," there is no reference to the separation of church and state. It was Thomas Jefferson who, in a private letter to a group of Danbury Baptists, written in 1802, coined the phrase "a wall of separation between Church and State." In his correspondence Jefferson emphasized that this wall only removes the state from intervention in the religious arena. It does not limit the right of religious groups to influence public policy. Ironically, certain secular groups have misused the metaphor of separation to intimidate religious organizations into refraining from the full exercise of speech, assembly, and petition in the political forum.

It is this repressive brand of separationism that Evangelicals have stoutly—and rightly—opposed.

JOHN J. CONLEY
Bronx, N.Y.

BORN THE WRONG SEX?

As a female-to-male transsexual, I have only the highest compliments for Amy Bloom and her presentation of our situation ("The Body Lies," July 18th). There is one aspect, however, that Ms. Bloom failed to mention: the evolutionary aspect of sexual preference. When I began "the project," I was certain I would find a nice woman, settle down, marry, raise a family. What I did not anticipate was the gradual discovery of my own bisexuality. Many F.T.M.s I have known and spoken with have also reported this evolution. Once you come to terms with wanting someone to accept, love, and value you for your intrinsic qualities as a human being, it is easy to begin viewing others the same way.

JEFF SHEVLOWITZ
San Fernando, Calif.

For the past twenty years, we have evaluated and empirically studied gender-dysphoric women who have undergone sexual reassignment. Many of Amy Bloom's observations about the essential psychological stability of these women are correct, but, upon more careful study, such female-to-male transsexuals appear to be individuals who are fundamentally homophilic but cannot consciously accept their sexual orientation. Contrary to the opinions expressed by Dr. Laub in Ms. Bloom's article, there is absolutely no indication that there is a biological condition causing gender dysphoria. Although surgery seems to confer benefits on some individuals, it should be considered psychosurgery, not a treatment for a biological disorder.

PETER J. FAGAN, PH.D.
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Johns Hopkins Medical Institution
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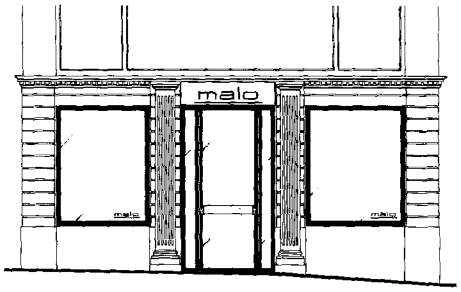

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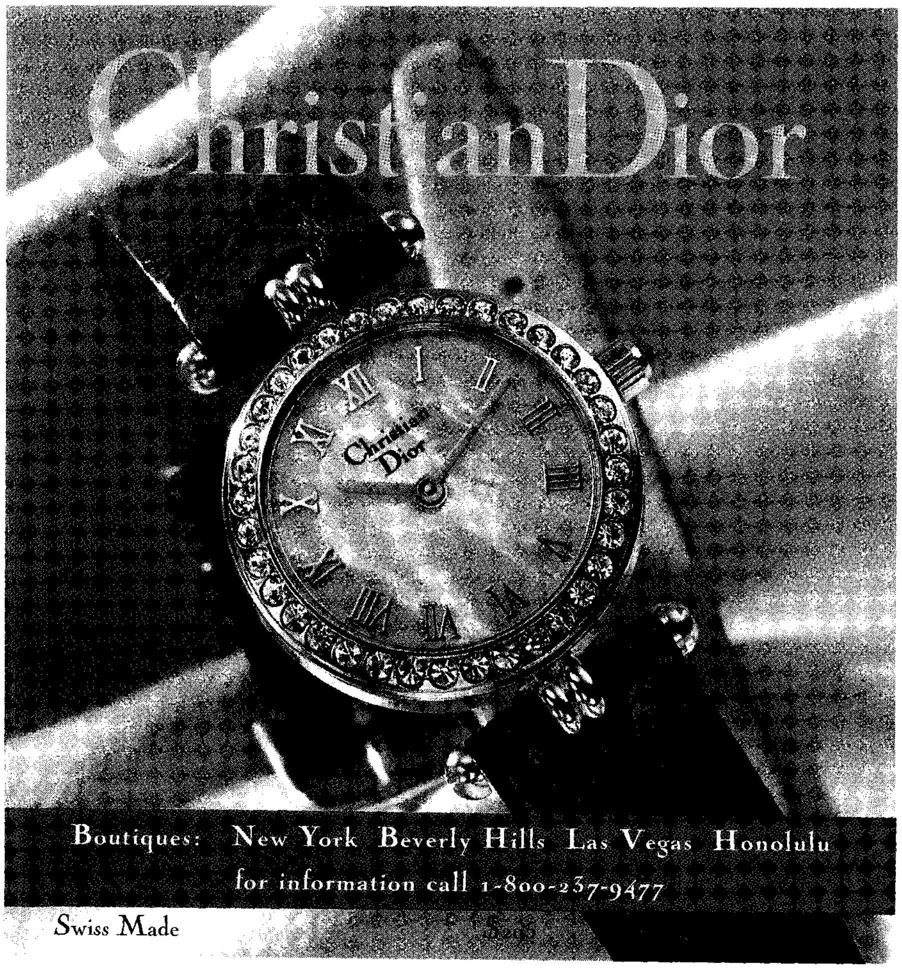
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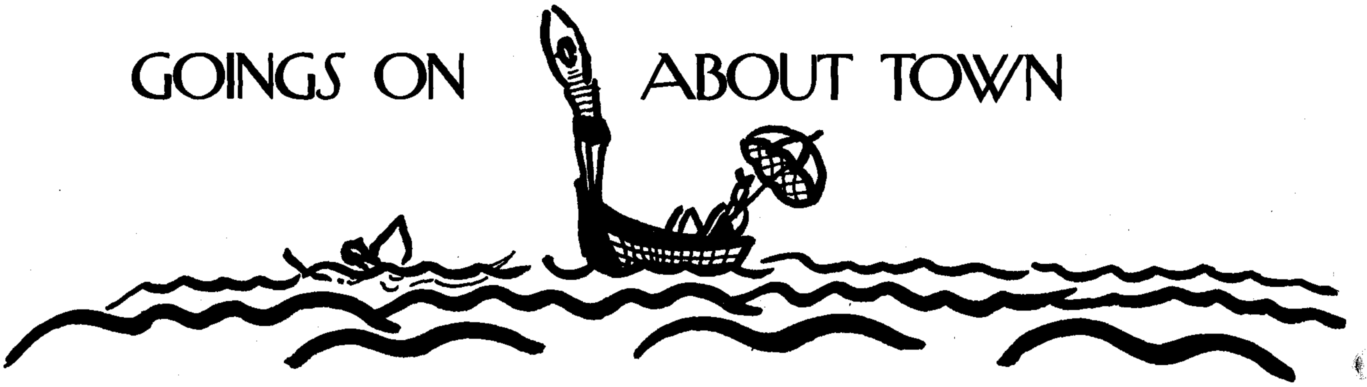
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

Funny Business

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" is one of the few Shakespeare plays that have been improved upon by subsequent adaptation, and the only one that didn't require Verdi to do the improving. (It did, however, take Rodgers and Hart, in their musical "The Boys from Syracuse.") Faced with the work itself, directors understandably try to cover its dramatic weaknesses with all manner of bells and whistles. For the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival, a theatre company an hour upriver from Manhattan, in Garrison, the director Thomas Nahrwold has tinkered minimally with the text, but prodigally with the time frame. We remain in Syracuse, but this is a Syracuse peopled with black-clad women, men in narrow lapels, and everyone sporting consciously cool sunglasses. The ghosts of Fellini and Nino Rota hover nearby.

So charming is this directorial conceit that we quickly forget the spectacular Hudson River School views beckoning from across the lawn of the Boscobel estate, where this Shakespeare group has been mounting its shows in a tent for the past seven years. The actors make high-energy entrances from the verdant periphery, and are so uniformly talented that it would almost be oafish to single anyone out. It must be said, though, that the twin servants, Dromio of Syracuse and Dromio of Ephesus, played by Christopher Mixon and Arnie Burton, indulge in the gassiest of the antics (in one case, quite literally), and that Charles Clute, the costume consultant, has made an essential contribution to the alfresco jollity. The show runs through August 21; call 1-914 265-9575 for ticket information and directions.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

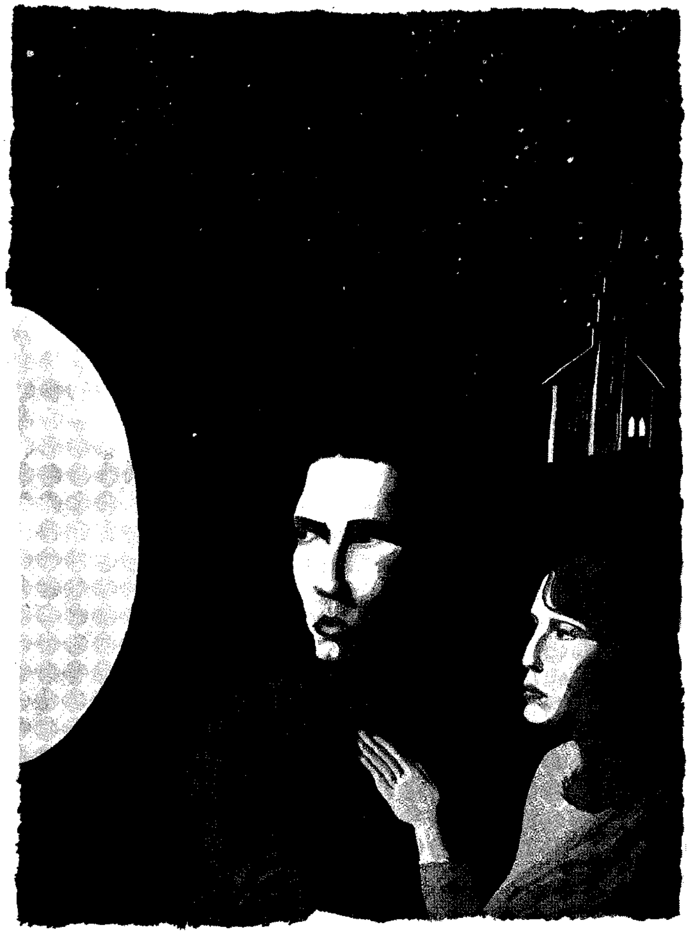
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

JELLY ROLL!—Vernel Bagneris stars in an expanded version of a musical show about Jelly Roll Morton, recently seen at Michael's Pub. With Morten Gunnar Larsen on piano. Preview on Aug. 17. Opens Aug. 18 at 6:30. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—The Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Brian Friel's 1966 play, with Milo O'Shea, Robert Sean Leonard, Jim True, and Pauline Flanagan. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—Adrian Hall is the director of this New York Shakespeare Festival production of the Bard's comedy. The cast includes Joel De La Fuente, Robert Dorfman, Herb Foster, Peter Gerety, Malcolm Gets, and Lisa Gay Hamilton. Preview on Aug. 17. Opens Aug. 18 at 8 and runs through Sept. 4. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)



Michael Hayden and Sally Murphy in "Carousel."

KATHY OSBORN

OPENED RECENTLY

ALL IN THE TIMING—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

AND THE CARNIVAL ERUPTED!—A musical about a man who outsmarts the devil, conceived and directed by Jorge Alí Triana, with a score by German Arrieta. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous English translation is available. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

CAROUSEL—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

DAMN YANKEES—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Faith Journey—A gospel musical, set in the South during the civil-rights movement. Book and lyrics by Clarence Cuthbertson and George Broderick, who also wrote the music. (Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phoniness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by Leslie Jordan and starring Mark Baker. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. Directed by Carolyne Barry. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Me and Jezebel—Elizabeth Fuller's play about Bette Davis, performed by Ms. Fuller and Randy Allen. (Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Closes Aug. 21.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sanctifying Grace—Colin Quinn, actor and standup comedian, is doing a humorous one-man excavation of his old Irish neighborhood in Brooklyn. At the wake of a friend ("That's where the party is"), with a coffin as centerpiece, Quinn offers up a brutally funny portrait of a block where alcohol, drugs, and regret are bountiful. Quinn co-wrote the piece with Lou DiMaggio. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Aug. 28.)

Shango de Ima—Choral singing, dancing, live percussion, and a colorful set inflect this Yoruban mystery play, creating a celebratory mood that aptly expresses its Afro-Cuban religious roots. Written by Pepe Carril. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167. Closes Aug. 28.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

subUrbia—Eric Bogosian holds up a mirror to a group of angry and aimless twenty-somethings who hang out in the parking lot of a 7-Eleven, and asks, "What's wrong with kids today?" The answers, alas, are predictable and unilluminating. With Steve Zahn, as a whacked-out dervish of free-floating manic energy, and Josh Hamilton, Wendy Hoopes, and Martha Plimpton. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 28.)

The Tempest—Free outdoor performances by the Kings County Shakespeare Company, on Aug. 25-28 and Aug. 30-Sept. 4, all at 8. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn.)

MAX MILLER

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. The songs deal with a girl trying to find her place in a patriarchal tradition, a woman embracing the born-to-shop stereotype, a father teaching his three-year-old son a Yiddish song, etc. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. (Closes Aug. 27.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

David Cale—The British performance artist in a work in progress. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9. Through Aug. 27.)

DANCE

Manpower

The Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors festival winds down with the chance to see, gratis, the remarkable choreographic range of Paul Taylor. On August 27-28, in Damrosch Park, his company offers "Arden Court," "Syzygy," and "Company B." Running the gamut from classical to quirky, Taylor's lusty athletic dances have consistently attracted strong male performers to the troupe. On the roster for the Lincoln Center program is Andrew Asnes, a precise and buoyant dancer who is a prominent member of the newest generation of Taylor men. In "Company B," a portrait of soldiers and their sweethearts set to the swinging tunes of the Andrews Sisters, he has the lighthearted role of Johnny. "He's a showoff," Asnes says of the character. "He plays to the audience."

Asnes describes what it's like to work with Taylor: "When Paul's choreographing, he might say, 'O.K., show me something you want to do,' and then he'll mold that. All the movement originates from the center and the back, with the rest of the body following. We just fly through the air."

Feld Ballets/NY—Final performances of the engagement. Aug. 17-18 and Aug. 20 at 8: "Consort," "Kore," "Ogive," and "Wolfgang Strategies." . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8 and Aug. 20 at 2: "A Footstep of Air," "Gnossiennes," and "Aurora II." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

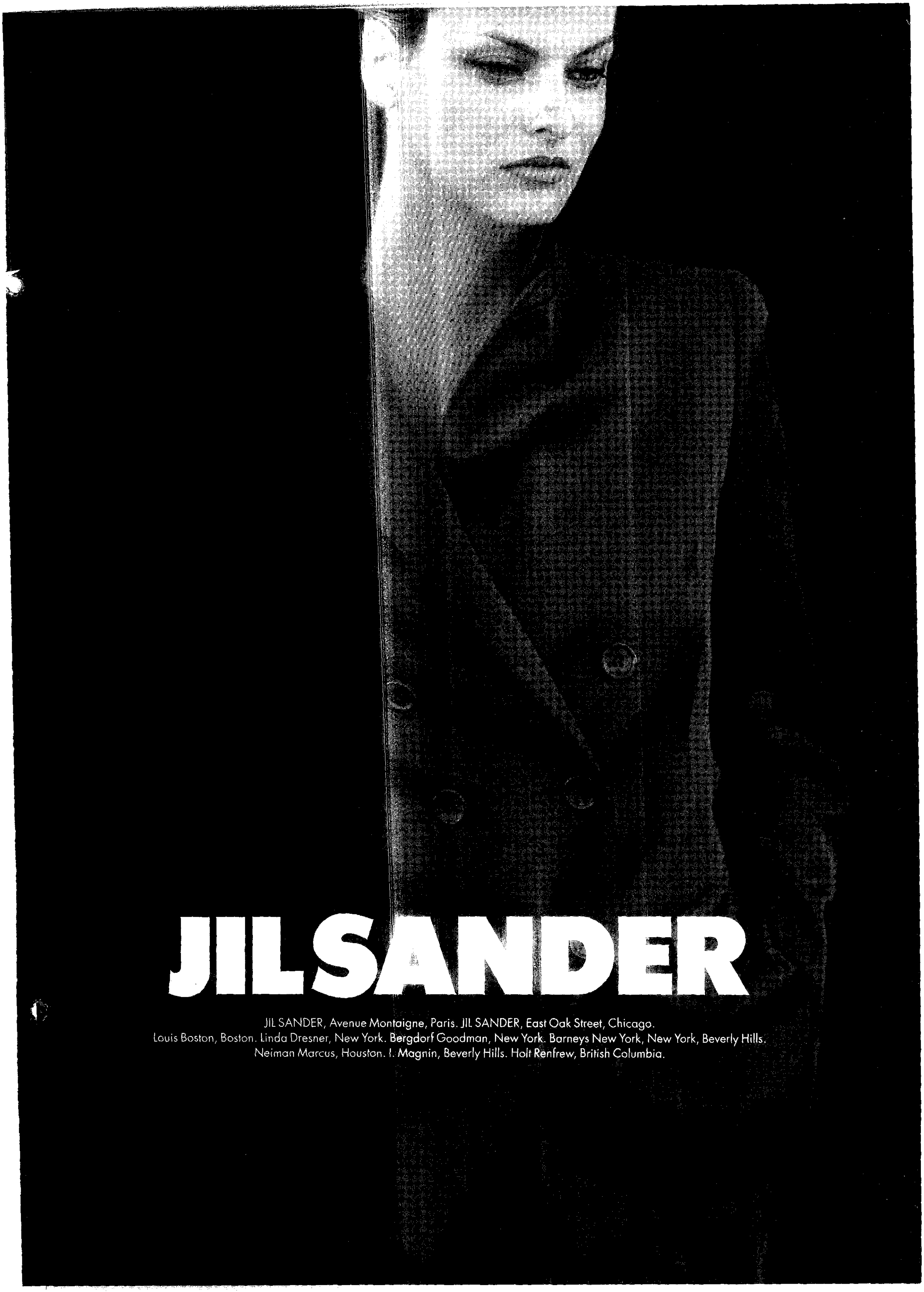
Pilar Rioja—The renowned flamenco dancer. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Aug. 17-18 at 8 and Aug. 21 at 7.)

"Urban Artworks II"—A program of contemporary works by six local dance companies and independent choreographers. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Aug. 26-27 at 8. F[illegible] reservations, call 399-3252.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Offering a program of three works. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Aug. 27-28 at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Aug. 17-18 at 8, Aug. 19 at 8:30, and Aug. 20 at 2 and 8:30: Nederlands Dans Theater 3. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8, Aug. 20 at 5, and Aug. 21 at 7: Three solo performers. . . . ¶ Aug. 23-25 at 8, Aug. 26 at 8:30, and Aug. 27 at 2 and 8:30: Parsons Dance Company. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8, Aug. 27 at 5, and Aug. 28 at 7: Chandralekha Group. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)



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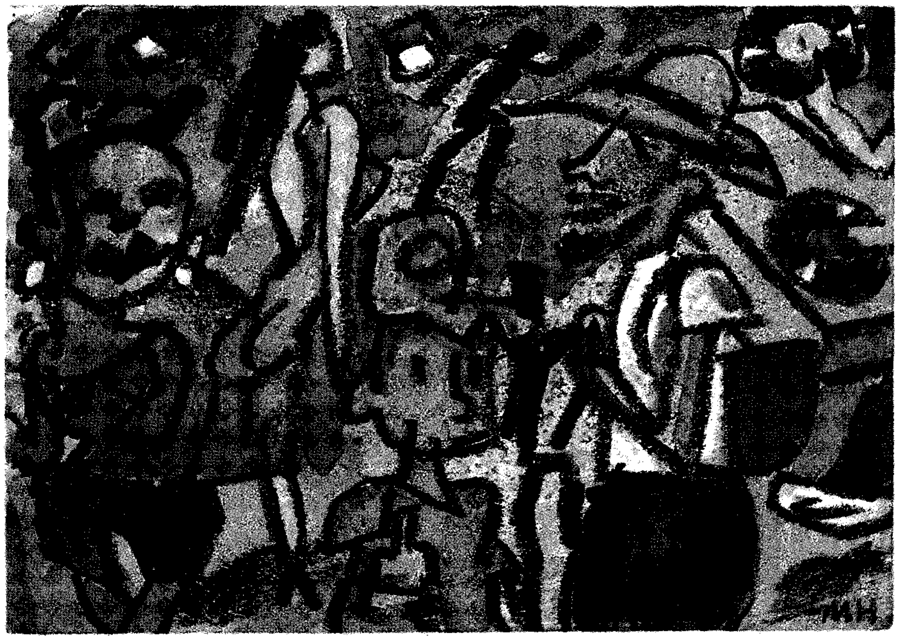
NIGHT LIFE

Shake, Shake, Shake

FOR the past five years, the nomadic dance party known as Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen has been a fixture of New York's club scene, but it has often been difficult to find. Frankie Inglese (the d.j.) and Jack Luber (the businessman)—together they're Frankie Jackson—have set up shop in a dozen different clubs, but, according to Jack, *Soul Kitchen may have finally* settled down, at Tramps.

Every Monday night, the big, rowdy Chelsea roadhouse best known for live blues and zydeco undergoes a transformation. The stage is empty, except for two turntables and three lava lamps. Posters with phrases like "Right On" adorn the walls. "I love Tramps," Jack told us the other day, "They don't pretend to be glitz. Their attitude is real kosher." He invited us down to see for ourself.



Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen, at Tramps.

MARCELLUS HALL

When we arrived, around midnight, things were just warming up. Then we heard the opening bars of "Shaft," and before you could say "Can you dig it?" the dance floor was twitching. By 1 A.M., it was packed, and we'd already heard rare gems by Sly, James Brown, and Archie Bell and the Drells. The crowd—healthy young bodies wearing Pumas and tiny backpacks, older couples, frat boys chugging Colt .45—was surprisingly well behaved. We took a break to towel off and tell Jack what a good time we were having. "It's a good crowd," he agreed. "We get the models and the N.B.A. But if stars come, they pay. Soul Kitchen's not about picking and choosing. White, black, yellow, purple, gay, straight—you want to come in, you can come in. Money's green."

CONCERTS

Blues Music Festival—Professional urban blues doesn't come any slicker. Here's your chance to hear B. B. King's vibrato-laden guitar poetry, Dr. John's New Orleans piano stylings and down-in-the-barrel vocals, and Little Feat, a band that may be a shadow of its original self but still knows how to boogie. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. Aug. 18 at 7:30.)

Holmes Brothers—There's no rags-to-riches, meteoric-rise story here. After more than twenty-five years in the business, the Holmes Brothers finally made an album, in 1989. These guys have it all: blues, soul, gospel, R. & B., country, and a pacific presence that lends the mix an authority that younger, looser groups can't touch. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. Aug. 20 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Craig Harris and Tailgater's Tales—Taking his cues from both Trummy Young and James Brown, trombonist Craig Harris is a funky postmodernist whose superb control is always in evidence, no matter the groove. To confound expectations, the Tailgaters will be joined by the wily clarinettist Don Byron and the poet Sekou Sundiata. (Frieda Schiff Warburg Memorial Sculpture Garden, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. 1-718 638-5000, ext. 230. Aug. 21 at 3.)

The Eagles—When they first took flight in 1972 with such hits as "Take It Easy" and "Peaceful Easy Feeling," the Eagles seemed intent on narrowing the gap between country and rock. While rock audiences accepted them immediately, their music was anathema to the conservative country crowd. The group broke up in 1981, and this reunion tour appears to have been inspired by, of all things, last year's tribute album "Common Thread: The Songs of the Eagles," on which the hottest young stars of "new country" gave the Eagles credit as a major influence. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 23-24 at 8.)

Christian McBride Trio—This bassist, one of the most assured musicians of his generation, is a dream combination of Ray Brown and Paul Chambers. McBride can astonish as a sideman; in his new role of bandleader, his potential is unlimited. (Frieda Schiff Warburg Memorial Sculpture Garden. Aug. 28 at 3.)

The Rolling Stones—With Counting Crows. (Giants Stadium. Aug. 17 at 8.)

Crosby, Stills & Nash—With Fleetwood Mac. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Aug. 17 at 8.)

Bonnie Raitt—With Bruce Hornsby. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 18-19 at 8.)

Kenny Neal—With Greg Trooper. (Prospect Park Band Shell. Aug. 19 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Pantera—With Prong. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Aug. 19 at 7:30.)

Old School Throwdown II—Biz Markie, Afrika Bambaataa & Soulsonic Force, the Sugarhill Gang, K.R.S.-One, Whodini, and Rakim. (Paramount. Aug. 19 at 8.)

Ray Barretto and New World Spirit—Hudson River Park Pavilion, near Chambers and Vesey Sts., Battery Park City. Aug. 23 at 6.

Harry Connick, Jr., and Funky Dunky—Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 23 at 8.

Stone Temple Pilots—With Meat Puppets and Jawbox. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 25 at 7:30.)

Kathy Mattea—With Billy Dean. (Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. Aug. 25 at 8.)

The Beach Boys—With America. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 26-27 at 8.)

Basia—With Spyro Gyra. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 28 at 8.)

Aerosmith—With Collective Soul. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 29-30 at 8.)

CLUBS

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Uilleann piper **PADDY KEENAN** is in on Aug. 19.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Aug. 24: **JOHN WESLEY HARDING** and **ROB WASSERMAN.** The dapper folk-rock singer and the versatile jazz-pop bassist will perform together and separately. Harding has been called a poor man's Elvis Costello, but, to his credit, he has crafted some clever and occasionally touching tunes. Wasserman has dedicated the past six years to enhancing the sex appeal of an instrument generally relegated to a supporting role, playing his fretless bass alongside the likes of Neil Young, Aaron Neville, and Jerry Garcia. With Dar Williams. Aug. 25: Spend an evening with **BARE NAKED LADIES.**

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Aug. 19 belongs to the female folk duo **PETRONELLA.**

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. **COME** arrives on Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery, Aug. 18 features the dreamy acoustic material of **REBECCA MARTIN.** Aug. 23: Jazzy hip-hop with **JAZZHOLE.**

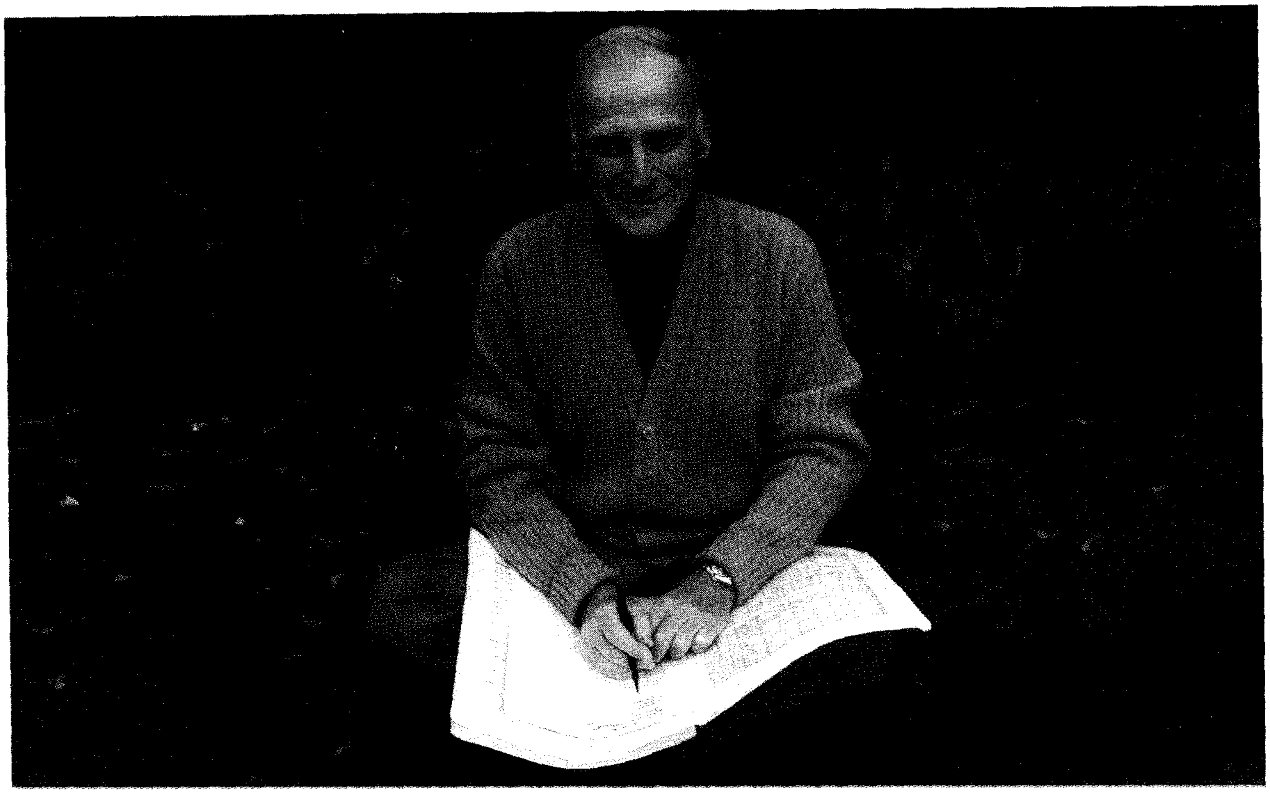
The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—On Aug. 26-27: Living Colour guitarist **VERNON REID** presents **MASQUE,** a collaborative effort with a handful of local d.j.s.

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—**JAZZHOLE** makes another appearance, on Aug. 30.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—The **LADY BUNNY** continues her extended run.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Aug. 20: **SUSAN MC KEOWN & THE CHANTING HOUSE.** Aug. 23: The Loser's Lounge presents El Vez, the Mexican Elvis. On Aug. 24, Aug. 26-27, and Aug. 29, be sure not to miss **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL.** Like Kirsty MacColl and Prefab Sprout, this duo, made up of Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt, proves that urbane British pop needn't be boring or standoffish. Thorn has a delightfully genteel voice, and Watt provides stately accompaniment on keyboards and guitar (and also sings). There's real warmth in their songs and in the way they let their folk and R. & B. roots show. Their new album, "Amplified Heart," is a gem for all these reasons. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—**SHERYL CROW** performs on Aug. 18. As a backup singer, Crow has been the woman behind men like Michael Jackson, George Harrison, and Don Henley. Last summer, she declared her independence with "Tuesday Night Music Club," a strong, smart, sexy album of her own. Her guest here will



"I've finally found a way to repay the wonderful gifts I've received from music." *Sir Yehudi Menuhin*

When he was just two years old, Yehudi Menuhin's parents took him to hear the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. "I remember how the sweet, lovely sound of the violin drifted up to the gallery," he recalls. "I was so enraptured that, for my fourth birthday, I asked for a violin of my own."

Menuhin got his wish and, at age seven, he made his first public appearance. By age thirteen, he had performed in New York, Paris, and Berlin, where Albert Einstein came to his dressing room, hugged him, and exclaimed, "Now I know there is a God in heaven."

Today, Menuhin's great passion is for the music academy he founded in Surrey, England. "The children who come here are like my extended family," he explains. "It gives me so much pleasure to see them grow—both as people and as musicians. I know the pressures of being a young musician, so I can relate to them in a way others perhaps cannot."

As he passes on his wisdom about music, Menuhin also stirs in his students a strong appreciation for the instruments they play—and the patient skill that goes into making them. "I teach the students that a well-made violin or piano is a work of art in itself," he says. No wonder, then, that when Sir Yehudi Menuhin selected a timepiece, he looked to an equally impressive example of craftsmanship and beauty. Rolex.

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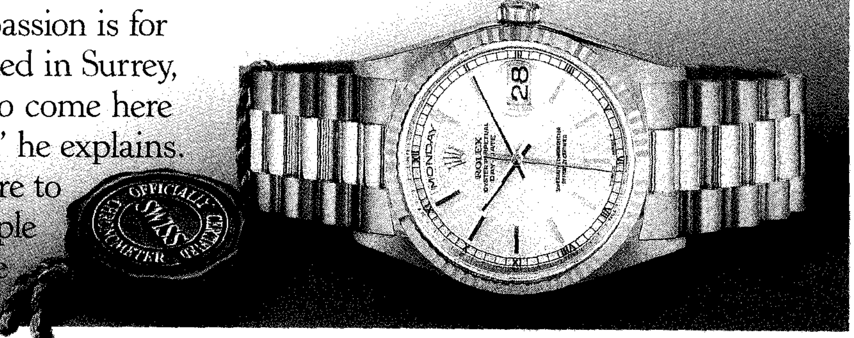

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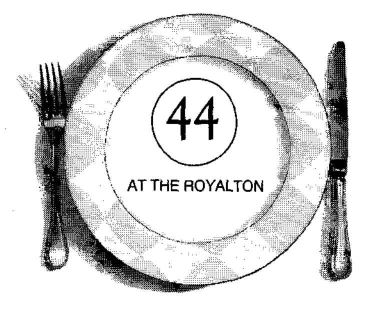

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

be **RUSTED ROOT,** whose own 1994 major-label début, "When I Woke," boasts a lean and intensely rhythmic sound that bodes well for live performance. On Aug. 20: **WAR.** The **SMITHEREENS** arrive on Aug. 25. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—On Aug. 28: **DANGEROUS TOYS,** with Stalker and Intuition. The **REVEREND HORTON HEAT** has the pulpit on Aug. 30; Black Train Jack and Jack Black also perform. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Local guitar hero **JOHHNY ALLEN** is here on Aug. 19-20. The **VOODUDES** arrive on Aug. 23.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—**FREEDY JOHNSTON** stops by on Aug. 24. Johnston is a young singer-songwriter from Kansas, who has already produced a remarkable batch of tough, literate, haunting songs. He brings a country-punk spirit to folk-rock music, and he has a shot at attracting the kind of intelligent audience that Mary-Chapin Carpenter has built for herself.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Aug. 18: **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,** the nerd princes of cleverer-than-thou pop. The twosome is celebrating the release of a new album, "John Henry." With Spanish Fly and Chocolate U.S.A. On Aug. 20, former Dream Syndicate vocalist **STEVE WYNN** performs with three separate outfits: the endearingly scrappy rock bands **GUTTERBALL** and **HOUSE OF FREAKS** (Wynn is a sometime member of both) and his own quartet. Wynn's gritty, glowing solo material reveals that, at heart, this eclectic rocker is a folky singer-songwriter in the best post-Dylan tradition.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French but the music here is Latin. On Aug. 17, catch Puerto Rican salsa star **FRANKIE RUIZ.** Dining.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—On Aug. 20, alternative-rock devotees can hear two current darlings of the genre: **HELMET** and the **ROLLINS BAND.** Helmet has been heralded as the next Nirvana, but don't believe the hype; though the band is sonically interesting, in a noise-happy kind of way, its songs don't hold up. Henry Rollins has transcended his hardcore roots to become a Generation X Renaissance man: he sings (sort of), he raps (ditto), he does standup comedy and spoken-word performances, he even writes books. His band's latest disk is called "Weight," as in the emotional kind, which Rollins strives for in his earnestly confrontational lyrics. The **BRAND NEW HEAVIES** arrive on Aug. 25. A U.K.-based hip-hop outfit, the Heavies offer a breezy, accessible hybrid of smooth funk and contemporary jazz. What elevates this stuff above your standard VH-1 fodder is the sensuous voice and arresting presence of singer N'Dea Davenport.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Jazz guitarist **ZACHARY BREAUX** is here on Aug. 18. On Aug. 24-25: **MARCUS MILLER.** Closed Sundays. Dining.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Local fave **MILO Z** is in on Aug. 19, with Brother Mustard. On Aug. 26: **STEVE FERGUSON & THE MIDWEST CREOLE CONNECTION.** Ferguson was the original guitarist for NRBQ. Opening will be a duo composed of ex-Del Fuegos front man **DAN ZANES** and noted pop producer **MITCHELL FROOM** (Paul McCartney, Richard Thompson, Crowded House), who plays organ. Monday nights, Tramps hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—On Aug. 17: the Black Rock Coalition Orchestra presents a tribute to the seventies. One of the B.R.C.'s most promising bands, the decidedly non-retro pop-soul outfit **SOPHIA'S TOY,** opens. **ANI DIFRANCO** and **DANIEL CARTIER,** two young singer-songwriters to watch, appear on Aug. 18. On Aug. 22: **ACOUSTIC JUNCTION.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Sunday evenings belong to **PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS.** Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The **BETTY CARTER** trio is here through Aug. 21. For this jazz diva, tempo is everything. Nobody can shape a rhythm quite the way Carter can; time contracts and expands like a Slinky, while phrases fall unexpectedly, with an utterly personal logic. **GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.,** stops by on Aug. 22. On Aug. 23-28: the **RAY BROWN** trio, with vocalist **MARLENA SHAW.** Catching the great bassist while he's sharing the stage with Shaw may not be the perfect way to experience his magic, but Brown is worth seeking out under any circumstances. The **MC COY TYNER** trio begins on Aug. 30. Closed Sundays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A trio featuring **MULGREW MILLER** is in through Aug. 20. **JOHN HICKS, ROY HARGROVE,** and **RAY DRUMMOND** follow suit Aug. 22-27. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In Bemelmans Bar, the smooth and stylish **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **CHARLIE BYRD** trio continues through Aug. 21. On Aug. 23-28: the **BENNY GOLSON** quartet. **RHONDA ROSS** starts on Aug. 30. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano and bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar

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I DON'T FALL IN LOVE SO EASY (Rodney Crowell, "Let the Picture Paint Itself").

BABY LET THE BAD TIMES BE (Junior Brown, "12 Shades of Brown").

NOUVEAU WESTERN (MC Solaar, "Prose Combat").

LOVE CRY (No Man, "Love Blows and Love Cries").

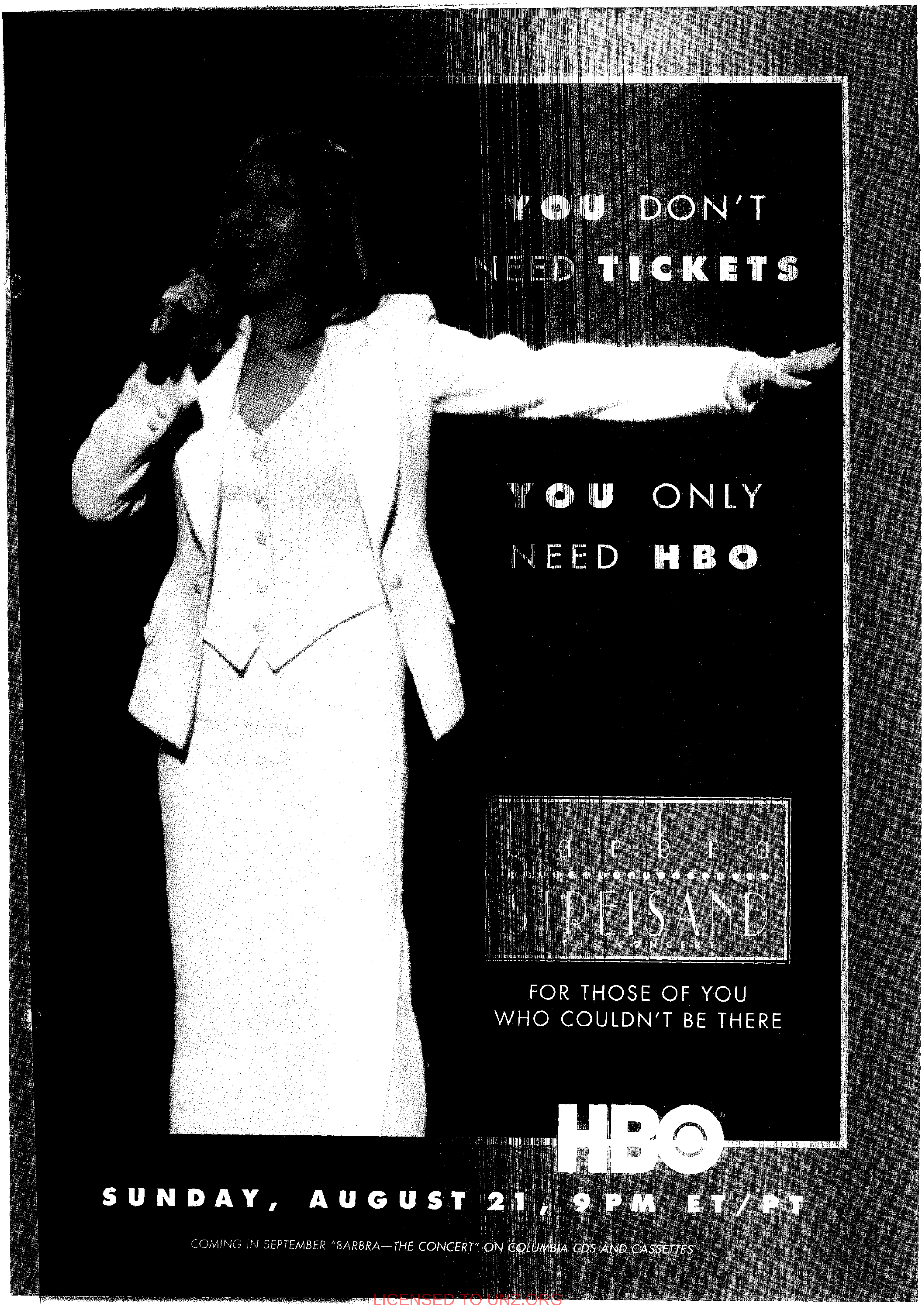
HUG MY SOUL (Saint Etienne, "Tiger Bay").

BABY'S GOT SAUCE (G. Love & Special Sauce, "G. Love & Special Sauce").

LATE SHIFT (Jackopierce, "Bringing On the Weather").

REVOLUTION (The Pretenders, "Last of the Independents").

STRAY DOG (Bobby Sichran, "From a Sympathetical Hurricane").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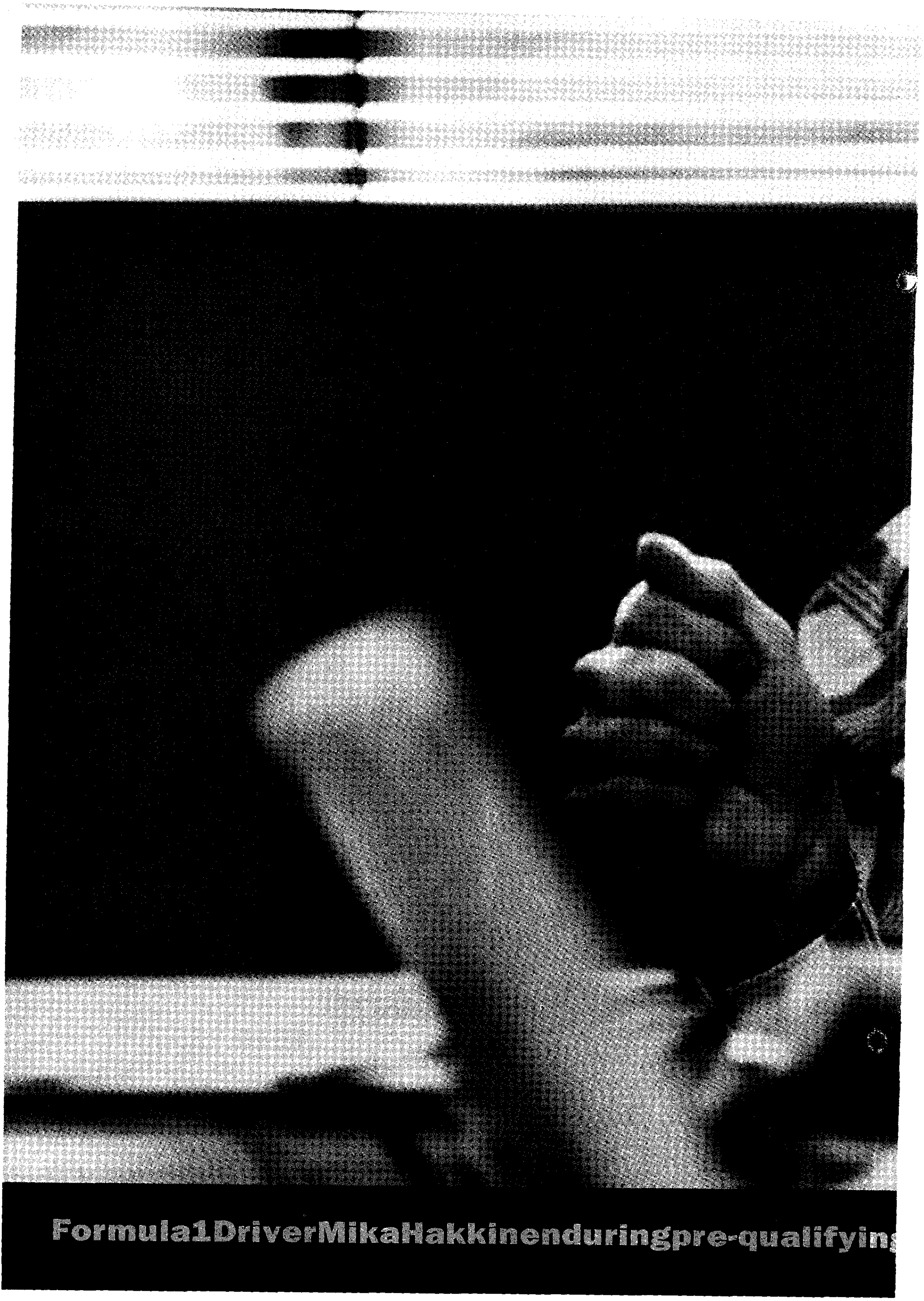

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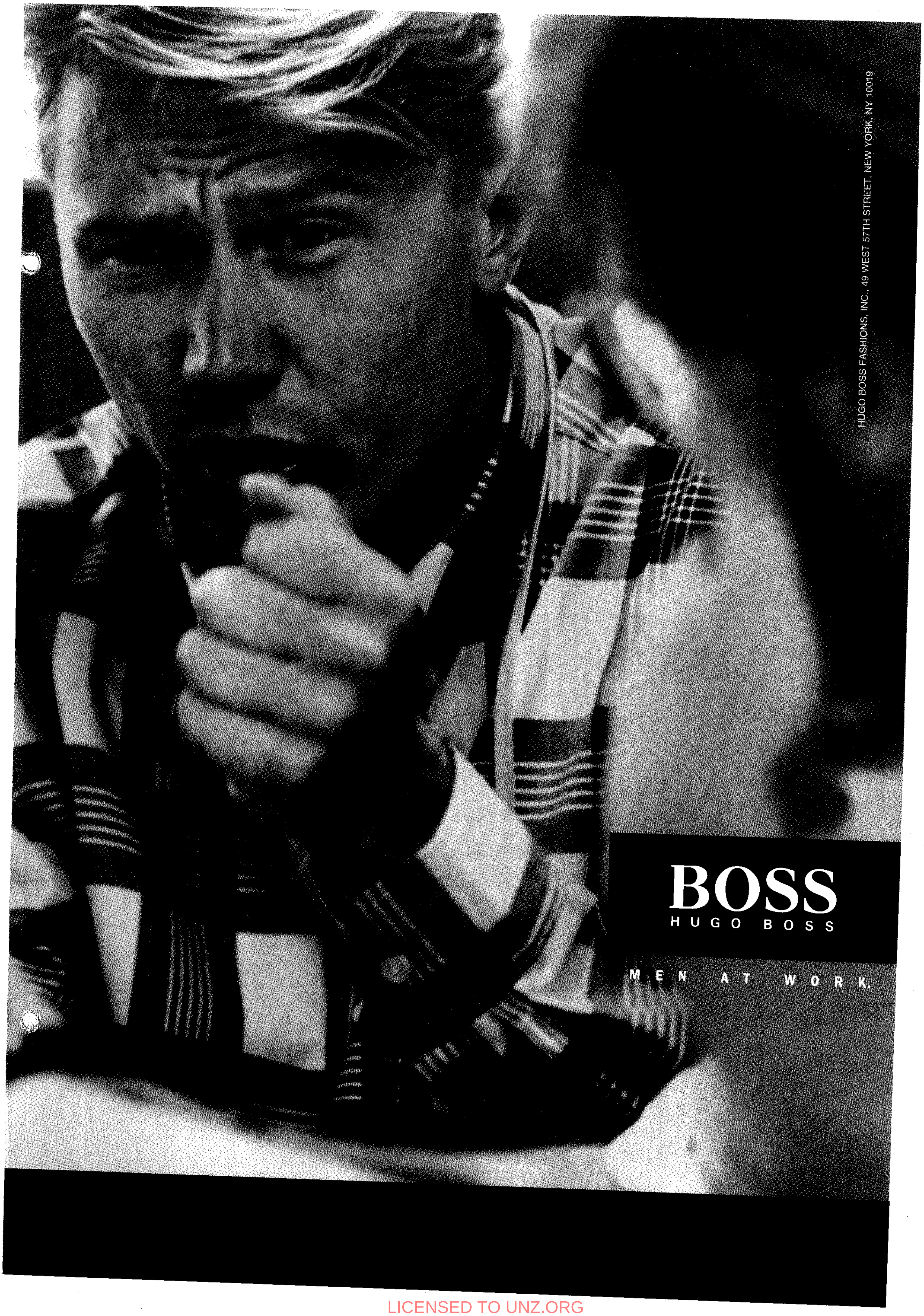
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IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—The **DON BRADEN** quartet is here through Aug. 20. The gooey tone of Braden's saxophone work and the contours of his solos are sure to leave you smiling. His phrasing is rife with self-determined twists engendered by original thinking. On Aug. 23-24: the **RASHIED ALI** quartet. The drummer has never got the credit he deserves for his implosive work with John Coltrane (probably because he was replacing Elvin Jones). Ali can easily revive the spirit of late-Trane frenzy, but in quieter moods his sensitivity can be equally bracing. The **JACKY TERRASSON** trio is in on Aug. 25-27. Jazz singer **ADELE ZANE** performs on Aug. 28.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Aug. 19 belongs to **ORANGE THEN BLUE. TIM BERNE'S BLOOD COUNT** entertains on Aug. 22 and Aug. 29. John Zorn's **COBRA** slithers in on Aug. 28.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro. Mondays are devoted to cabaret with **JOHN WALLOWITCH** and **BERTRAM ROSS.**

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—Aug. 17-20: **JOHNNIE JOHNSON,** a longtime associate of Chuck Berry's. The **DOC CHEATHAM** quintet performs on Aug. 26-27. Now pushing ninety, the trumpeter and singer still offers a sound that gleams like polished brass, blues lines that have been pared down to poetry, and a wit and charm that have only ripened with age.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. The rest of the week, **LOREN SCHOENBERG** presents "Jazz Show Boat," a duded-up version of the Kern and Hammerstein classic. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band and Phoebe Légère; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Aug. 21: the **ANDERS BERGCRANTZ** quartet, featuring **RICHIE BEIRACH, RON MC CLURE,** and **ADAM NUSSBAUM. PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS' SWING TIME** is here on Aug. 23-27. The **ROBERT HURST** quartet begins an engagement on Aug. 30. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TATOU, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The **NAT JONES** trio entertains every weekend. Tuesdays through Fridays, a saucy cabaret revue called *"Just for Kicks." Dining.*

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—**JIMMY SCOTT** continues through Aug. 21. Aug. 23-28: The **CONCORD JAZZ ALL-STAR JAM.** Concord Records, a modest California enterprise, has cultivated an impressive roster to back up its passionate belief in mainstream swing. Its All-Star lineup includes saxophonist Jesse Davis, guitar player Howard Alden, and the irrepressible trumpeter Randy Sanke.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **CYRUS CHESTNUT** trio plays through Aug. 21. On Aug. 23-28, catch the **ROY HAYNES** quintet. Having played with Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and John Coltrane, Haynes could easily afford to rest on his laurels. Instead, the drummer has made his role as jazz elder statesman an active one, nurturing new talent and handing down the secrets of leading an airtight small group. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—**JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** team up through Aug. 27 (except Aug. 21). Beginning Aug. 29: **PETE MALINVERNI, TOD COOLMAN,** and **RALPH LA LAMA.**

ART

Cream of the Crop

IN "Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection," the Museum of Modern Art has assembled the very best group of paintings and drawings to be seen in New York this summer (through September 6). The collection, most of which has already been given or promised to the museum, focusses primarily on Post-Impressionist, Fauvist, and Cubist works, occasionally straying outside the Modern's historical purview (with, for instance, Manet's "The Brioche," from 1870). It's a show with no agenda beyond the excellence of the art—and perhaps a tacit celebration of the family whose generosity has done so much to enrich the museum.

The most gaudily compelling painting in this assertively top-drawer collection is probably Paul Signac's pointillist "Opus 217. Against the Enamel of a Background Rhythmic with Beats and Angles, Tones, and Tints, Portrait of M. Félix Fénéon in 1890." The dapper Fénéon, a lifelong anarchist and an evangelist of Post-Impressionism, stands in profile against a psychedelic pinwheel of brilliant contrasting patterns. The painting vibrates with the energy of the youthful modernist avant-garde. The portrait of Fénéon is also probably the most glamorous image we have of a typically reviled figure—the critic.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Four Silk Kashan Rugs." The connoisseurship of Oriental carpets is an exquisitely refined science, to be sure, but even rug illiterates will know they are in the presence of something special at this exhibit, in the museum's Islamic Galleries. In the sixteenth century, the Persian city of Kashan produced magnificent silk carpets, most likely for the royal palace. Only twenty of them have survived, four of which belong to the Met. Three are based on traditional medallion designs; one depicts fierce tigers and fantastic animals attacking cattle and deer. Displayed together for the first time, the four rugs provide a rare glimpse into a vanished world of imperial splendor. . . . ¶ "Dali: The Early Years." It is fashionable to dismiss the Spanish Surrealist Salvador Dali (1904-89) as a purveyor of schlock, yet his brilliant, visionary early works are as original and influential as any produced by Surrealism. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by this century's archetype of the volatile, charismatic artist. In addition to images of the nymphet Walter and the Surrealist Maar, the exhibition also contains numerous works inspired by Picasso's first wife, the Russian dancer Olga Koklova. Why are the women weeping? Well, from a crude biographical perspective, Pablo was lousy to them. More metaphorically, these images reflect the ravages of the Spanish Civil War. While the show's thesis is rather pedestrian, there's no knocking art like this. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes the waist as the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century

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to the present. Through Aug. 21. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso." Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties" includes seven contemporary women artists who engage aspects of minimalism in a way that recasts the movement's formal problems in terms of femininity and domesticity. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Lee Friedlander: Letters from the People." Friedlander's messages are black-and-white photographs of letters of the alphabet, numbers, commercial signs, and graffiti. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Luc Courchesne's "Family Portrait" is an interactive video-and-computer installation that enables viewers to address questions to a group of eight people in Marseilles. Through Aug. 23. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." Ranging from a sophisticated, conventional *Naturstudie* to a looser, wilder study for a lithograph, "Soldiers Fighting Each Other with Crucifixes" (1917), this exhibit, covering a twenty-year span, shows the artist evolving into a full-blown Expressionist. Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ "The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." An amble up the ramp begins with Abstract Expressionism and ends with minimalism. Through Sept. 11. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. Through Aug. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist, who occupies a small but secure niche in the canon of twentieth-century American art. This show emphasizes the immigrant experience; Stella is the perpetual outsider, stranded between the traditions of the old country and the New World. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru. The 1987 discovery of a series of undisturbed royal tombs dating to the fourth century A.D. established the Moche as one of the world's major ancient civilizations. Precious metals steal the show, though the ceramics on display are very fine, and Moche portrait heads speak as eloquently as Roman busts. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-1933." Furniture, metalwork, glass, textiles, and ceramics made by disciples of the German school of architecture and design. This small but instructive exhibit broadens the picture to include the role of women at the Bauhaus. Among the highlights are the innovative textile designs of Gunta Stölzl, Anni Albers, and others, which combine a rich craft aesthetic with the abstract concepts of the modernist utopia. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Joseph Stella at the Whitney Museum.

Bard Graduate Center, 18 W. 86th St.—"Baroque Splendor: The Art of the Hungarian Goldsmith" includes silver gilt vessels, jewels, and armor from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, when Hungary was occupied by the Turks. Opens Aug. 25. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Xu Bing: Recent Work." Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Building the Collection: Recent Acquisitions and Selected Works from the Permanent Collection." Through Sept. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Toward Modern Design: Revival and Reform in Applied Arts 1850-1920." Ceramics, furniture, jewelry, wallcoverings, glass, and graphics from Europe and the United States. Through Sept. 4. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gracing the cool garden court of this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919) is a jewel-like selection of commemorative medals, ranging from bronze casts of leading figures from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth, including Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, to lead and tin alloys, which provided an inexpensive alternative to gold. The German medals, which were cast from wooden and stone models, are often more precise than the freer Italian pieces, which were modelled in wax. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." It's difficult to study the masks and statuary in this exhibit of African objects owned by Western artists without considering a number of issues, such as how artists are influenced by other cultures, and what it means to own work that was intended strictly for religious ceremonies. These pieces, owned by such artists as Francesco Clemente, Eric Fischl, and Lorna Simpson, have been photographed in their owners' homes and are shown with texts of their owners' thoughts. The sculptor Mel Edwards says, "Eye to eye, African art is like a deep conversation with family." The show, too, is a provocative discussion. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." Twenty-two of the approximately six thousand quilts obtained through the museum's New York Quilt Project are on view. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stickball Hall of Fame" includes a film of a stickball game, photographs from 1898 to the present, and jerseys. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ "Pride=Power!" marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Stonewall rebellion. Through Sept. 18. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

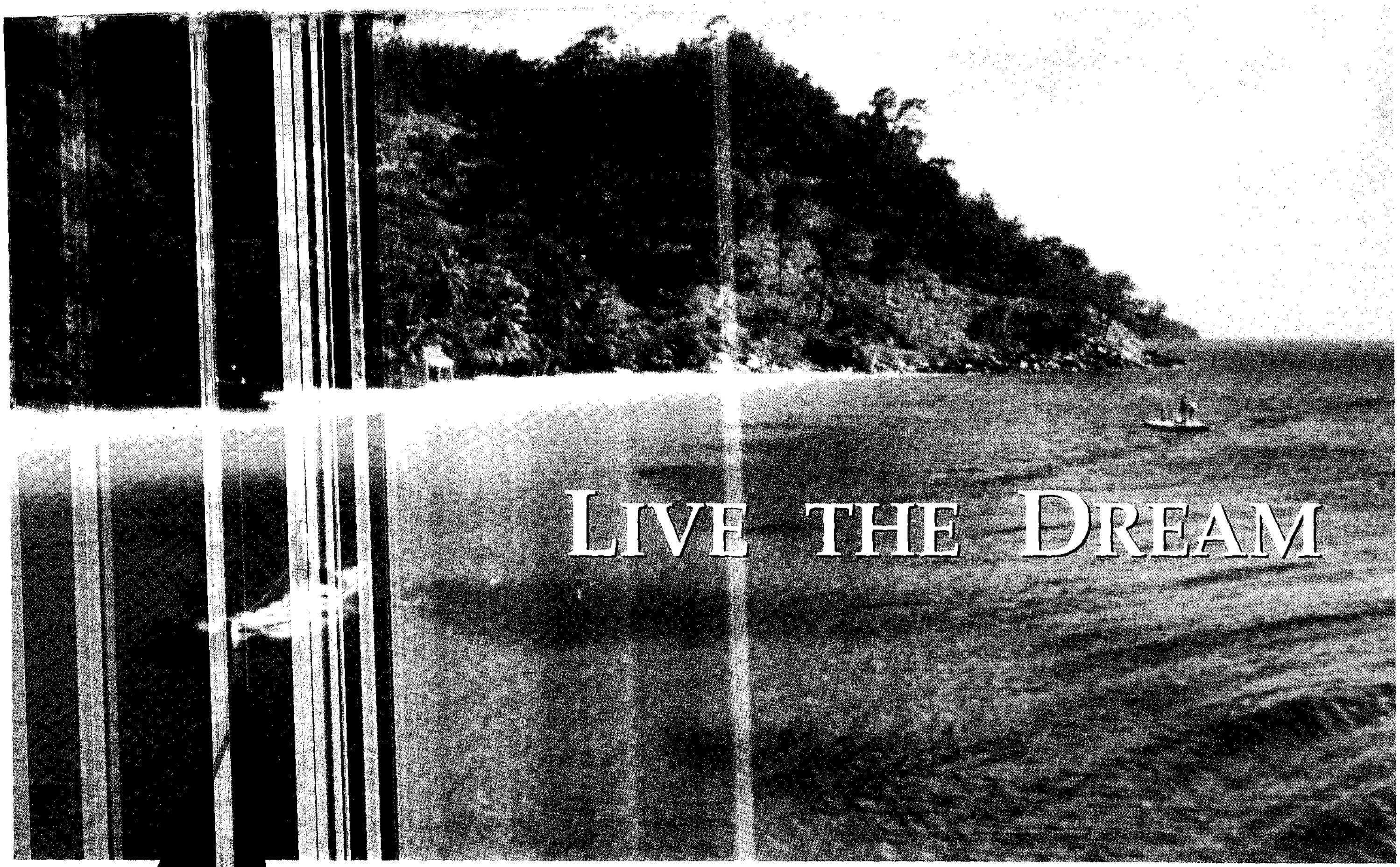
National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." Opens Aug. 27. . . . ¶ "Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall." Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history. Through Sept. 24. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"The House I Live In: American Performance in the Era of Blacklisting" documents the effect of blacklisting on the entertainment industry. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

RICHARD MERKIN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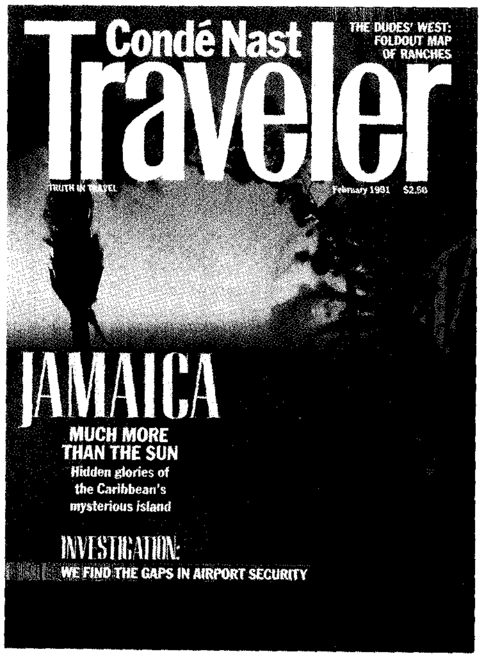
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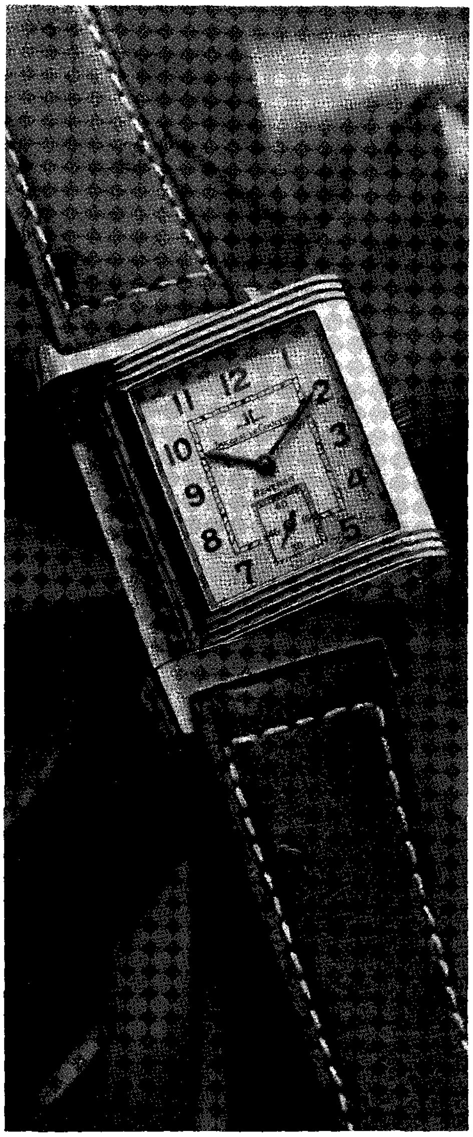

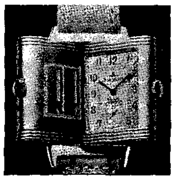

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SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans. Through Sept. 11. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.*)

JACOB KAINEN—Forty abstract paintings, from 1934 to 1992. Through Oct. 1. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

FREDERICK MERSHIMER—Technically flawless mezzotints recapture the Neverland of New York in the twenties and thirties. The skylines are more successful than the street scenes, in which Mershimer's figures have a comic-book flatness. Through Sept. 9. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Collages and lithographs from 1969 to 1970, based on the artist's response to the Apollo 11 moon landing. Through Sept. 17. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

EMIKO TOKUSHIGE—Bulky polyurethane lumps, covered with stitched and stressed palm fibre and rope. At first, the sculptures seem disgusting, like alien life-forms in a cheap science-fiction movie. But they shimmer in the space, and, given time, reveal their primitive wisdom. Through Sept. 10. (Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays and Thursday evenings until 8.)

"ART EN ROUTE: M.T.A. ARTS FOR TRANSIT"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, drawings, and models, including a watercolor collage by Romare Bearden that was the prototype for a glass triptych at the Westchester Square station, in the Bronx, and a composition by Roy Lichtenstein for a porcelain mural in the Times Square station. Also included are photographs, tiles, decorative grilles, and other architectural elements, dating from the turn of the century. Through Sept. 23. (PaineWebber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St.)

"THE 42ND STREET ART PROJECT"—A new edition of last year's event, in which twenty-five artists, architects, and designers attempt to bring culture to one of the seediest blocks in town, 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. The artists' earnest attempts at being weird and clever and cool come off as insipid in an environment where real life is unbearably intense. Through Aug. 31.

"GRAFFITI"—The French artist Georges Noël builds up a thick surface with a compound of silica and acrylic, then proceeds to scratch it away in deep striations that have an air of classical inevitability. His canvases are supplemented by photographs of real graffiti, by Brassaï, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Sept. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"GRAPHIC DESIGN IN REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA"—An exhibition of photographs, drawings, and posters by Gustav Klucis, Alexander Rodchenko, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

"HEADS AND TORSOS"—Drawings by Georg Baselitz, Eugène Leroy, Markus Lüpertz, A. R. Penck, and Don Van Vliet. Through Sept. 10. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

"REBELS WITH A CAUSE: THE AMERICAN MODERNISTS"—More than sixty paintings, works on paper, and sculptures by, among others, John Marin, Oscar Bluemner, and Joseph Stella. Through Sept. 2. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

"WHITE WORKS"—Eighteen painters and sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, John Chamberlain, and Dan Flavin, examine the notion of white. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

LUDWIG BEMELMANS (1898-1962)—Paintings, illustrations (including some studies for this magazine), and caricatures. Through Sept. 3. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)

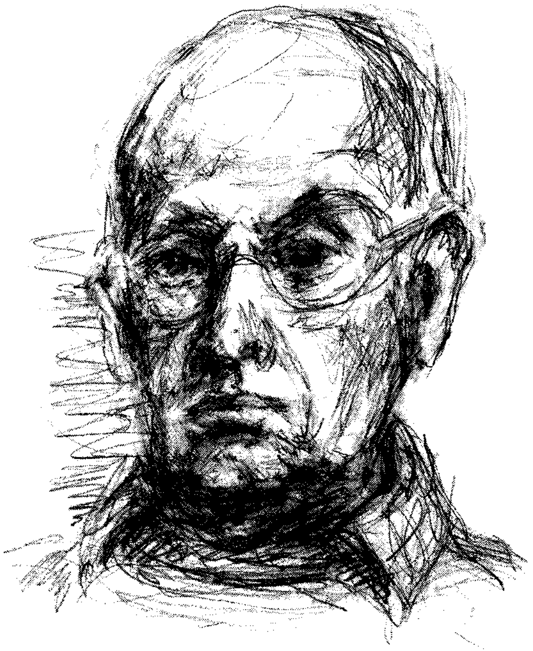
CHRISTINA BOTHWEEL—An installation in the gallery windows of a chicken-wire cage for the artist's grotesque dog sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Art in General, 79 Walker St.)

Jef Bourgeau—In his first New York show Bourgeau combines homey antique objects with tiny video monitors that make absurdist commentaries on the vicissitudes of life. Through Aug. 26. (LedisFlam, 130 Prince St.)

Lloyd Gunther Dallet /Jackie Moore Watson—Wooden panels based on antique botanical prints. / Spanish landscape paintings. Through Sept. 20. (Roy, 46 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—An exhibition that features "Reclining Connected Forms," one of Moore's last monumental sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

"Sanctuary"—Five artists working in a variety of mediums. Through Aug. 26. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)



Self-portrait by Henri Cartier-Bresson (International Center of Photography).

PHOTOGRAPHY

"Flowers"—A group show featuring work by William Abranowicz, Walker Evans, Graciela Iturbide, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

"1969: Context & Event"—Photographs of the Woodstock festival juxtaposed with photographs from the same period, taken by Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, and Garry Winogrand. Through Aug. 30. (Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Photography in Germany (1913-35)"—A group show featuring work by Albert Renger-Patzsch, Werner Matz, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 53 E. 76th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." The master's most famous and widely reproduced images, along with written tributes by other photographers, artists, writers, and critics. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Paradise Outlaws: Fifty Years of the Beat Generation." Photographs by Mellon Tytell. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—German-born photographer Lotte Jacobi's black-and-white portraits of artists and intellectuals, including a wonderful shot of Albert Einstein in a leather jacket (1938) and a closeup of J. D. Salinger (1950). . . . ¶ Photographs of India and Europe by Ferenc Berko. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the New York Public Library, and the Schomburg Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Joyful Adjournment

The summer season draws to a close with a final majestic fling—or two, or three. Both Mostly Mozart (on August 19-20) and the Tanglewood Music Festival (on August 28) will offer their classical audiences the grand benediction of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which for the past hundred and fifty years has been regularly pressed into service for purposes of special ceremony. Wagner helped solidify its role by conducting (and shrewdly marketing) it in Dresden as ritual Palm Sunday fare, beginning in 1846, twenty-two years after the work's première.

At the time, Beethoven's behemoth was still confounding many informed listeners, who found themselves adrift in its symphonic sprawl and aghast at its concluding choral setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." Mendelssohn feared that the finale's vocal demands reinforced the symphony's widespread "incomprehensibility." Schumann called the movement's big tune "unworthy." The composer Louis Spohr, who championed Beethoven's symphonies as a conductor, remained antipathetic to the master's late works, and especially to the Ninth Symphony, writing, in 1860, "I consider its fourth movement so monstrous and tasteless and, in its representation of Schiller's 'Ode,' so trivial, that I cannot understand how a genius like Beethoven could have written it." The opposing view was voiced by Berlioz—never one to frown on excess—who proclaimed the symphony to be "the most magnificent expression of Beethoven's genius." Before long, most music lovers came around to Berlioz and Wagner's side, impelling Beethoven's Ninth along the path that would lead to its near-universal acceptance as a statement of peace, hope, and brotherhood. An audience could walk away whistling worse.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Mostly Mozart—The season's final concerts, at Avery Fisher Hall. Aug. 17: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Schubert's "Overture in the Italian Style" and Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Vladimir Feltsman), Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Christian Tetzlaff), and Symphony No. 41 (the "Jupiter"). . . . ¶ Aug. 18: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center play Mozart's C-Major Flute Quartet (K. 285b), Beethoven's Piano Trio in B-Flat Major (the "Archduke"), and Mendelssohn's Octet. . . . ¶ Aug. 19-20: Mr. Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's G-Major Serenade (K. 525, "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"), several Mozart arias (with soprano Carol Vaness), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 (with Ms. Vaness, mezzo-soprano Jane Bunnell, tenor Vinson Cole, bass Kenneth Cox, and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus). (Evenings at 8. 875-5030.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Soong Fu Yuan conducts excerpts from his new opera, "Return to Paradise"; with soprano Yan Yan Wang and tenor Robert Brubaker. (Aug. 21 at 2: Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. . . . At 4: McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus.) . . . ¶ Johannes Somary conducts wind music by Arthur Bird and John Freeman, as well as his own "Six Songs of Innocence" (featuring soprano Andrea Matthews and baritone Zheng Zhou). (Aug. 28 at 2: Rockwood Drive Circle. . . . At 4: McGinley Center. No tickets necessary for any of these performances. For information or directions, call 1-718 601-7399.)

RECITALS

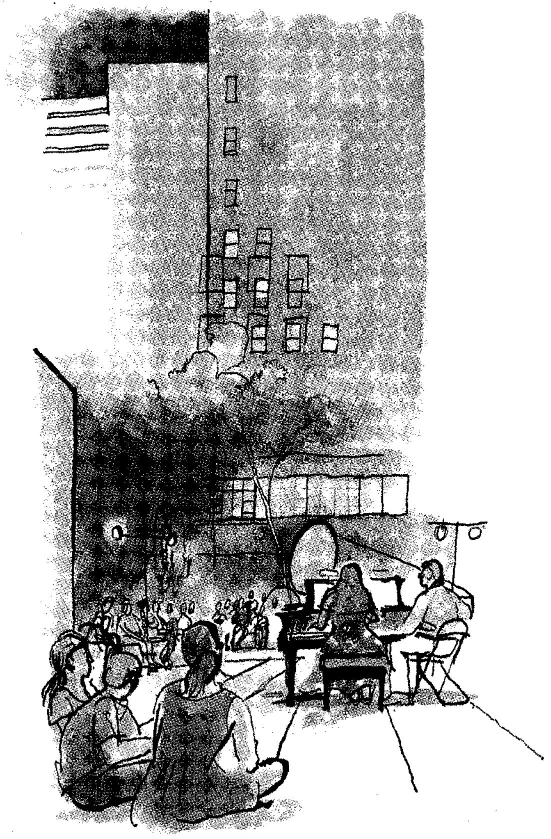
Lahti Chamber Ensemble—A Finnish group, performing Joonos Kokkonen's Wind Quintet, Sofia Gubaidulina's Concerto for Bassoon and Low Strings (featuring bassoonist Harri Ahmas, and conducted by Osmo Vänskä), Nielsen's "Serenata in Vano," Franz Hasenöhrl's quintet arrangement of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," and Martinů's Nonet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Aug. 17 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—Aug. 18 at 7:30 and Aug. 21 at 4: Presenting Schumann's "Märchenerzählungen," Prokofiev's Cello Sonata, and Brahms' C-Minor Piano Quartet. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 7:30 and Aug. 28 at 4: Beethoven's C-Minor String Trio, Brahms' Horn Trio, and Schumann's Piano Quintet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061.)

Summergarden 1994—The conclusion of the Museum of Modern Art's summer survey of early-twentieth-century musical styles. Aug. 19-20 at 8:30: Pianists Stephen Gosling and Ju-Ying Song perform music by Sessions, Villa Lobos, Cowell, Shostakovich, and Stravinsky (his four-hand arrangement of "Three Movements from Petrushka"). . . . ¶ Aug. 26-27 at 8:30: The Mosaic String Quartet plays quartets by Ives (his Second) and Bartók (his Fourth), as well as Webern's "Five Movements" (Op. 5) and "Six Bagatelles" (Op. 9). (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—Final classical-music concerts of the season. Aug. 17 at 8:30: Joel Cohen directs the Boston Camerata in American folk hymns from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6:30: Soprano Jayne West and pianist Margo Garrett perform works by Berg, Canteloube, and Dvořák. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8:30: Bernard Haitink conducts the Boston Symphony in Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Act III of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung"; with sopranos Jane Eaglen and Margaret Jane Wray, tenor Gary Lakes, bass-baritone Roger Roloff, bass Philip Kang, and the men of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: James Conlon conducts the Boston Symphony in Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" Prelude (in its original 1862 version) and Overture, Verdi's "Quattro Pezzi Sacri" (with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus), and Ravel's orchestration of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2:30: Mr. Haitink conducts the Boston Symphony in Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" Prelude, Sibelius's Violin Concerto (with Gidon Kremer), and Brahms' Symphony No. 1. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8:30: Soprano Barbara Bonney and pianist André Previn perform a new song cycle by Mr. Previn called "Billy the Kid," Barber's "Hermit Songs," and works by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Sibelius. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducts the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program comprising the Symphonies No. 35 (the "Haffner") and No. 38 (the "Prague") and (with soprano Barbara Bonney) two arias and a motet ("Exsultate, Jubilate"). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 8:30: Yuri Simonov conducts the Boston Symphony in Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 1, Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 2 (featuring Horacio Gutiérrez), and (with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus) Borodin's Polovtsian Dances (from "Prince Igor"). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: Mr. Eschenbach conducts the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody" (spotlighting mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar) and Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 (with soprano Alessandra Marc, Ms. Quivar, tenor Frank Lopardo, and bass Paul Plishka). (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1600. . . . **Note:** The season concludes with a week of pops and jazz concerts, through Sept. 4.)



Summergarden 1994, at MOMA.

LUCINDA ROGERS

Glimmerglass Opera—Final performances of the season. Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Aug. 18 at 8 and Aug. 21 at 2.) . . . ¶ "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." (Aug. 19 at 8 and Aug. 22 at 2.) . . . ¶ "Ariadne auf Naxos." (Aug. 20 at 8.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

Bard Music Festival—The concluding weekend of this year's *Schumannfest.* Aug. 19 at 8: An all-Schumann *Liederabend,* with soprano Christine Brewer, mezzo-soprano Marietta Simpson, tenor John Aler, bass-baritone Jan Opalach, and pianist Cynthia Raim; including "Frauenliebe und Leben." . . . ¶ Aug.

20 at 1:30: Works by Schumann inspired by Romantic literature, including songs from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and the Rückert-inspired "Bilder aus Osten" (for piano four-hands).... At 4:30: Choral music and part-songs by Schumann and Schubert, performed by the William Appling Singers.... At 8: Leon Botstein conducts the American Symphony Orchestra in Schumann's Konzertstück for Four Horns and Orchestra, C-Major Fantasy for Violin and Orchestra (featuring Eugene Drucker), and incidental music to Byron's "Manfred" (with the William Appling Singers and various soloists).... ¶ Aug. 21 at 1:30: Chamber music by Schumann, including his D-Minor Violin Sonata, String Quartet No. 2, Romances for Oboe and Piano, and F-Major Piano Trio.... At 5: Mr. Botstein conducts the American Symphony Orchestra in Schumann's opera turned oratorio "Das Paradies und die Peri"; with soprano Christine Brewer, mezzo-soprano Marietta Simpson, tenor John Aler, bass-baritone Jan Opalach, and the William Appling Singers. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. For information about ancillary events, which include numerous lectures and round-table discussions, call 1-914 758-3226.)

Caramoor Music Festival—Final concerts of the season. Aug. 19 at 8:30: Jazz and African music, with alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe, the John Hicks trio, and Women of the Calabash.... ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: The Falla Guitar Duo and the Newman and Oltman Guitar Duo play works by Rodrigo, Albéniz, Granados, and others.... ¶ Aug. 21 at 5:30: The Orchestra of St. Luke's performs Barber's Adagio for Strings and Mendelssohn's String Symphony No. 8; violinist Elmar Oliveira is the soloist in Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons." (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Brecht-Songs by Eisler and Dessau; Gisela May (Berlin Classics). In a field overrun with pretenders, the German chanteuse Gisela May is in a class of her own, the real thing, *echt*. For three decades she was a leading actress in Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, and her interpretations of musical settings of Brecht's poems resound with terrifying authority. Neither she nor her repertoire is for the faint of heart: the songs can be as bitter as bile, and the timbre of her voice sometimes falls midway between an emery board and a buzz saw. No songbird, this; but who cares about exact pitches once you've heard her spit out a "Pffft!" or caress a German "r"? Berlin Classics' reissue of May's Brecht-Weill recordings (including "Die Sieben Todsünden") was one of the great joys of last spring. These interpretations of Brecht settings by Hanns Eisler (recorded in the sixties) and Paul Dessau (from the seventies) show her in fearless form, as one of the few since Lenya to make musical *and* dramatic sense of the songs' spare theatrical style. The lack of texts and translations in the accompanying booklet is an egregious omission, but May's impeccable diction and pointed interpretations will communicate the songs' meanings to anyone with a reasonable grasp of German.

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—Final performances of the season. Aug. 19 at 8:30: The Cassatt String Quartet performs quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2, the "Quinten"), Ezra Laderman (his Seventh), and Dvořák (in F Major, Op. 96, the "American").... ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center perform Beethoven's Clarinet Trio; Hindemith's Quartet for Clarinet, Violin, Cello, and Piano; and Beethoven's Piano Trio (the "Archduke"). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-3000.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

Maverick Concerts—Final concerts of the season. Aug. 21 at 3: The Eroica Trio performs piano trios by Mendelssohn (in D Minor), Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 11), and Augusta Read Thomas (her "Angel Chant"). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 3: The Cavani String Quartet plays quartets by Beethoven (in G Major, Op. 18, No. 2), Donald Erb (his Second), and Schumann (in A Minor). (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217.)

Music Mountain—Aug. 21 at 8: The Cassatt String Quartet plays quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2, the "Quinten") and Beethoven (in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 131), as well as Bloch's Piano Quintet No. 1 (with Randall Hodgkinson). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 8: Harpsichordist Igor Kipnis plays music by Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 3: The Cassatt String Quartet plays quartets by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 589) and Dvořák (in F Major, Op. 96, the "American"), as well as Brahms' G-Major Quintet (with violist Jesse Levine). (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126. The season ends Sept. 4.)

SPORTS

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

BASEBALL

Strike—At press time, the players' strike was still a go. The following schedules are optimistic, verging on delusional.

Yankees—Vs. the Kansas City Royals, Aug. 22 at 7:05, Aug. 23 at 1:05, and Aug. 24 at 7:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Texas Rangers, Aug. 25 at 7:05, Aug. 26 at 8:05, and Aug. 27-28 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Tigers, Aug. 29-30 at 7:05.

Mets—Vs. the Houston Astros, Aug. 17 at 7:40 and Aug. 18 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Cubs, Aug. 19 at 7:40, Aug. 20-21 at 8:05, and Aug. 22 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, Aug. 29-30 at 7:40.

Stickball—What's more classic New York than baseball? Try stickball. Manhole bases and broomstick bats could provide a delightful alternative to a suspended baseball season. The *Daily News* is sponsoring the New York City Stickball Classic, with preliminary competitions in all five boroughs, through Aug. 28. For more information, call 210-6361.

TENNIS

U.S. Open—Serious ball on hard courts, Aug. 29-Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Aug. 28, from 1 to 4: The U.S.T.A. will be the host for the Arthur Ashe AIDS Tennis Challenge, an exhibition tennis and pro-shoot-out competition featuring professionals and celebrities, including John McEnroe and Bill Cosby. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow, Queens. 1-718 271-5100.)

HORSES

Hampton Classic Horse Show—This annual event draws stars, stargazers, and some serious competition in jumping and hunting. The Classic opens with "The World of the Horse," on Aug. 28, from noon to 5, featuring barrel racing, a dressage exhibition, and a demonstration by the Nassau County Mounted Police. On Aug. 30, there will be junior, amateur, and open jumper competitions. (Snake Hollow Road, Bridgehampton, N.Y. For more information, call 1-516 537-3177. Daily, except Aug. 29, from 8:30 to 5. Through Sept. 4.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Central Park Tales—Storytelling at the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Central Park continues with Andersen's "Leap-Frog" and "The Tinder Box" on Aug. 20 and a Buddhist folktale on Aug. 27. (Fifth Ave. at 72nd St., west of the Conservatory Water. Saturdays at 11 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

"The Flea Market of Science"—Two hundred and fifty interactive exhibits and all kinds of scientific pursuits, including snake feeding and a "smelling" bee, beckon from Liberty Science Center on Aug. 27-28. (Liberty State Park, Jersey City. For a complete schedule of events, call 1-201 200-1000.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Dragons, Awake—As part of the Hong Kong Dragon Boat Festival, the traditional dotting of the eyes on the boats, to rouse the dragon spirit, will take place at the South Street Seaport, on Aug. 18 at 6:30. Each thirty-nine-foot teakwood dragon boat, with a dragon head at the prow and a tail at the stern, carries twenty paddlers, a steersman, and a drummer. The championship race, which includes local-heat winners from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, will take place on the Hudson River at Battery Park City, on Aug. 21, from 11 to 5. . . . ¶ On Aug. 19-21, from 11 to 5, a cultural exhibition at the seaport will feature Chinese crafts, martial arts, and traditional dances. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. No tickets necessary.)

Harlem Week—Aug. 20-21, from noon to 7: The first Harlem International Arts, Crafts, Books, and Antiques Festival. (369th Regimental Armory, Fifth Ave. at 141st St. Tickets at the door on the days of the event.) . . . ¶ Aug. 21, from 10 to 4: The fifth annual Upper Manhattan Auto Show highlights antique cars, buses, and trucks, as well as specialty vehicles and limousines. A parade of autos will leave Madison Ave. at 96th St. at 9:30, winding up at P.S. 175. (108 W. 135th St. Tickets at the site on the day of the show.)

Washington Square Plays—Rakka-Thamm! Theatre Company will stage Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" in the playground at the southwest corner of Washington Square Park. (Thursdays through Sundays at 8. No tickets necessary. Through Sept. 11.) . . . ¶ The Gorilla Repertory Theatre Company will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the southeast section of the park. (Saturdays and Sundays at 8. No tickets necessary. Through Sept. 11.)

Tap Time—Each year, Macy's gathers thousands of amateur and professional tap dancers in order to top itself in the "Guinness Book of World Records," for the largest assembly of tap dancers to dance in a single routine. More than six thousand tappers will dance on Aug. 21, at noon. No experience required. For more information, call 494-4495.

Riverside Jazz—The Jazzmobile has staked out Grant's Tomb. The Benny Golson group (Aug. 17) and Frank Foster's Non-Electric Band (Aug. 24) will provide the music. Nearby is a festival of African-influenced crafts, food, and clothing. (Riverside Drive at 122nd St. No tickets necessary. Wednesdays, from 7 to 9. Through Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ Tune in to the second half of the Riverside Park Arts Festival, with the Larry Goldings trio, led by Goldings on jazz organ, and Djanm, a Haitian folk-pop-jazz group (Aug. 21); and percussionists from Senegal, Cuba, and Brazil, the Pé-De-Boi samba group, and trombonist and conch-shell player Steve Turre (Aug. 28). (Hudson River Boat Basin, at W. 79th St. No tickets necessary. Sundays, from 4 to 7.)

Pier Fare—Aug. 21, from 1 to 2:30: Two harbor pilots will talk about navigating the waters of New York. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 7: Eric Rice, the captain of the Pioneer, will introduce novice seafarers to navigational tools and techniques. . . . ¶ Aug. 24, from 5:30 to 7:30: Dramatic maritime readings. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6:30: A talk about New York Harbor disasters. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For event locations, call 748-8757.)

The Great Outdoors—Highlights of Lincoln Center's free annual Out-of-Doors series. Aug. 18 at 5:30: The Boston Tea Party, a four-day celebration featuring artists from Beantown, gets started with African Roots, a percussive-dance ensemble. (Fountain Plaza.) . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 8:15: Fiddlers, a ladies' pipe band, step dancers, and drummers represent Celtic Boston. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 5:30: Christopher Janney will present "Inside Rhythms: Revealing the Hidden Music," which features a duet for saxophone and heartbeat. Visitors can wander around in Mr. Janney's Sonic Forest, setting off sampled sounds, on Aug. 18-21, from 10 to 10. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 8:15: Eddie Palmieri, with Jerry Gonzalez and the Fort Apache band. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:15: Kotoja, an African band, and Nigerian reggae star Majek Fashek. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8:15: Two scores by Tan Dun. Pianist Margaret Leng Tan will present his "C.A.G.E. II," and Yoshiko Chuma will dance to his "Jo Ha Kyu." (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 8:15: A repeat of the Yoshiko Chuma–Tan Dun collaboration. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8:15: Brazilfest '94: A Rainforest Tribute, featuring Claudio Roditi and Leny Andrade. (Damrosch Park.) (For complete schedule information, call 875-5400. Through Aug. 28.)

Jardin—Michael LaPlaca will discuss French landscape design, on Aug. 21 at 1; at 2:30, a trio will perform French medieval and Baroque music. (Brooklyn Botan[illegible] Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

Walks & Tours—Aug. 20 at 1: Radical and Big Onion Walking Tours mix it up with their "Duelling Tour Guides: New York Left to Right," a point-counterpoint view of Wall Street and environs. For more information, call 492-1090. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 1:45 A.M.: The Friends of the Parks will lead an early-morning tour of Newark, ending with a sunrise breakfast featuring a view of Manhattan. For more information, call 473-6283.

Storytelling in Central Park.

N. ASCENCIOS

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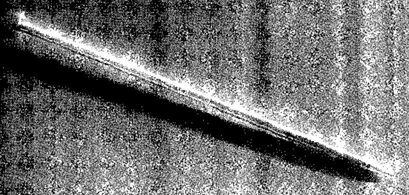

[illegible] when Sprint [illegible] 100% digital, [illegible] And almost [illegible] one. Today, [illegible] globe, bringing [illegible] the world's largest videoconferencing network.The first application of ATM data transmissions and the first and only voice activated calling card. At Sprint, that's not just a promise for someday in the future. That's the power to be there now. That's the power of a pin. **1-800-PIN-DROP**.

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THE MOVIES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 41.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "À la Mode" (directed by Rémy *Duchemin, in French*).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche). From Aug. 19: "Café au Lait" (Mathieu Kassovitz; in French).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" (Allison Anders).
Theatre 4: "Barcelona" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 18: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell). From Aug. 19: "Killing Zoe" (†).
Theatre 6: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Aug. 18: "Zombie and the Ghost *Train*" *(Mika Kaurismaki; in Finnish)*; and "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan).
From Aug. 19: A program of films from China, Taiwan, and Hong Kong.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: "Airheads" (†); and "My Life's in Turnaround" (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 25: "Forrest Gump" (†). From Aug. 26: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin).
Theatre 5: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliot).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 18: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert." From Aug. 19: "Blankman" (Mike Binder).
Theatre 7: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
A program of films from Hong Kong.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "In the Army Now" *(Daniel Petrie, Jr.). From Aug.* 19: "A Man in Uniform" (David Wellington).
Theatre 2: "White" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; in Polish and French).
Theatre 3: "Andre" (George Miller).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 18: "The Mask" (†). From Aug. 19: "Color of Night" (Richard Rush).
Theatre 7: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-*8000*)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 6: "Andre" (George Miller).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 3: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barcelona" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.). From Aug. 19: "Color of Night" (Richard Rush).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"True Lies" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Lassie" (Daniel Petrie) and "North" (Rob Reiner). From Aug. 19: "Blankman" (Mike Binder).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant). From Aug. 26: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).

Opening August 17, Tina Majorino in "Andre."

SUSAN SYNARSKI

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Corrina, Corrina" (Jessie Nelson).
Theatre 2: "I Love Trouble" (Charles Shyer).
Theatre 3: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (Jan De Bont).
Theatre 3: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 4: "Speed."
Theatre 5: "Andre" (George Miller).
Theatre 6: "Airheads" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).

Beekman, *2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)*
"Wolf" (Mike Nichols).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Ciao, Professore!" (†).

Tower East, *3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)*
"The Mask" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Clear and Present Danger" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "True Lies" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 3: "Speed" (Jan De Bont).
Theatre 4: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 5: "Andre" (George Miller).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Aug. 18: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris). From Aug. 19: "Blankman" (Mike Binder).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).
Theatre 2: "The Lion King" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "Dream Girls" (1993, directed by Kim Longinotto and Jano Williams) and "Work on the Grass" (1993, Tetsuo Shinohara).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers" (1956, Fred F. Sears) and "First Men in the Moon" (1964, Nathan Juran). . . . Aug. 19-20: "The Tingler" (1960, William Castle). . . . Aug. 21: "House of Wax" (1953, André de Toth). . . . Aug. 22: "The Monster" (1925, Roland West) and "Where East Is East" *(1929, Tod* Browning). . . . Aug. 23: "The Abominable Dr. Phibes" (1971, Robert Fuest) and "Theatre of Blood" (1973, Douglas Hickox). . . . Aug. 24-25: "The Masque of the Red Death" (1964, Roger Corman) and "The Conquering Worm" (1968, Michael Reeves). . . . Aug. 26-27: "The Mad Magician" (1954, John Brahm) and "Phantom of the Rue Morgue" (1954, Roy Del Ruth). . . . Aug. 28: "The Black Room" (1935, Roy William Neill); and chapters 1 to 5 of "The Shadow" (1940, James Horne). . . . Aug. 29: "The Road to Mandalay" (1926, Browning), "West of Zanzibar" (1928, Browning), and "While the City Sleeps" (1928, Jack Conway). . . . Aug. 30: "One Million B.C." (1940, Hal Roach and Hal Roach, Jr.) and "Turnabout" (1940, Hal Roach).
Theatre 3: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (John N. Smith).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Speed" (Jan De Bont).
Theatre 2: "Speed."

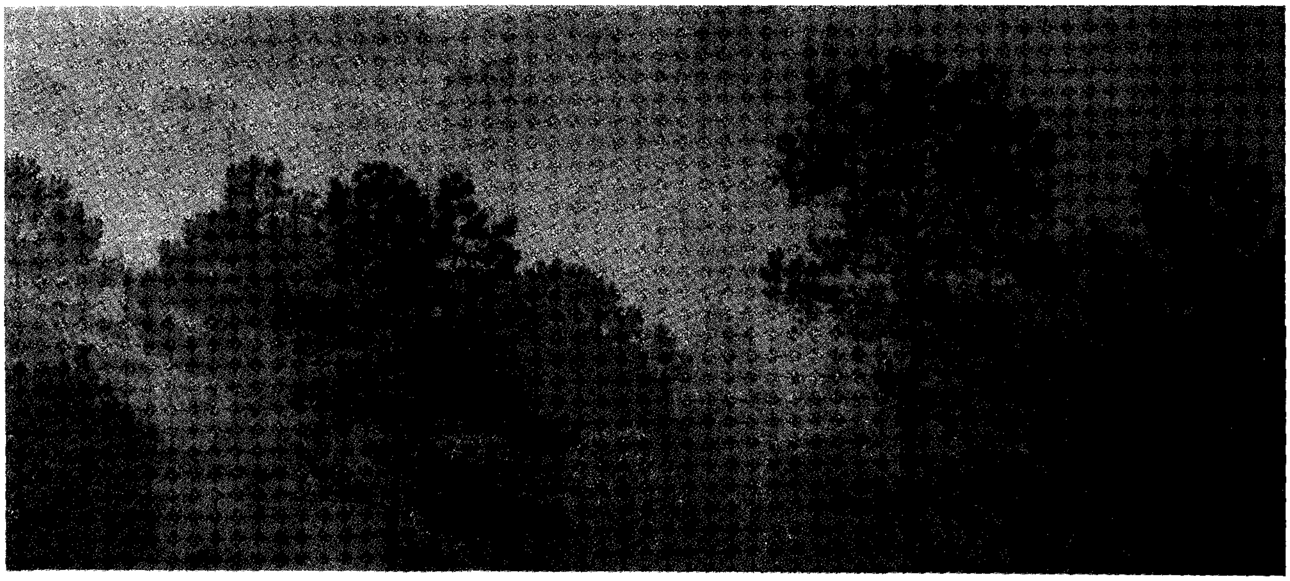
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Andre" (George Miller).
Theatre 2: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao, Professore!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Latcho Drom" (Tony Gatlif, in Romany).
Theatre 3: "Widows' Peak" (John Irvin).
Theatre 4: The Best of the International Tournee of Animation.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 18: "Forrest Gump" (†). From Aug. 19: "Color of Night" (Richard Rush).
Theatre 4: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 5: "Speed" (Jan De Bont).
Theatre 6: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 7: "Barcelona" (†).
Theatre 8: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

"We need to take care of the forest and the things that live here."

"Out here, you understand that the forest is more than just trees. And that caring for the wildlife that lives here is important. To all of us. My company, Georgia-Pacific, believes that. And we're doing something about it. One way



is with a plan we've developed to protect the Red-Cockaded Woodpecker. We're finding nesting sites, then creating safe areas around them. Areas we'll leave undisturbed. Just to make sure the birds will always have a place to live and thrive. That makes me feel good about the work I do. And about the company I work for." Carlton White, Forest Specialist. **Georgia-Pacific**

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 9: Through Aug. 18: "True Lies" (†). From Aug. 19: "Blankman" (Mike Binder).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Airheads" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson) and "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 3: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Forrest Gump" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 2: "Little Big League" (Andrew Scheinman).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Serial Mom" (John Waters).
Theatre 5: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).
Theatre 6: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"True Lies" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Little Buddha" (Bernardo Bertolucci).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau).
Theatre 2: "Barcelona" (†).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
Through Aug. 18: "Bhaji on the Beach" (Gurinder Chadha).
From Aug. 19: "Killing Zoe" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"À la Mode" (Rémy Duchemin, in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Widows' Peak" (John Irvin).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 18: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).
From Aug. 19: "Color of Night" (Richard Rush).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "White" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; in Polish and French). From Aug. 19: "Café au Lait" (Mathieu Kassovitz; in French).
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliot).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 25: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (†). From Aug. 26: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin).
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl).
Theatre 6: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"True Lies" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 5: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 18: "The Client" (†). From Aug. 19: "Blankman" (Mike Binder).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

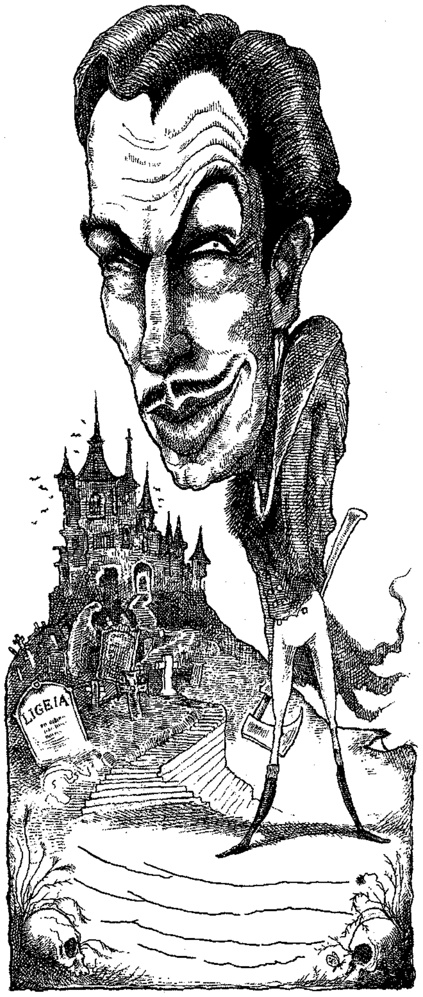
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Andre" (George Miller).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (Jan De Bont).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).
Theatre 2: "Mi Vida Loca" (Allison Anders).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: "Speed" (directed by Jan De Bont).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 6: "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 7: "The Mask" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Aug. 18: "The Lion King" (†).
From Aug. 19: "Color of Night" (Richard Rush).



At Film Forum 2, a series of horror films starring Vincent Price.

HARRY HORSE

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, *7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)*
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Andre" (George Miller). From Aug. 26: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin).
Theatre 2: "In the Army Now" (Daniel Petrie, Jr.).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 18: "Mi Vida Loca" (Allison Anders). From Aug. 19: "The Lion King" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Clear and Present Danger" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Airheads" (†). From Aug. 19: "Blankman" (Mike Binder).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Daybreak" (1931, directed by Jacques Feyder) and "The Sea Bat" (1930, Wesley Ruggles). . . . Aug. 18 at 6 and Aug. 29 at 2:30: "The Son-Daughter" (1932, Clarence Brown). . . . Aug. 18 at 8: "Young Bess" (1953, George Sidney). . . . Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955, Charles Vidor). . . . Aug. 19 at 6 and Aug. 21 at noon: "Stars in My Crown" (1950, Jacques Tourneur). . . . Aug. 19 at 8 and Aug. 22 at 6: "Skyscraper Souls" (1932, Edgar Selwyn). . . . Aug. 20 at noon: A program of Tom and Jerry cartoons. . . . Aug. 20 at 2: "Mad Love" (1935, Karl Freund). . . . Aug. 20 at 4 and Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Quo Vadis" (1951, Mervyn LeRoy). . . . Aug. 21 at 2:30 and Aug. 23 at 5: "Network" (1976, Sidney Lumet). . . . Aug. 21 at 5 and Aug. 23 at 2:30: "The Hill" (1965, Lumet). . . . Aug. 22 at 2:30: "Bombshell" (1933, Victor Fleming). . . . Aug. 25 at 6 and Aug. 28 at 3: "The Shop Around the Corner" (†). . . . Aug. 25 at 8 and Aug. 26 at 2:30: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940, George Cukor). . . . Aug. 26 at 6 and Aug. 28 at 1: "The Swan" (1956, Vidor). . . . Aug. 26 at 8 and Aug. 27 at noon: "Gigi" (1958, Vincente Minnelli). . . . Aug. 27 at 2:30 and Aug. 29 at 6: "Queen Christina" (1934, Rouben Mamoulian). . . . Aug. 27 at 5 and Aug. 29 at 2:30: "Laughing Sinners" (1931, Harry Beaumont). . . . Aug. 28 at 5 and Aug. 30 at 2:30: "The Yearling" (†). . . . Aug. 30 at 6: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946, Tay Garnett).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Aug. 17-18 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:45: "The Last Klezmer" (1994, Yale Strom), a documentary. . . . ¶ Aug. 19-25: A program of films by the Indian filmmaker Adoor Gopalakrishnan. . . . ¶ A program of films directed by Tony Richardson. Aug. 26 at 2, Aug. 27 at 6, Aug. 28 at 8:15, and Aug. 29 at 6:15: "Look Back in Anger" (1959). . . . Aug. 26 at 4:30, Aug. 27 at 8:30, and Aug. 30 at 4:45: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962). . . . Aug. 26 at 7, Aug. 27-28 at 4, Aug. 29 at 2 and 9, and Aug. 30 at 6:45: "The Entertainer" (1960). . . . Aug. 26 at 9, Aug. 28 at 6, Aug. 29 at 4, and Aug. 30 at 8:45: "A Taste of Honey" (1961). . . . Aug. 30 at 2: "Tom Jones" (1963).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Howard Hawks. Aug. 20 at 2: "Today We Live" (1933). . . . Aug. 20 at 4:30: "The Big Sky" (1952). . . . Aug. 21 at 2: "Sergeant York" (†). . . . Aug. 21 at 4:30: "Land of the Pharoahs" (1955). . . . Aug. 27 at 2: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930). . . . Aug. 27 at 4: "Air Force" (1943). . . . Aug. 28 at 2: "The Big Sleep" (1946). . . . Aug. 28 at 4:30: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953).

Bryant Park, *Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays,* starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature film on Aug. 22 will be Gordon Douglas's "Them!" (1954). The feature film on Aug. 29 will be Elia Kazan's "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951). (Rain date will be the following night.)

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Le Petit Prince A Dit" (1992, Christine Pascal; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Ivan and Abraham" (1993, Yolande Zauberman; in Yiddish, Polish, and Russian).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Aug. 21 at 7, "The Wild, Wild World of Jayne Mansfield" (1968). On Aug. 28 at 7, Mervyn Le Roy's "The Bad Seed" (1956).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 17 at 6:30: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1983, Ivan Dixon). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6:30: "To Sleep with Anger" (1990, Charles Burnett). . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6:30: "Posse" (1993, Mario Van Peebles). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2 and 4:50: "Quilombo" (1986, Carlos Diegues). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6:30: "Nothing But a Man" (1963, Michael Roemer) and "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (1991, Matty Rich). . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 1 and 4:05: "Chameleon Street" (1990, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.) and "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey). . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6:30: "Abby" (1974, William Girdler) and "Def by Temptation" (1990, James Bond III). . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6:30: "James Brown: The Early Years" (1980). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "The Second Coming" (1993, Blair Underwood) and "Dr. Jeffries' Albany Lecture" (1991, Clemson Brown). . . . ¶ *Aug. 25 at 6:* "Bush Mama" (1976, Haile Gerima) and "Ashes and Embers" (1983, Gerima). . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6:30: "Steping Razor: Red X" (1993). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 1 and 5:10: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (1993, Leslie Harris). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 7: "Redd Foxx: Blacks in Blue Comedy" (1994). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2 and 4:35: "The Panama Deception" (1992, Barbara Trent).

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING

Andre—The story of a seal who spent every summer for twenty-three years with a family in Rockport, Maine. With Keith Carradine and Tina Majorino. Directed by George Miller ("The Man from Snowy River"). Opening August 17.

Blankman—Damon Wayans as a poor inventor who becomes a self-appointed superhero when the Mob takes the mayor hostage. Directed by Mike Binder. Opening August 19.

Café au Lait—A carefree young Parisian gets pregnant, and her two boyfriends move in to help prepare for the baby's arrival. Starring Julie Mauduech, Hubert Kounde, and Mathieu Kassovitz, who wrote and directed the film. In French. Opening August 19.

Camp Nowhere—To avoid getting sent away to camp, a group of teen-agers set up one of their own. With Christopher Lloyd. Directed by Jonathan Prince. Opening August 26.

Color of Night—A thriller with Bruce Willis as a psychiatrist investigating the murder of a colleague, whose killer just might be one of Willis's patients. Richard Rush directed. Opening August 19.

Dream Girls/Work on the Grass—Two short films from Japan. The first is a documentary, directed by Kim Longinotto and Jano Williams, about the Takarazuka Revue. The second is a fictional tale of two gardeners and a large field of grass. Written and directed by Tetsuo Shinohara. Both are in Japanese. August 17-30.

Fresh—A twelve-year-old Brooklyn boy (Sean Nelson) works as a drug runner, but after witnessing a double homicide, he uses the strategic skills he learned from his chess-playing father (Samuel L. Jackson) to stay alive. Written and directed by Boaz Yakin. Opening August 26.

Killing Zoe—An American safecracker (Eric Stoltz) goes to Paris to help a friend (Jean-Hughes Anglade) pull off a burglary; things don't turn out as planned, however. With Julie Delpy. Written and directed by Roger Avary. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening August 19.

A Man in Uniform—An actor (Tom McManus) portraying a cop on TV confuses his day job with real life. Written and directed by David Wellington. Opening August 19.

Natural Born Killers—Oliver Stone's latest, with Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis as serial killers, and Robert Downey, Jr., as the tabloid writer with exclusive rights to their story. Also with Tommy Lee Jones. Screenplay by David Veloz, Richard Rutowski, and Stone, from a story by Quentin Tarantino. Opening August 26.

Wagons East—A frontier-days comedy about a group of Western settlers who decide to return home. One of the last films with the late John Candy, who plays an inebriated wagon-train driver. Directed by Peter Markle. Opening August 26.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Airheads—With Brendan Fraser, Steve Buscemi, and Adam Sandler; directed by Michael Lehmann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ National Twin; through Aug. 18.)

Barcelona—The second film by the writer and director Whit Stillman ("Metropolitan") is a culture-clash comedy about a pair of conservative young Americans (played by Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) in early-eighties Barcelona. Although the picture begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast. Every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. This movie isn't a carbon copy of Stillman's début feature, but it doesn't feel like much of an advance, either. His style is placid and a little smug—prematurely gray. In just two movies he has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. Also with Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/15/94.) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Ciao, Professore!—It's a baggy-pants comedy version of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," with Paolo Villaggio as an idealistic third-grade teacher from Northern Italy mistakenly assigned to the squalid Neapolitan village of Corzano. The conflicts he faces—such as how violent and vulgar he must become to connect with streetwise eight-year-olds—are played for guffaws as well as poignancy. Smacking one tough kid anguishes Villaggio, but the director, Lina Wertmüller, thinks it makes him more of a man; she replaces the usual schoolhouse sanctimony with her salt-of-the-earth smugness. As in most inspirational teacher tracts, the breakthroughs come when the students evaluate their lives, not when they learn a discipline. The movie is more likable than the run of Wertmüller films, but it's punch-drunk. Many of the boys and girls are so unvaryingly "lively" you wish Villaggio would try to solve their problems by administering Ritalin. In Italian.—M.S. (68th St. Playhouse, and Quad Cinema.)

Clear and Present Danger—Further adventures of Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), the courageous and incorruptible C.I.A. analyst who is the hero of Tom Clancy's ungainly novels. The director, Phillip Noyce, whose "Patriot Games" (1992) was a surprisingly elegant Clancy adaptation, has once again taken a tub of prose and sweated it into a sleek, classically proportioned suspense picture. The screenwriters—Donald Stewart, Steven Zaillian, and John Milius—do a terrific job of keeping the insanely intricate plot from bogging down in confusion. And Noyce brings off a couple of memorable thriller set pieces: a furious, brilliantly edited ambush in a narrow Bogotá street; a tense and funny computer duel between Ryan and a weaselly C.I.A. bureaucrat played by Henry Czerny. The filmmakers haven't simply tamed the rogue elephant of Clancy's narrative; they've turned it into something that moves as gracefully and as powerfully as a gazelle. Also with Willem Dafoe, Donald Moffat, Harris Yulin, Joaquim de Almeida, James Earl Jones, and Anne Archer.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Client—Joel Schumacher's thriller, based on a John Grisham best-seller, has a familiar chase-picture plot: innocent citizen stumbles on some incriminating information about the Mob, and runs like hell. The reluctant witness here is an eleven-year-old Memphis boy, Mark Sway (Brad Renfro), whose lawyer, Reggie Love (Susan Sarandon), acts as a sort of surrogate mother. Her legal duel with the steely prosecutor Roy Foltrigg (Tommy Lee Jones), who wants Mark to testify, plays like a desperate, drawn-out custody battle. Sarandon and Renfro work so beautifully together that Jones—who's superb—doesn't steal the movie. This is safe-as-houses entertainment, directed with no particular finesse, but it's refreshingly straightforward and unpretentious. It's the first Grisham-based thriller that actually lowers itself to provide a thrill or two.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through Aug. 18.)

Eat Drink Man Woman—Another comedy of marriage from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." Again, the structure locks smoothly into place: the aging Mr.

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef, living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch out for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled chicken, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. With its busy, silken editing, the movie chops back and forth between the various characters as they stumble toward their desires. It's a trim, likable piece of work; there are wonderful shots of humming traffic and shouting cooks. Lee is a throwback to old Hollywood—you can imagine him learning his craft, and his reliable optimism, under Capra. But that guarantee of good taste is, finally, a bit of a downer; there are plenty of surprises, but no hint of risk. And after "Tampopo," "Like Water for Chocolate," and the wholly superior "Babette's Feast," isn't the plug for food as a life-force getting hard to stomach? In Mandarin.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

GEOFFREY PARKER

Forrest Gump—Warm, wise, and wearisome as hell. Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. The director, Robert Zemeckis, is no slouch, as he proved in the "Back to the Future" trilogy, where he invented his own brand of smart, critical nostalgia. Here, however, the whole film is tuned up to Gump's pitch of gentle sweetness. The visual effects are neat enough, with Hanks showing up in old footage of Kennedy and L.B.J., but the movie just keeps on jogging, like its harmless hero, in no particular direction. With Sally Field as the hero's loving mother.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

It Could Happen to You—The main characters in Andrew Bergman's sweet-spirited romantic farce are a cop named Charlie (Nicolas Cage) and a diner waitress named Yvonne (Bridget Fonda)—a pair of generous, honest, kindhearted working-class lovers who might have seemed too good to be true even in one of Frank Capra's sunny populist comedies. Bergman treats their impossible virtuousness as a species of screwball-comedy idiosyncrasy, and makes us believe in them. Cage gazes at Fonda with his characteristic look of stricken canine ardor, Fonda flashes back one of her radiantly loopy grins, and we smile at both the rightness and the weirdness of their union. Rosie Perez, as Charlie's beady-eyed, greedy wife, gets most of the big laughs, but it's the relationship between the cop and the waitress that gives the picture its distinctive comic spirit. The joy that Charlie and Yvonne take in doing good has the erotic quality of a shared secret, a ticklish pleasure that only they know about. Also with Seymour Cassel, Wendell Pierce, Stanley Tucci, and Isaac Hayes. Screenplay by Jane Anderson.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Killing Zoe—Directed by Roger Avary. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Angelika 57; starting Aug. 19.)

The Lion King—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Among the celebrity voices on the soundtrack, two performances stand out: Jeremy Irons, as the villainous lion Scar, does an elegant, funny George Sanders impersonation, and Nathan Lane, reading the part of a peppy, skeptical meerkat, gives the picture a welcome shot of Warners-style brashness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 19.)

The Mask—Genial goonery. Jim Carrey stars as a sweet loser who gets an id tune-up when he puts on a super-powered Norse mask and becomes a zoot-suited jolly green giant. Since Carrey looks as if he were made of Play-Doh anyway, the computer animation that allows him to bounce and gyrate appears to spring from his own pliable core. The funniest moment comes when Carrey mimes the effects of the Mask *without* special effects. The gangland plot is flimsy (bad guy Peter Greene wears too much eyeliner), and the jokes are erratic, but it's a far better showcase for Carrey's comic-from-Uranus talent than "Ace Ventura"—especially when he jitterbugs and rumbas. Cameron Diaz is just peachy as the good bad girl; so are Amy Yasbeck as the bad good girl and Max as Milo the plucky terrier. Charles Russell directed Mike Werb's script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Tower East, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

True Lies—James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger join forces for their first outing since "Terminator 2," and it's a bumpy ride. The tale begins and ends in a flurry of joke violence; Cameron has decided to spoof what he used to take seriously, and the result, though bright and deafening, feels oddly slack—he loosens the screws, and our interest drops away. Schwarzenegger plays along with this, stumbling into James Bond territory as a suave international spy named Harry Tasker; it's a stiff and rather sad sight. The middle chunk of the film defies belief—not with special effects, unfortunately, but with humdrum misogyny. Harry suspects his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) of adultery, kidnaps her, and subjects her to a series of humiliations, apparently in an effort to win back her love. Yeah, right. This section has no logical link with the rest of the picture; the two plots are just banged together as a kind of vague discourse on secrecy. Tom Arnold saves the show as Harry's sidekick; Charlton Heston pretty well wrecks it again by turning up with an eyepatch.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Sixplex, 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

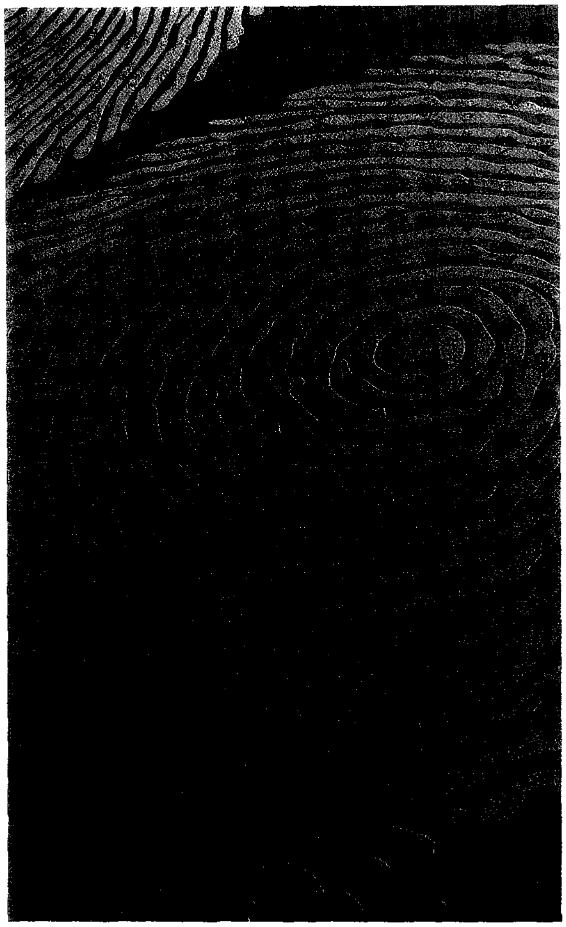
REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Sergeant York (1941)—Howard Hawks' award-winner tells the true story of a doughboy Daniel Boone—the poor Tennessee farmer and marksman Alvin York (Gary Cooper), who became a popular hero of the First World War. This attempt at folkloric Americana (in the manner of John Ford's "Young Mr. Lincoln") is episodic and uneven, especially when depicting the hero's leaps from hell-raising to Bible-beating, and from pacifism to combat. Once he gets religion, Cooper's York does right instinctively, like Forrest Gump. But bits of the movie are prime Hawks, including a central sequence detailing York's drive to buy a patch of precious bottomland. Hawks and his screenwriters (Abem Finkel, Harry Chandlee, Howard Koch, and John Huston) devise unusually strong scenes of backwoods family life: Margaret Wycherly has a magnetic, fatalistic intensity as Mother York, and Dickie Moore a precocious gravity as York's kid brother. With Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie, Ward Bond, Noah Beery, Jr., and June Lockhart.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 21.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive, pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretenses believable, lyrical, and funny. The script, by Samson Raphaelson, is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 25 and 28.)

The Yearling (1947)—The yearling is a boy's pet deer, and it represents the freedom of the boy's childhood. But when the deer becomes destructive, the boy's mother shoots it. Claude Jarman, Jr., plays the boy, Jody; Gregory Peck is his farmer father; and Jane Wyman is surprisingly effective as the hard-bitten, unimaginative mother. An actor named Donn Gift plays the boy's friend—a strange little creature called Fodderwing. What the director, Clarence Brown, does with the material is surprising even if you're familiar with other fine Brown films, such as "National Velvet" and "Intruder in the Dust." When Jody and Fodderwing are together, something quirky and magical seems to be happening on the screen; when Jody and his deer are together the boy's emotion has a fairy-tale glitter; and when Jody's mother reveals a streak of humor she's so pleased at her dumb joke that you find yourself staring in disbelief—and laughing. Even Peck seems to blend into the atmosphere. From Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' book, adapted by Paul Osborn.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 28 and 30.)



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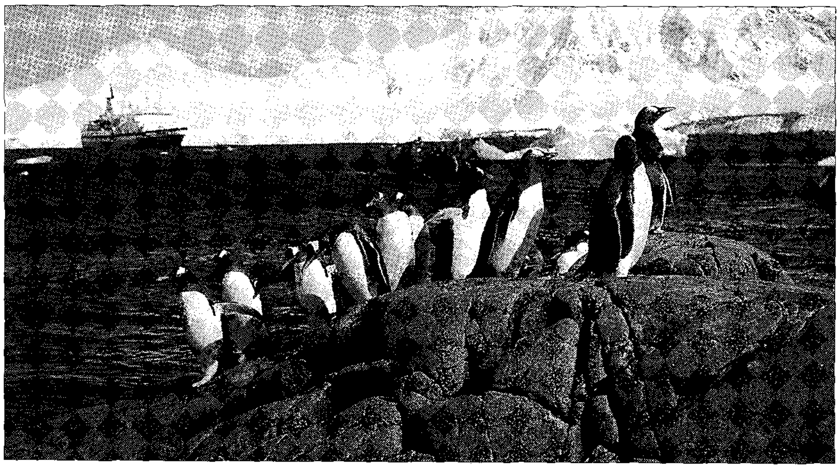

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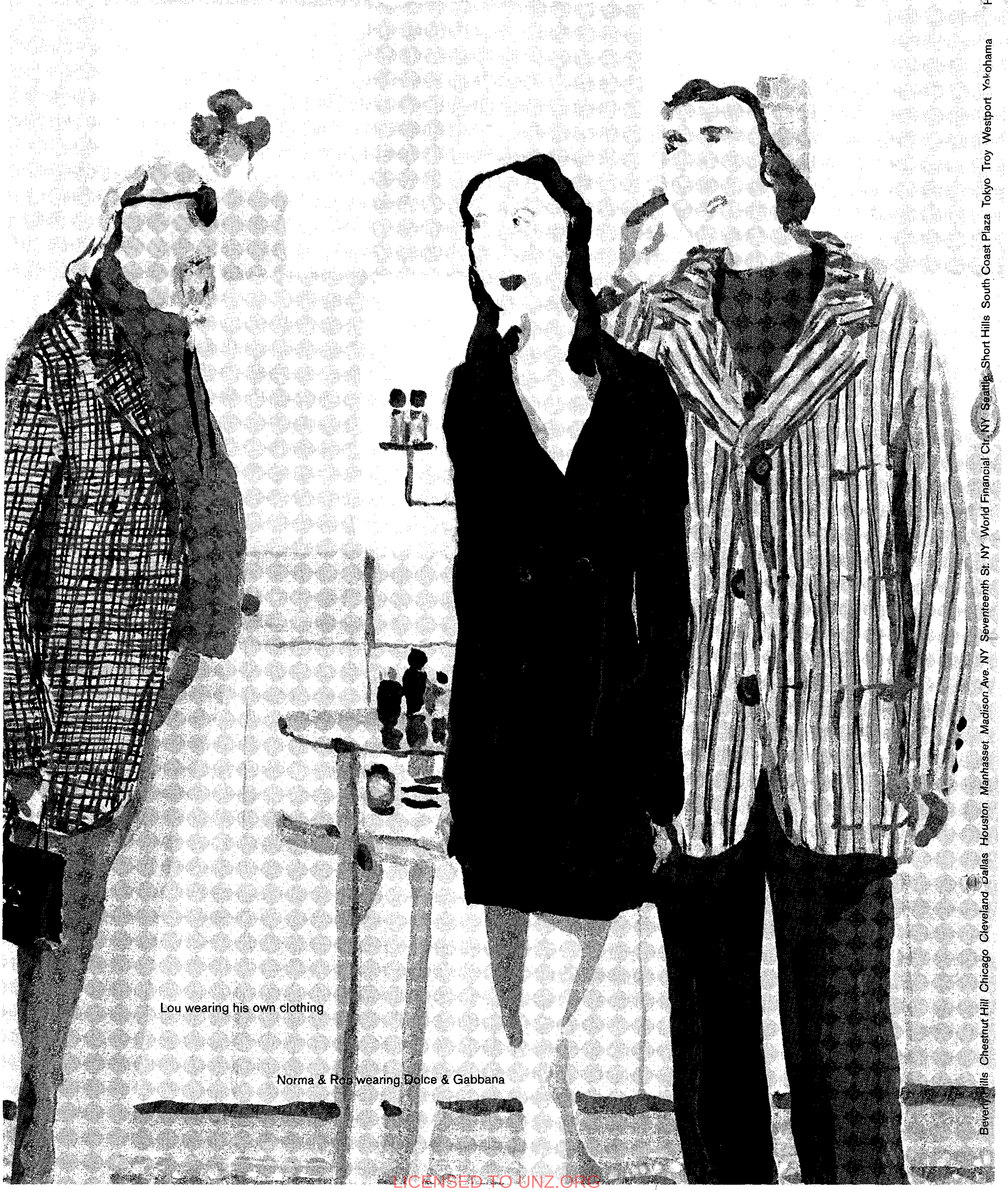
BARNEYS
NEW YORK

Norma and Ron were awed by Lou's command of slang.



Lou wearing his own clothing

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

N.E.A. MONKEY BUSINESS

THE latest flap over National Endowment for the Arts funding concerns David O. Russell, a talented New York director and writer whose début feature film, "Spanking the Monkey"—a dark comedy about a marvellously screwed-up family—is the runaway independent hit of the summer. The problem is that twenty thousand dollars—a quarter of Mr. Russell's picayune budget—came from an N.E.A. grant, and now the endowment wants its money back.

The reason depends on whom you ask. Everyone concerned agrees that in 1989 Mr. Russell was awarded a grant to make a light half-hour film entitled "Lucky Garden," about a Chinese restaurant where all the tables are bugged so that the owner can write personalized cookie fortunes. In 1991, Mr. Russell informed the N.E.A. that he wanted to change his project. He explained that he'd come up with what he believed was a better idea, one for a feature film. It would be about Ray, an M.I.T. student trapped at home for the summer, caring for his Zoloft-enhanced, bored, demanding, and yet strangely appealing mother, who is suffering from a broken leg. The summer is marked by every frustration imaginable for a guy who wants to grow up: he must forgo a terrific interneship in Washington; his father is a self-absorbed salesman of self-help videos; the cute girl in the neighborhood can't decide whether she wants him or not; and every time Ray retreats to the bathroom to relieve his frustration by employing a time-tested solitary sexual pursuit, the family dog whines at the door. What with one thing and another, Ray ends up sleeping with his mom.

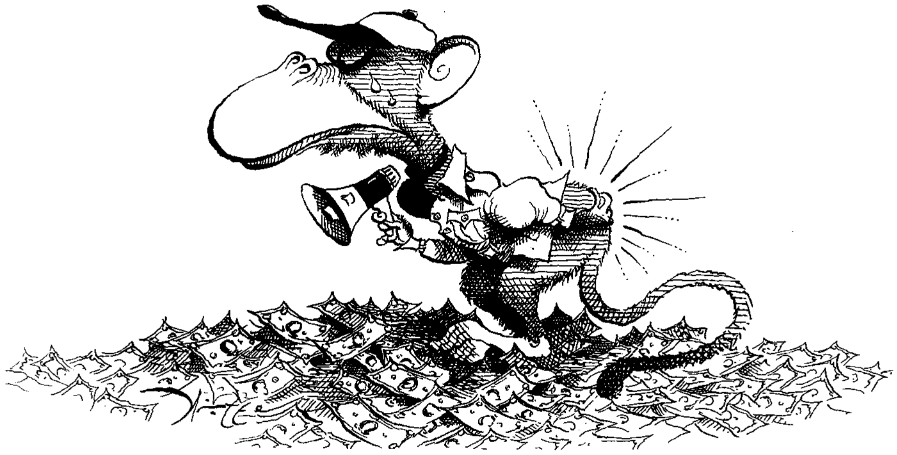
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

The N.E.A. said no way.

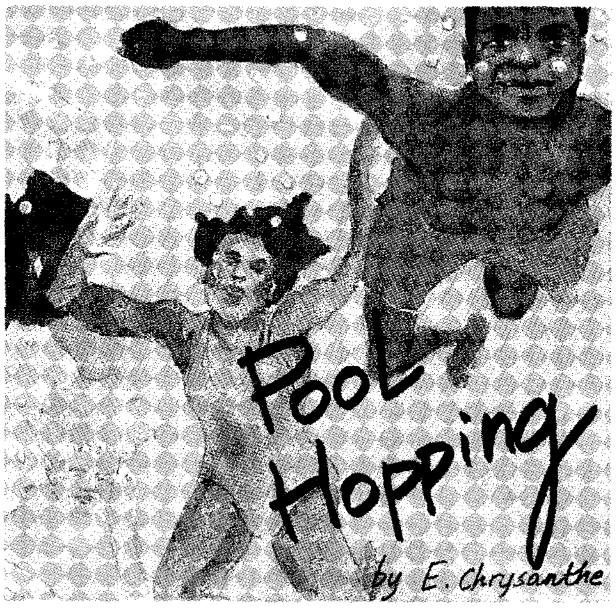
So Mr. Russell promised in writing that he would stick to "Lucky Garden." N.E.A. staffers, therefore, came in for quite a shock when they picked up the *Times* last month and read an interview with Mr. Russell in which he admitted that he had actually spent the grant money on "Spanking the Monkey." The next day, they called and told him that if he was indeed not going to make "Lucky Garden," he would have to give the money back, something that Mr. Russell has so far said he won't do. "As critics have said, the movie is sensitive and original and handles delicate but important subject matter in a deft way," Mr. Russell explained to us, defensively, the other afternoon. "I'm not doing some fringe thing with urine and a crucifix. So I'm asking the question: Isn't this the kind of project the N.E.A. was created to support? It fulfills the spirit if not the letter of the grant." Mr. Russell's argument is basically that if he'd been given a grant for a film about, say, gardening, and then had wanted to switch to one about, oh, knitting, the agency wouldn't have stood in his way.

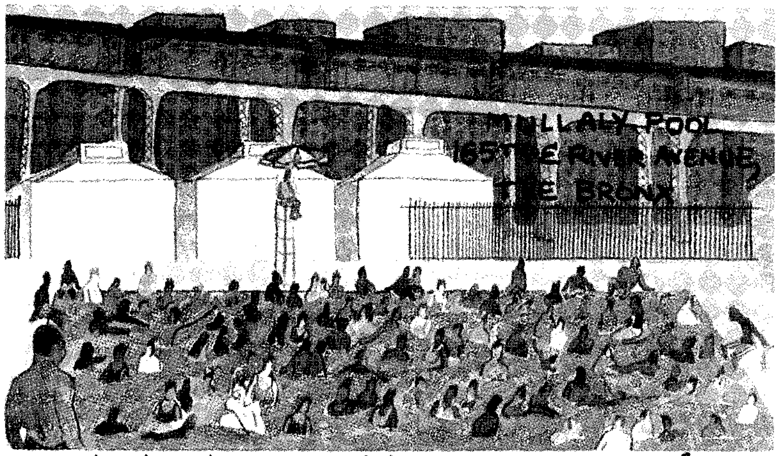
That's not what the N.E.A. maintains. The other day, its spokeswoman, Cherie Simon, said, "This is a cut-and-dried procedural matter, nothing more. He wanted to make a completely different film—going from a short film to a feature-length film. The subject matter was not an issue." Her main point, she said, was this: "The endowment awards a grant after it has gone through a lengthy review process involving panels composed of people from across the country, the National Council on the Arts, and the chairman of the agency. To allow any other process to take place would not only be inappropriate—it would also fly in the face of all other artists who respect this process."

Mr. Russell is undaunted. He's angling for a meeting with Jane Alexander; he's offering to screen the movie for the offended N.E.A. staffers; he's lobbying his congressman, Jerry Nadler, to champion his cause; he's enlisting friends in the arts community, like Lynn Holst, of American Playhouse, to telephone the endowment on his behalf. The endowment has taken no legal action against him *yet*, but seems unwilling to budge. It's as if both sides had been spending a lot of time watching one of Ray's father's self-



THE TALK OF THE TOWN'S ARTIST AT LARGE





We decided to make a late-summer visit to a few local swimming holes. No "whirlpooling" at our first stop. Just a lot of happy children—maximum capacity 225—and the roar of the occasional No. 4 train.

help videos in "Spanking the Monkey": "How to Project a Power Image."

LAUNCH-TIME CONVERSATION

THE other day, *Manhattan File,* the latest addition to the giveaway press, had a sort of launch lunch at Le Cirque. The lust-for-lifestyle magazine seems tailored for that sleek, mobile crowd more likely to be found at the new Whit Stillman movie than at Woodstock '94. Its publisher, Evan Schindler, and its backer, Jerry Finkelstein—the micromogul of free newspapers—were there, as well as a bevy of young women with fabulous hair, including the editor-in-chief, Cristina Greeven, and Pamela Gross, who bears one of the odder titles in publishing, Editor-at-Large. The women were discussing matters of language; namely, how you have "a problem" and how, on another level entirely, you have "a situation."

"What's Bosnia?" we asked.

"Bosnia's a tragedy," we were told, curtly.

What is it if you are going out regularly with somebody and he spots you having dinner with somebody else?

Sweetly: "That's a problem."

What is it if *you* find *him* with somebody else?

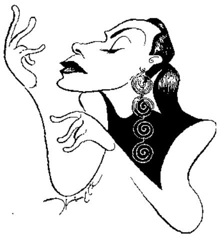
Ominous darkening: "That's a situation."

Jerry Finkelstein's son, Andrew Stein—whose shortened name makes for a better sound bite—got up to make a speech. This seemed generous, since he is not actually running for office right now, but then, even when he is, he is perhaps less well known for his views than for his hair, which springs forth nimbly from his noble brow, like deer escaping a forest fire.

"Andy Stein's hair," somebody said. "Is that a situation?"

"No," somebody else said. "That's a *triumph.*"

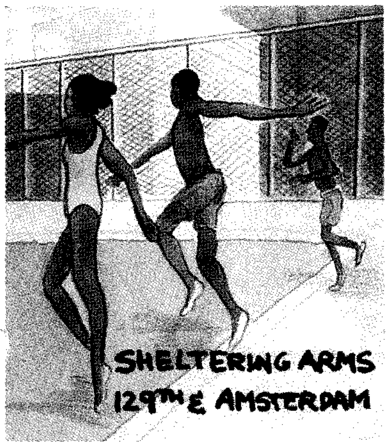
ARIAS ON HOLIDAY



FOR the past four months, every Friday night at eleven-thirty the paying customers crowd into the comfortable back room of Astor's, on Lafayette Street, to bear witness to a buccaneer of bohemian New York style: Joey Arias, who gives his age as "between thirty-five and death," dressed in a forties ball gown and white evening gloves, "channelling" Billie Holiday. Thierry Mugler's been, Patrick Swayze's been, and Madonna's been—three times. The show opens with one of the backup singers, Raven, a pert drag queen in black leather, lip-synching to Liza Minnelli in "Cabaret." A stranger to this subterranean world could be forgiven for thinking he'd wandered into the wrong show. When Mr. Arias is introduced ("the incredible, the gorgeous, the alcoholic Joey"), he enters behind a pink scrim and launches into "Don't Explain." Here, with only a shadowy outline visible, he eerily begins to hit the high registers of grief and gladness which are the inimitable throaty signature of Holiday. The heartbreaking mellowness and moody phrasing leave the audience in no doubt that he is also lip-synching. But, when the curtain is pulled down, there stands Mr. Arias, a white man, in a lacquered black wig with a diamanté brooch pinned at the center of his off-the-shoulder gown, singing in full, extraordinary voice. His show is called "Strange Fruit," and it's no understatement. "Are you fucked up yet?" he says to the delighted crowd after the first song. Well, yes.

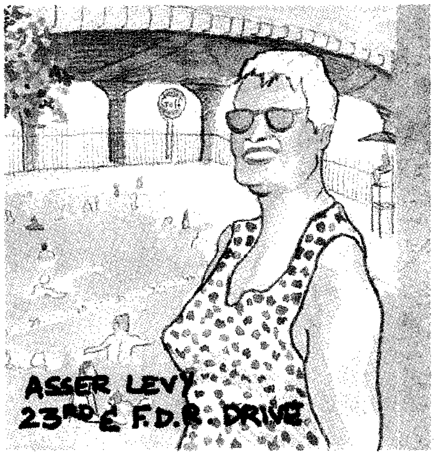
What's confusing is the absence of traditional drag's camp detachment; Mr. Arias more or less plays it straight, simply serving up a medley of Holiday standards unadorned. The shock is not in the imitation of Holiday's sound but in the intensity of Mr. Arias's feeling. "A lot of people have died way earlier than they should have," he told us after his show. "I feel a lot of that pain. You can't sing like that unless you've lived. It's not the voice of a teen-ager."

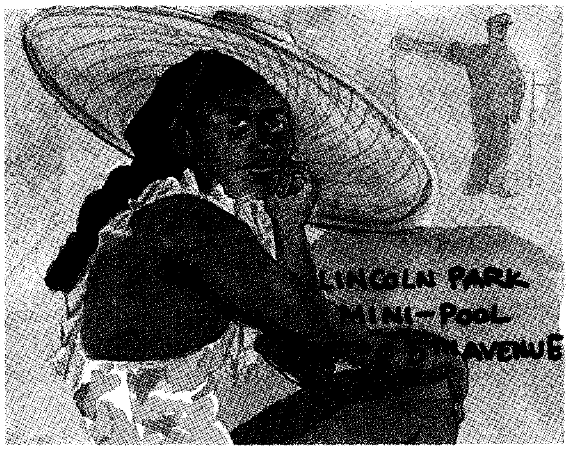
Mr. Arias drove to New York from Los Angeles in a pickup truck in 1976, and soon found himself selling clothes at Fiorucci. "And there's where I met everybody. *Everybody.* The King of Spain, Lauren Bacall, Jackie Onassis. Met with them. Went out with them." Mr. Arias turned the shop into his theatre. "He *was* Fiorucci," says Kim Hastreiter, the co-editor and the co-publisher of *Paper* magazine and a sidekick from Mr. Arias's performing days in Los Angeles. "He turned Fiorucci into a party." Over the years, Mr. Arias has performed with the late Klaus Nommi, sung backup in a skirt for David Bowie on



Plenty of room for everyone at the second pool. No worries except for water up the nose.

The crowd is a bit older at our third stop. When the wind shifts, you can almost smell the East River mixed in with the chlorine.





At our last stop, the crowd may be small but hats are big. This young bathing beauty had the entire pool to herself, except for a bored ranger on his watch.

"Saturday Night Live," and been in a series of bands, including Mermaids on Heroin. He stumbled onto the performance possibilities of Billie Holiday six years ago while he was testing a microphone as a backup singer for Iggy Pop. "I started singing 'Good Morning, Heartache' a cappella, and they were, like, 'You should really think about that style and make it your own.' I did it for Andy Warhol. He said the same thing. But he said, 'Don't say Billie Holiday, just do Joey Arias.' "

Mr. Arias went on to tell us that drag is the "punk of the nineties"; he said he was grateful to RuPaul for helping to make a popular market for it. "She's saying, 'Everybody say love.' I'm saying let's feel love through song." And how does it feel to be in the Billie Holiday groove?

"It feels like there's somebody else's body. I'm, like, real strong. I feel really wet," Mr. Arias said. Did any lines from her songs speak specifically to him?

He put his hands over his eyes to assemble the Holiday in his mind and find her pitch. Then he sang:

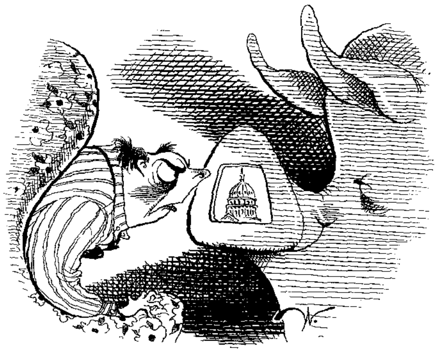
> Each time I see a crowd of people,
> Just like a fool I stop and stare.
> It's really not the proper thing to do,
> But maybe you'll be there.

Was he looking for love? "Love, friends, or something. Whatever," Mr. Arias said.

ROGER AILES'S PORK ROAST

THERE are few more skillful at plucking the harp strings of middle-class paranoia than Roger Ailes, the former Republican strategist whose famously negative television ads savaged Michael Dukakis in 1988. So it's not surprising that Mr. Ailes—who is now the president of America's Talking, an all-talk-show cable network launched last month by NBC—should give us "Pork," a program devoted entirely to the populist métier of exposing government waste. When we called Mr. Ailes last week, at his office, in Fort Lee, New Jersey, he told us that "Pork" may be the most watched show on the network.

The program's lowest-common-denominator appeal rests on its conspiratorial folksiness. "It *is* your government," John David Klein, the host of "Pork," says at the start of every show. "Take it back." Sitting at a desk fashioned out of a wooden barrel, Mr. Klein poses gentle questions about federal spending to guests, who are typically J.V.-level, reform-minded members of Congress, or, occasionally, pundits or lobbyists. Areas of overappropriation cited have included the health-care bill, farm subsidies, and "palatial prisons."



The operative word on "Pork" is "pork": it was used twenty-four times in one episode we watched, and that didn't include references to the program's title or to much ballyhooed "porker" awards. "We can't see the budget, because it *is* classified," Mr. Klein said to one guest, "but you can. Is it filled with . . . *pork*?" Later, Carolyn Maloney, a Democratic representative from the Upper East Side, said to Mr. Klein about another program, "It's petrified pork. We need to get this petrified pork out of the budget." And then, "It's not an anti-gun bill. It's an anti-*pork* bill."

Mr. Ailes told us that the idea for "Pork" came to him during his years of poll-taking. "I just have been impressed with the fact that Americans don't mind paying tax dollars but they resent the way they're spent," he said.

So who, we asked Mr. Ailes, are the show's viewers?

"The taxpayers."

You mean everyone?

"Not everyone pays taxes, unfortunately," Mr. Ailes said, "but that's another problem. I tell you we ought to find those"—he paused, trying to decide whether or not to proceed—"sons of bitches and make them do something, too." There was an anonymous guffaw from someone at his end of the line, and he continued. "Basically, I don't know anybody who pays taxes who feels they're undertaxed. I certainly am not, but I can afford it. I have worked hard and I am successful." ♦

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THE POLITICAL SCENE

THE HOWELL RAINES QUESTION

The Times endorsed Bill Clinton, and Howell Raines is a liberal, so why is the paper's editorial page so hard on the White House?

BY PETER J. BOYER

NOT long after Bill Clinton became President, he invited Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Jr., the publisher of the New York *Times*, to a private lunch at the White House. Such a gesture toward the proprietor of the country's most distinguished and influential newspaper was more or less a requirement of form, and of politics, too, since the *Times* had endorsed Clinton, both in the New York primary and in the general election. Lunch was in the President's small dining room, next to the Oval Office, and Clinton and Sulzberger were joined there by Vice-President Al Gore. Their conversation traversed a broad range, but throughout there appeared to be something on the President's mind—something not spoken about until the end of the meal. At last, he said it: Almost from the moment he assumed office, Clinton had been surprised and somewhat dismayed by the critical tone of the *Times'* editorials about him and his Administration. The editorial page is the voice of the *Times*, and Sulzberger, whose great-grandfather bought the newspaper a century ago, is its embodiment. Clinton is only a few years older than Sulzberger, and each man was new to his job. Did Clinton not have a friend in the *Times*?

In his way, Raines has become as vexing a media nemesis to the White House as Rush Limbaugh.

SCOTT HUNT

Sulzberger had anticipated the question. He told the President, "The best way of describing our relationship with you is 'tough love.' "

Clinton had to laugh, but he came back with "Well, just don't forget the love part."

Love—tough or in any other form—is the last term that Clinton or anyone in his White House would use to describe the feeling that the *Times* editorial page has regularly displayed toward the Clinton White House in the period since that lunch. The page has compared Clinton's ethical standards to those of Richard Nixon; it has suggested that the President has a problem with the truth; and it has declared the White House's handling of Whitewater matters "stupid, irresponsible and improper." In one particularly memorable verbal spanking this winter, the lead editorial, headlined "WHITE HOUSE ETHICS MELTDOWN," judged the Clinton Administration as "easily the most reckless in interfering with the integrity of Federal investigative agencies since that of Richard Nixon."

In a White House sometimes consumed by image worries, these regular rebukes from the *Times* (of all places) are like blows of a lash. "It's so . . . *anti*," one stunned Presidential adviser said last week, that day's editorial still ringing in his ears. The psychic gravity of Washington being what it is, such anxieties have attached themselves to a human cause; namely, Howell Raines, the editorial-page editor of the *Times*. Raines took control of the page in January, 1993, as Clinton took the oath of office, and has become in his way as vexing a media nemesis to the White House as Rush Limbaugh—or more so, perhaps, because Raines, like Sulzberger, his boss, is a liberal. He is also a known quantity in Washington, having been a White House correspondent and, until he took his current job, one of the paper's most successful Washington bureau chiefs. In the insular media-political culture, the Howell Raines question—“Why is Howell trying to destroy Clinton?”—has become a favorite topic. At least one top Clinton aide blames Raines and his Whitewater editorials for keeping the scandal alive past its time, and James Carville, noting the *Times'* role in uncovering Whitewater, says that Raines “is putting the *Times* in the dangerous position of pumping up a story that the paper has a stake in.”

Among some members of the Administration, Raines commands a kind of terrified fascination, as could be seen during the recent Whitewater hearings on Capitol Hill, in which Raines was a key player in absentia. The central issue of possible White House interference in the Whitewater matter turned partly on Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman's delay (at the urging of the White House) in recusing himself as head of the Resolution Trust Corporation from its investigation of possible misdeeds involving the Clintons' Arkansas business partner, James McDougal. The decision by Altman, as a friend of the President's, not to recuse himself was just the sort of conflict-of-interest issue that excites the passion of Raines' pen. And when Altman finally did announce his recusal it was not in a direct communication with the President, or even with his own boss, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, but in a phone conversation with Howell Raines.

SUCH centrality to events is hardly customary for editorialists, whose natural milieu is the faceless gray space of detached consideration, but long before Raines came to the editorial page he had established for himself a persona wholly unsuited to anonymity. For starters, he had literary credentials, having written early in his career a well-received novel (“Whiskey Man”) and an oral history of the civil-rights movement (“My Soul Is Rested”), which is still used on college campuses. In the gray-suited world of the *Times*, he also had style: his admiration for beautiful women was cheerfully indulged (he loves New York, he has told friends, because “it is the greatest city in the world for a heterosexual male”); and as he approached fifty he didn't merely obsess about the aging process but wrote a book about it. That book, “Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis,” which was published during his first year as editorial chief, is funny and wise and introspective, laced with Southern musk, and it has become the gift of choice for friends of men afflicted by the middle-aged crazies. Raines also has a Pulitzer Prize—not for hard-news coverage or opinion writing but for a soulful memoir of his own awakening in his Alabama childhood, which was published in the *Times Magazine*.

Such a personality was not likely to fade into the woodwork of the *Times'* editorial board. When Raines was the Washington bureau chief, his stable of star writers (including Maureen Dowd, Michael Kelly, and Robin Toner) was given free rein, in line with Raines' theory that to beat the competition “you had to have high-impact people.” That theory has been applied to the editorial page, and it has changed dramatically during his tenure, most notably in its writing style. Traditionally, the language of the *Times* editorial page was a musty editorialese, the reading of which required a straight back and a certain measure of determination. Raines urged his writers to employ the vernacular and to develop their own voice (“even if it's clunky”), and the happy effect has been to render the editorials readable. The former style was that of academic debate (“You would read the first or the last sentence, and both would be inconclusive” is how one former *Times* staffer put it), but the paper's former executive editor, Max Frankel, who himself was once the editorial chief, told Raines that editorials were essentially polemical, and Raines' have been. “I used to joke that, as Harry Truman said he was always looking for a one-armed economist, I favored one-armed editorial writers, so they couldn't say, ‘On the one hand, on the other hand,’ ” Raines told me. “An editorial page ought to have clear opinion expressed in elegant and muscular language that is worth reading, whether or not you agree with the opinion. And that's about as close to a philosophy as I brought to the job.”

That describes Raines' own style, and explains why the editorial page has be-

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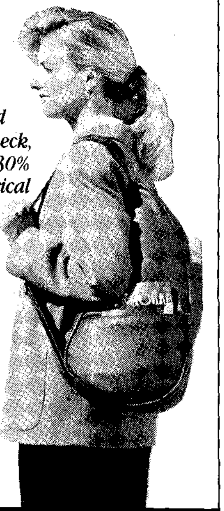

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come the clearest success so far of young Sulzberger's tenure as publisher. But it does not explain why Howell Raines has become the terror of the Clinton White House. On this subject, speculation abounds. The closer one gets to the White House, the likelier one is to hear the explanation that it's personal. Roger Altman's wife, Jurate Kazickas, for example, is inclined toward that view. After reading "Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis," she says, "I was astonished that right in the middle of the book he had a reference to Clinton's penis, its size." (In Raines' book, a redneck fishing buddy of President Bush's made the remark about Clinton's anatomy in a public appearance during the 1992 campaign.)

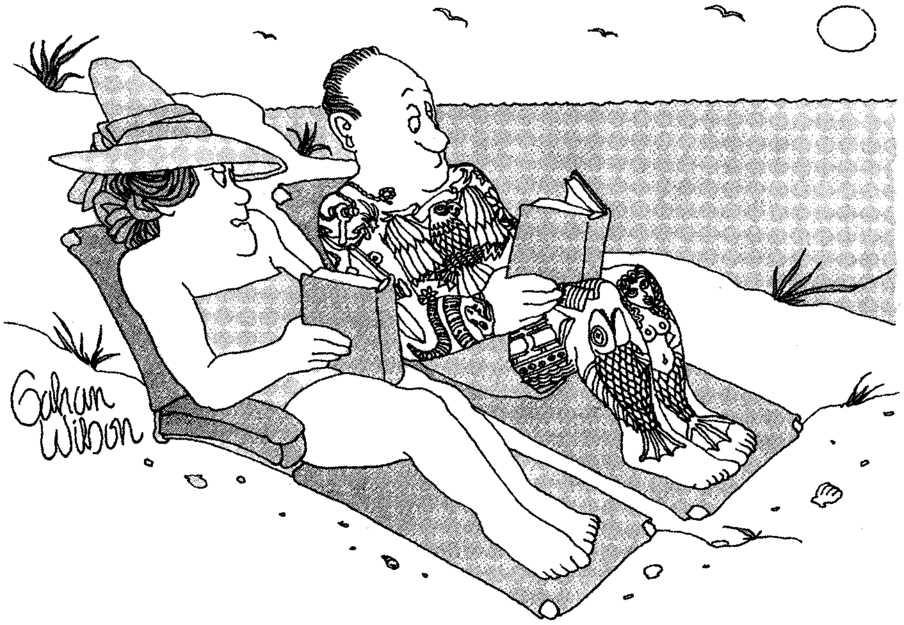
A more common explanation of the Raines question, favored by many in the White House, is that it's "a Southern thing." "That kind of Southern envy—I think it's a combination of being Southern, and his age at the same time," one Clinton aide speculates. "It's just that he can't believe that somebody else is President, you know?"

Raines points out—and Carville wholly agrees with him—that the *Times* editorial page has been broadly supportive of the Clinton Administration on several fronts, including health care, NAFTA, and Clinton's policy in Bosnia. But on issues that get close to the political process—matters of ethics and conflict of interest, which are deemed Raines' preserve—the page is merciless. If the criticism were clothed in the old language of *Times* editorials, it would perhaps be more easily shrugged off, but in Raines' often heavily sarcastic language a rebuke is like a punch in the nose. For example, on the subject of Clinton's allowing the Democratic National Committee to take forty million dollars in "soft" money from deep-pocket donors with political interests, the *Times* editorialized, "The candidate who sold himself as a leader who would shake up Washington instead came to Washington to copy the Republicans. Now he tells us."

Raines' energetic criticism of Clinton on such matters can indeed be attributed, in a way, to "a Southern thing." Raines is a particular sort of Southerner—the sort who rejects the prejudices of the region so firmly that he has acquired the aspect of a crusader. He is descended from hill-country Alabamians—dirt-poor people who didn't identify with slave owners and didn't participate in the century-long celebration of the Confederate myth that followed Reconstruction. By the time Howell was born, in 1943, his people had grown prosperous enough to have a black servant, a maid with whom he developed an intense friendship. From her he learned at an early age about the cruelties of segregation in his home town, Birmingham, and he developed an outlook that had no middle space. "Every white Southerner must choose between two psychic roads," he wrote in his memoir, "the road of racism or the road of brotherhood." This is the kind of unyielding certainty that can come across to other Southerners, even some "good" ones, as wearisome piety. An old friend of Raines', Natalie Davis, a professor of political science at Birmingham Southern College, told me "there's this constant barrage from Howell" when he comes home to Alabama. "People would say, 'Why do you continue to beat us? It's over, Howell. Birmingham is not what it was in 1963.' "

As a young man, Raines was given his chance to crusade as a newspaperman: he was a member of a rare generation of Southern journalists whose mentors were liberal editor heroes like Hodding Carter, Jr., and Ralph McGill and Eugene Patterson—heroes who railed against segregation at the risk of their livelihoods. The reporters they recruited to cover the civil-rights struggles—young Southerners like Raines and Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts—themselves became legends, and developed a particular sensibility, which has endured. "Any Southerner who came through that coming of age that Howell's generation and mine before him came through is never the same," Gene Patterson, who was Raines' editor in St. Petersburg, says. "These fellas came through a period that required pretty brutal honesty. And you took a pretty bad beating in the South back in those days for differing from the past. We became fairly rough-edged people, fairly blunt in what we said, because we knew we were gonna take a pretty bad head-knocking whether we tried to round the edges or kept them square. So it made for a pretty direct and honest and fervid generation of writers. And they don't lose that. That was the shaping influence on people like Howell Raines."

The taste of moral triumph is addictive, and its pursuit can influence a journalist's view. Raines' former wife, Susan, says that his motives are not very complicated. "I've known him a long time," she told me. "He just always wants to bring people down who are in power." Raines himself says in his fly-fishing book, "Journalists are prone to vanity, and we do like to think of ourselves as threats to power and foolishness." Such a fellow as Clinton—a liberal Southern man of Raines' own



"Just when did you acquire those tattoos, Warner?"

generation—would be particularly liable to be held up to the harsh light of Raines' either/or testing; and Clinton, who sometimes seems like a compromise in a suit, would be particularly liable to fail that test.

"It comes down to the principles and values that the paper is going to espouse," Raines told me. "It's not personal. It doesn't have to do with Howell Raines. It has to do with being entrusted with what the paper has to say on those kinds of issues, and the value that we brought to this bundle of things called Whitewater is that we placed the highest possible value on full disclosure of campaign and personal finances and the absolute independence of regulatory and investigative agencies. And there's not much way to slice and dice that where you come out at the same place."

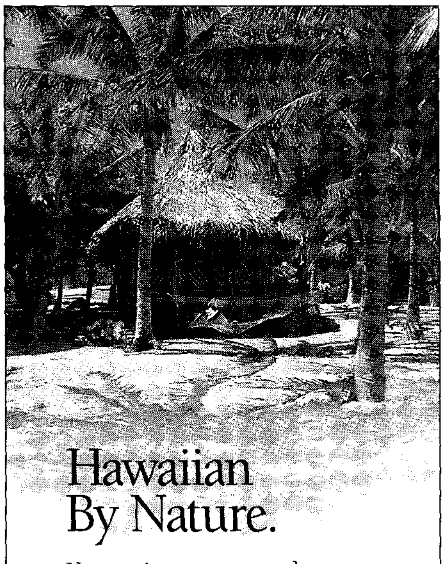
On the insistence by some people in the White House that, as one of them put it, "it's all Howell Raines," Raines commented, "The editorials, like a lot of political reporting, are not personal. They're about policies and principles and values. It's in the nature of politics, and perhaps particularly in the nature of this Administration, which tends to see things through the lens of personality."

Raines is said to have the full support of Sulzberger, and he shrugs off the suggestion, offered by one of his colleagues, that *Times* editorials might be tempered, lest they damage an Administration that the paper generally supports. "I don't think you ever do damage to the society as a whole with honest journalism," Raines says. "You sometimes create pain in the short term. Here's the logical chain to me: This newspaper endorsed Bill Clinton for President. I wasn't editor then, but that would have been my recommendation if I had been. I think it was the right endorsement. If you endorse someone, then I think you have an intellectual obligation to give editorial comment and advice that is aimed toward making the Administration succeed. That means you can't compromise and cover up when you come up against things that you think are bad policy or violations of principle or values. That's the root system of what we're trying to do. The other thing I think is very important is that, while our values generally find us being comfortable with a Democratic Administration or Democratic legislative program, we are not—and never will be, if I can help it—the instrument of either party. And so I don't consider our page to be a partisan page, in the sense that we are always for one party or the other. I think that that may create consternation in Democratic Administrations. They probably come into office with a different expectation."

RAINES remains on track for the big career prizes at the *Times:* along with Gerald Boyd, an assistant managing editor, and the columnist Anna Quindlen, he is a leading contender to fill the shoes of managing editor Gene Roberts when Roberts retires three years from now; whoever is chosen to fill Roberts' shoes will in all likelihood eventually be the paper's executive editor. However high Raines may rise as an editor, though, he will undoubtedly always remain a reporter. It was in that role that he called Roger Altman last February, during the Treasury official's period of wavering on the recusal matter. Raines told Altman, whom he did not know, that he planned to write an editorial strongly urging recusal. Josh Steiner, then Altman's chief of staff, recorded in his diary that Altman assumed from his conversation with Raines that the editorial would be "brutal." Right then, on the phone, Altman announced his recusal to Raines.

This came to light in the days of the Whitewater hearings, which, of course, made for more material for Raines. When the hearings ended, a week ago, Raines weighed in with one summing-up editorial, which was, characteristically, more blistering than ever. "Give the Clinton Administration witnesses this," it began. "They were tireless in their legalistic evasions and prickly self-justifications. . . . But at what cost to an Administration with a record of recklessly promiscuous conflict of interest and to a President already suspected of being incapable of remembering the whole truth. . . . In the last decade of the 20th century we have a White House that operates by 19th-century rules of political intrigue—hidden files and clandestine tip-offs."

And then, last week, Raines gave Bill Clinton the first break he has had in some time. He went home to Alabama on vacation. ♦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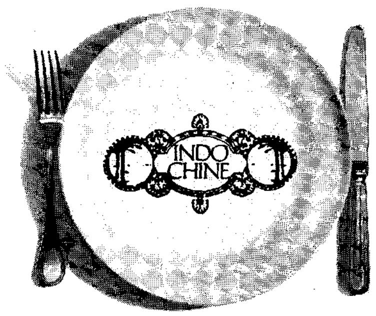

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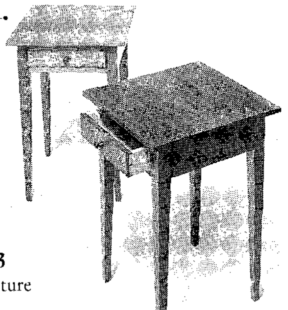

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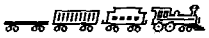

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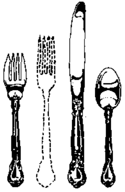

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE PIANO PRINCIPLE

Since he co-designed the Pompidou Center, Renzo Piano has been inventing a new architecture—and reshaping the international landscape.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

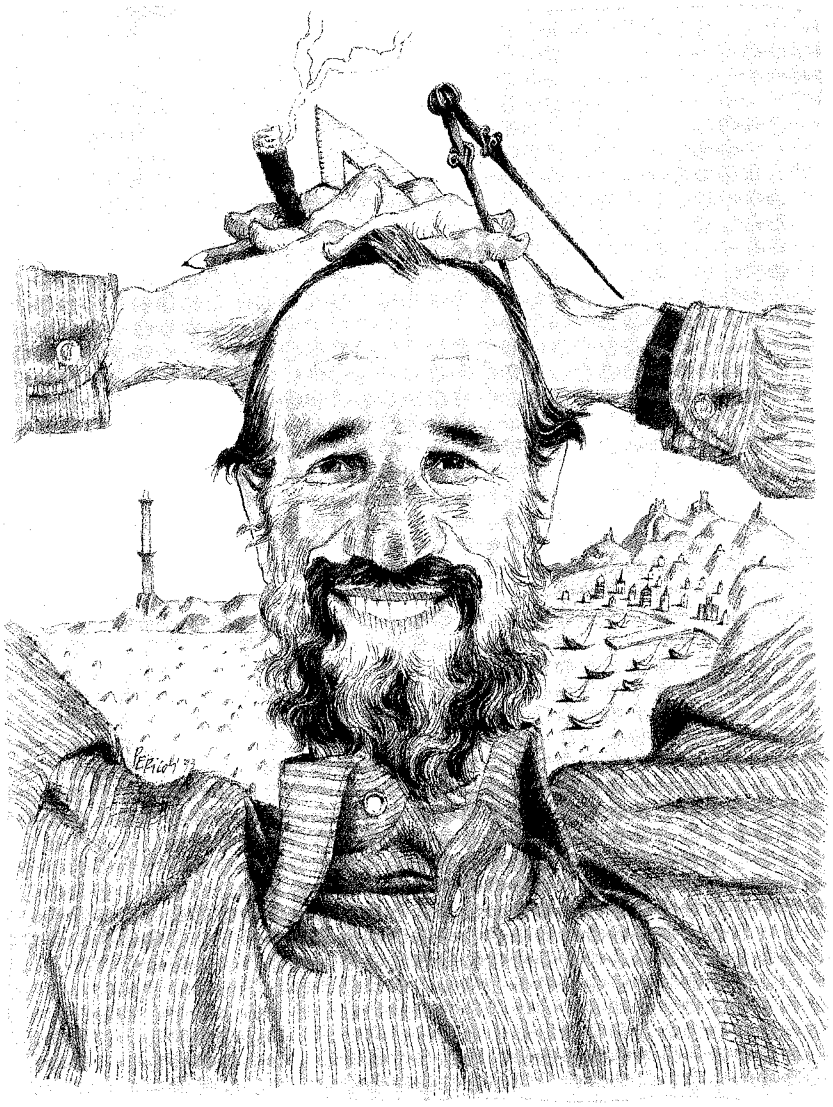
"OUT there are two-hundred-year-old olive trees, which we brought in by helicopter," Renzo Piano said, gesturing toward a steep, terraced hillside overlooking the Gulf of Genoa. He was showing me around his office-workshop, which is in the town of Vesima, a few miles west of Genoa. Completed in 1991, the workshop is not so much a building as a linked series of seven stepped terraces that follow the pitch of the hill and are enclosed by glass walls and a sloping glass roof. A square glass cable car brings you up from a parking lot off the coastal road; in it are four director's chairs, but most people stand for the ride, taking in spectacular eyefuls of the Mediterranean. The workshop itself is unspectacular, barely visible, the opposite of an architectural statement. Laminated-wood beams on steel posts support the glazing; plants and trees stand in for walls. Looking upward from the lowest level, you catch glimpses of activity on all the others. It is the most beautiful office space I have ever been in, and, like the helicoptered olive trees, is also a metaphor for a design concept of advanced technology working hand in glove with nature—old and new in balance—which has helped to make Piano one of the busiest and most sought-after architects in the world.

He had just come back that morning from a trip to Houston, where he was designing an annex to the Menil Collection—the museum that many people consider Piano's finest achievement to date. (The annex, scheduled to open in February of 1995, is to be a minimuseum devoted to the paintings of Cy Twombly.) These days, Piano spends a lot of his time in transit. He goes to Berlin, where, as the result of winning an international competition two years ago, the Renzo Piano Building Workshop is rebuilding a large site near the Potsdamer Platz. For the past two years, he has commuted regularly to Japan to check on his Kansai International Airport project, the world's largest airport terminal, which was completed in June and will open for business on September 4th. Other current projects include a science museum in Amsterdam and an art museum in Basel; the conversion of Fiat's Lingotto factory in Turin into a multipurpose business-and-cultural center; the renovation of the ancient port area of Genoa, his home town; a church in southern Italy; and a cultural center for the Kanak people, of New Caledonia. Just recently, he won the competition to design the Rome Auditorium, which will provide three new concert halls in the center of Rome, and the Renzo Piano Building Workshop was awarded a hundred-million-dollar commission to renovate and "reinterpret" the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges-Pompidou, in Paris—that "act of loutish bravado," as Piano once described it, with which the young and unknown team of Renzo Piano and Richard Rogers assaulted, mocked, and conquered the architectural establishment in the nineteen-seventies. A lot of the planning and designing for these projects goes on in the firm's Paris office, where about half the staff works. (Nobody seems to know exactly how big the staff is at this point, but it has increased from about fifty people ten years ago to more than a hundred in the last few years.) Piano has an apartment in Paris. It is right next to his office, in the Marais district, and just a few blocks from the Pompidou Center, or Beaubourg, as it is usually called, after the old name of the area it inhabits. Beaubourg is a populist anti-monument that has become a landmark. With its inside-out construction, which displays the brightly painted heating and plumbing ducts and other service functions on the building's exterior, and its wide, sloping plaza, where street performers entertain vast crowds, it is the most famous architectural event of the last twenty years; hated by the guardians of tradition, adopted by the masses, who have made it a more popular tourist attraction than the Louvre, it is still the reigning example of what has come to be known as high-tech architecture. The team of Piano and Rogers split up soon after it was completed, in 1977, and while Rogers has continued to design buildings that can be described as high tech, Piano has not. In Piano's work since Beaubourg, technology has become increasingly sophisticated but much less visible. It has provided him with the means to accommodate natural processes, such as changing levels of daylight in the galleries of the Menil Collection, and also to work in densely populated urban situations with minimal disturbance to the social fabric. Technology has been a means but not an end in Piano's amazingly diversified projects, not one of which bears much resemblance to any other.

The main criticism that has been made of Piano's work in recent years is that it is not really architecture at all but the bringing together of brilliantly designed and engineered details. There is some truth to this. Piano is not interested in making large architectural statements, and his work conforms to none of the styles or mannerisms of this manneristic period. As a practical and highly intuitive designer, he has always tended to start with the characteristic "piece" of a design—the key element in a complex structure—and to work outward from that, rather than the other way round. The London-based architectural critic Peter Buchanan has written that the essence of Piano's work "seems to be to use technology to achieve a *gentle* accommodation not only with Man, but also with nature and tradition." In a profession that tends to require—or, at least, to produce—notably large egos, such a goal might seem unusually modest. Piano is not a modest man, however, and what he has really set out to do, in ways that have had wide international repercussions, is to renovate and reinterpret the practice of architecture.

Since he neither writes nor teaches, and has no interest in the theoretical jousting that goes on in architectural journals, Piano's considerable influence is exerted mainly through his work, but it does not hurt that he is also an exceptionally charming and persuasive man. Tall, trim, and more athletic-looking than a fifty-six-year-old nonathlete has any right to look, with salt-and-pepper hair, a neatly clipped gray beard, and a friendly, informal manner, he is an architect who does not take himself or his profession overseriously. He believes in the importance of rules in architecture, and also in the necessity of undermining them. Comfortably international in his outlook, Piano is completely at home in French and English as well as Italian, and so are most of his close associates, many of whom have come a long way to work with him. Shunji Ishida, his senior associate in the workshop, has been with him for twenty-three years. Born in Japan, Ishida had been working for nearly two years with Ove Arup & Partners, a prominent London engineering firm, when he and his wife decided, in 1970, that they couldn't stand the English climate any longer. They set out by car for Italy, with no particular plan in mind; when their car broke down in Genoa, Shunji decided to look up Piano, whose work he had heard about through Ove Arup, and Piano immediately hired him for the Beaubourg project. "Shunji wanted to learn Italian and live in sunny Italy, but I took him right away to Paris to work on Beaubourg," Piano joked when he introduced me to Ishida at the workshop. "He never did learn Italian, he never learned French, he forgot his Japanese, and his English isn't too good, either. But now his seventeen-year-old son speaks Italian with a Genoa accent."

A young man in jeans and a polo shirt walked by on his way to the carpentry shop in back, and Piano caught him by the arm. "Eh, Matteo," he said. "This is my son. How are you? Give me a kiss. Matteo is an inventor—he will show you his invention, with solar cells, to give water to plants. You know, we work here with UNESCO doing research on natural fibres and materials, like bamboo, for structural uses." Looking embarrassed, Matteo excused



"If you're lucky," Piano says of the new technologies he employs, "the result is like nature—something nature could have done but didn't."

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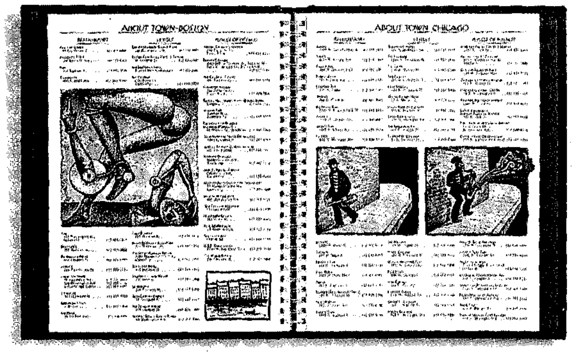
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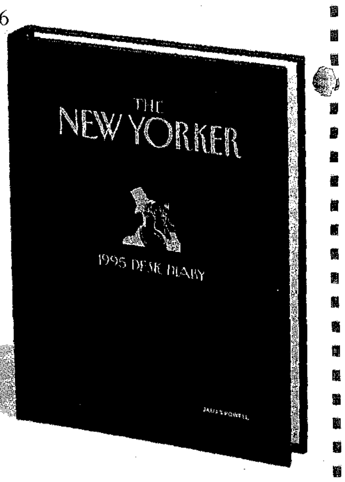
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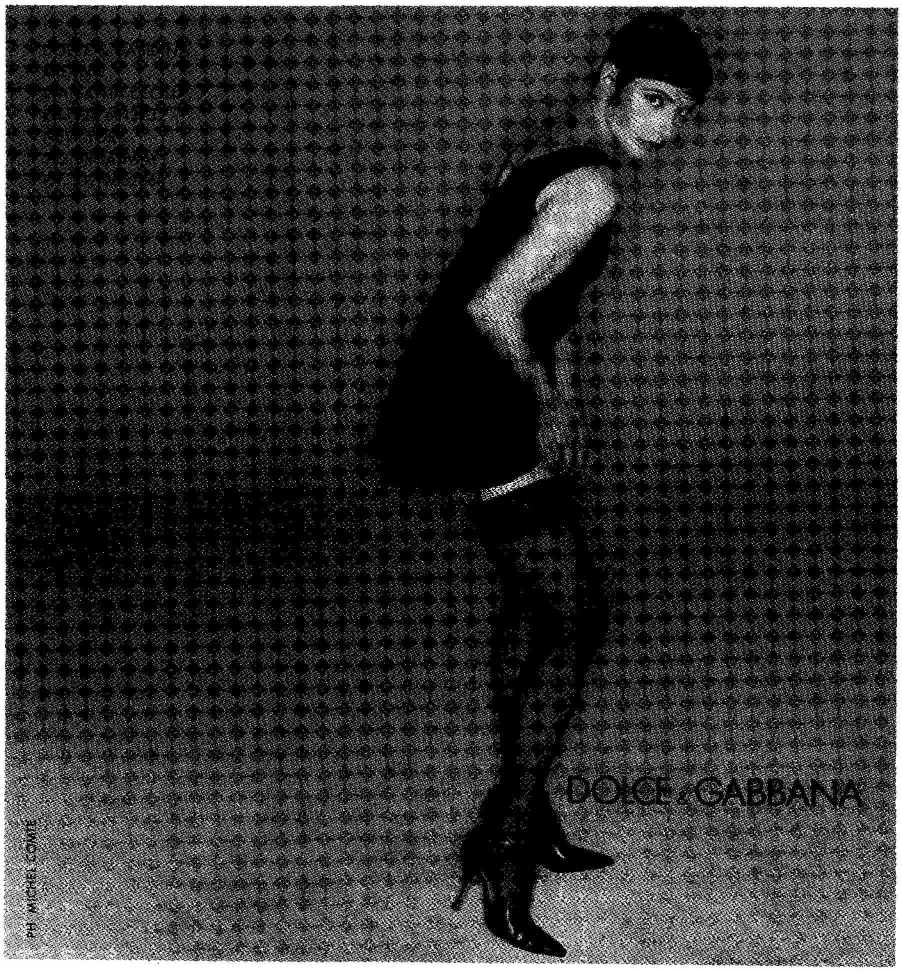
himself and moved on. "Matteo is my second son," Piano said. "The first one, Carlo, is a journalist in Milan, and my daughter, Lia, is an architectural student here in Genoa." All three are children of his first marriage, which ended in divorce some years ago. Piano, who was born in 1937, doesn't look quite old enough to have grown children. When he climbs stairs—something one does a lot of at the workshop—he can't resist putting a little hop into the act.

Piano took a telephone call from Luciano Berio, the composer, who has been a close friend for many years, and then a call from the Paris office. While he was on the telephone, I went to chat with Shunji Ishida, at his drafting table, in a large, open corner. We looked at some drawings of the mile-long Kansai International Airport terminal, which was going up on a man-made island in Osaka Bay, and which looked very much like a giant glider. Ishida also showed me a copy of a joke newspaper article, purportedly from the Japan *Times*, that had come in by fax from Japan that morning. The lead paragraph read, "Japan Coast Guard patrols are continuing their search for the Kansai International Airport, which disappeared yesterday during unusually heavy rains while the construction crew was at lunch. Police have not ruled out the possibility of foul play." There had been controversy in Japan over the airport's colossal cost—fourteen billion dollars, of which two billion was being spent on the terminal—but the work was proceeding on schedule. Noriaki Okabe, another longtime associate on Piano's multinational staff, was directing day-to-day operations on the project. At the moment, he had ten thousand workers employed at the site, according to Ishida, "including twenty-three hundred and eight electricians."

Ishida and his wife, Sugako, and I were invited for dinner that evening by the Pianos, who have a guesthouse directly above and behind the workshop. The living room of the guesthouse is a continuation of the offices—sheltered by the same glass roof, with electrically controlled louvres for air circulation—and has a high back wall of natural fieldstone. In it are an antique piano, Viennese, beautiful and rather ornate; trees and large plants growing to the ceiling; a group of carved-wood ancestor figures from Senegal; a wall of framed reproductions of Picasso's sketches for "Guernica"; and a long, fantastically curved wooden architectural element from one of Piano's projects, which looks like the spine of a pterodactyl. The living-room area flows into a conventional house that came with the property and has been done over to provide bedrooms, kitchen, and dining room. Milly Piano, Renzo's young wife, slim and stylish in jeans and a silk blouse, was responsible for part of the renovation, Renzo said. Milly made a face, dismissing but not quite denying the compliment. She is half Swiss but was born in Genoa. They met five years ago, when she came to work as an architect in his Genoa office, and they were married in September of 1992, in Paris. The ceremony was performed by Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist politician whose support of the Pompidou Center helped to keep its enemies at bay during the construction battles; Chirac took a moment during the wedding service to thank Renzo and Richard Rogers, who was one of Renzo's two best men (the other was Luciano Berio), for their magnificent contribution to the city and the French nation.

In the living room after dinner, the view preëmpted conversation for a while. A full moon had laid a broad track on the water, whose incoming waves we could just hear breaking on the rocks below. If you set a course by that track and sailed all night, Piano said, you would reach Corsica by daybreak. Sailing is his passion. He has built himself four boats over the years, the first one a plywood sloop that he put together when he was eighteen. Being Genoese, he said, he probably had the sea in his DNA. Piano talked for a while about the strange and claustrophobic city of Genoa. His architectural offices there are in a sixteenth-century building, in the Piazza San Matteo, that was the ancestral seat of the Doria family. "Genoa is a place that has been very important," Piano said. "A place where the power was not in the city but in the world. Those people would go out in their ships, and when they came back from a long voyage they wanted a feeling of protection, of secrecy. They would retreat into their palaces, their private piazzas. The center of Genoa is very compressed, very introverted, like a monumental



casbah. And maybe this is part of my Italian being—very little of which exists; Shunji is more Italian than I am!—that I need to go out into the world and have all these discussions, but then I need to come back here to renew myself. It's O.K. to spend three days in Houston, talking and arguing, but then I have to come away from that. Communication is useful only when it is balanced by concentration; otherwise, you tend to listen too much to opposing ideas. Coming back here, for me, is not about nostalgia. It's a reaction against too much information, against too much explaining and knowing—too much knowing in the sense of not having time to understand."

Piano believes that a separation between knowing and understanding—or, more precisely, between thinking and doing—has afflicted the practice of architecture for a long time, with disastrous results. "This separation between thinking and doing appears in all the artistic disciplines, but in our field it is a catastrophe," he had said in a recent interview. "It generates incompetence, because the cognitive and technical feedback that comes from doing is lacking." Man the maker—*Homo faber*—is central to his thinking about architecture, and also about his own particular place in the world.

"For me, architecture is a craft," he said, lighting one of the thin cigars that he likes to hold more than to smoke. "Now we design mostly by computer, of course, but it is still a circular process. You design something, you test it, then you come back to the design again. It is not so different from painting or music. There is this continuous process between conception and execution, and that is the fundamental point. The making and the thinking are not separate."

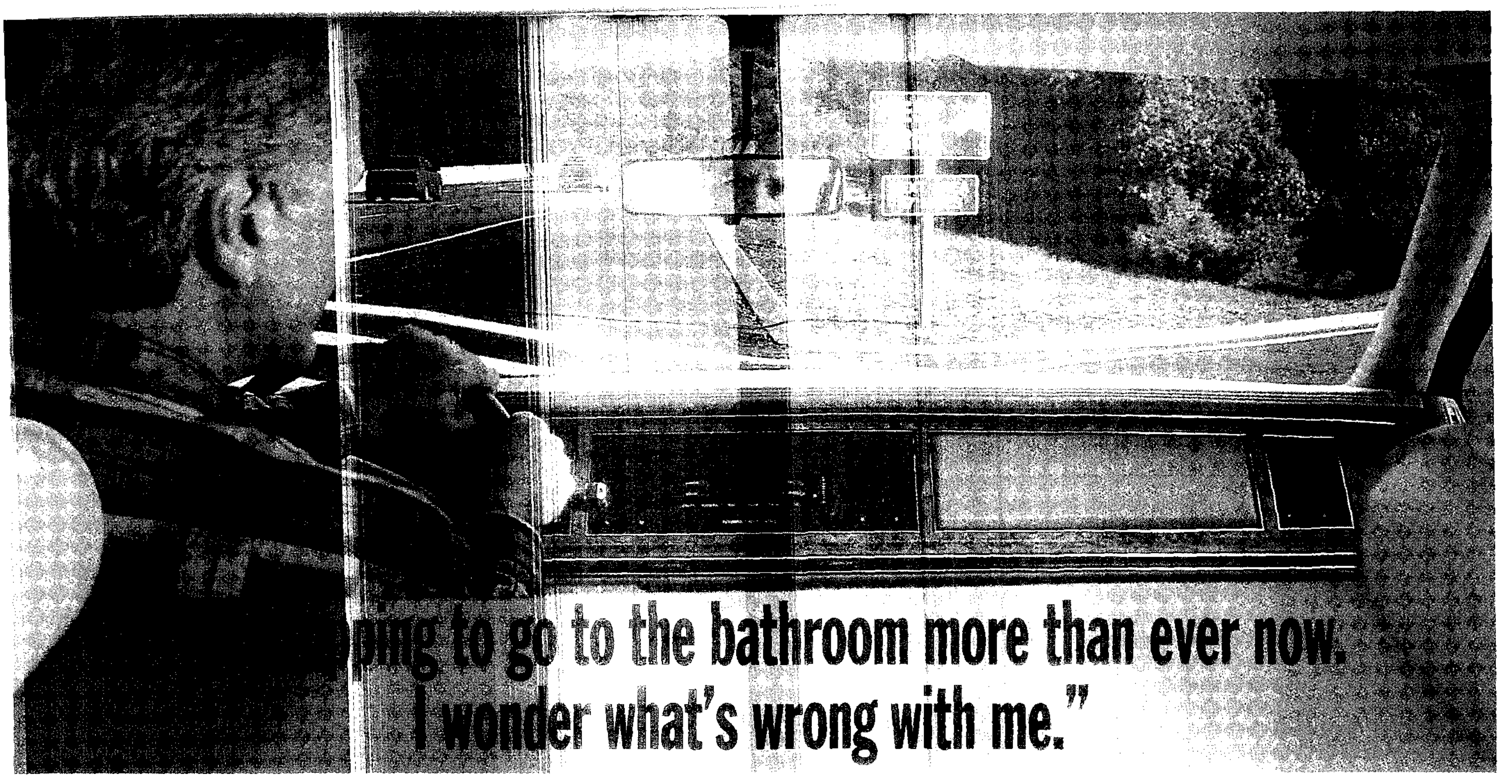
RENZO PIANO is the son and the grandson of builders, and he takes great pride in that lineage. He told me a little about his background the next morning, sitting at a round table on the third level of the workshop while the business of the office went on around us. From time to time, he would break off to converse with Rosella, his secretary, on the next level up, or wave to Milly as she passed by on the stairs outside with their two dogs—large white Maremma sheepdogs, whose authoritative barking discourages intruders and unnerves guests. Piano was wearing jeans, an open-collared shirt, and moccasins—his regular work clothes. He speaks slowly, choosing his words with care, and he has a way of stroking his nose and his beard as he talks. Once or twice, he lit one of his thin cigars, and then forgot to smoke it.

"Pro-'Gump' section or anti-'Gump' section?"

"My father had four brothers, and all of them were builders," he said. "When I was a child, from the time I was eight years old I would play around building sites. I was very happy and proud to go with my father to the sites, and it always seemed miraculous to me that what was sand and bricks would one day become a building. When I was seventeen or eighteen, I got the idea of going to architectural school. I went to my father and told him I wanted to be an architect. My father was a good guy, very silent and calm. He looked at me, and he said, 'Why? Why do you want to be an architect? You can be a *builder*.' That was something I never forgot. You asked me why I call this place 'workshop.' I think one reason is that I still feel a little like a traitor. Here we make things, make physical elements, test them, work with them. Keeping the action together with the conception is maybe a way to feel less guilty."

Piano's older brother, Ermano, had already become a builder by the time Renzo decided he wanted to be an architect. Ermano, who eventually took over the family firm, helped to reconcile their father to his younger son's career decision. (He would go on to build a number of Renzo-designed structures, including the Vesima workshop, which he was working on when he died, in 1991.) Renzo went off to architectural school in Florence, and surprised his parents by getting top marks there; until then, he had been a poor-to-indifferent student. After two years, he transferred to the Milan Polytechnic, and he graduated in 1964 with a degree in architecture. By then, he was married to Magda Arduino, a girl he had known since their Genoa school days. Carlo, their first child, was born in 1965.

Piano was in no rush to settle down professionally. He commuted between Milan, where he worked part time for the architect and furniture designer Franco Albini, and Genoa, where he experimented with lightweight temporary structures and structural materials (including the plywood boat), using his father's building yard as a workshop. It has been said that Buckminster Fuller was an important influence on Piano's thinking. Certainly Fuller's concept of an architecture based on tension rather than on compression and his emphasis on "doing more with less" by applying the most advanced tech-



ping to go to the bathroom more than ever now. I wonder what's wrong with me.”

Your urinary symptoms may be caused by a condition called benign prostatic enlargement or BPH. BPH is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, although the two conditions can exist at the same time. Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes.

Is this you?

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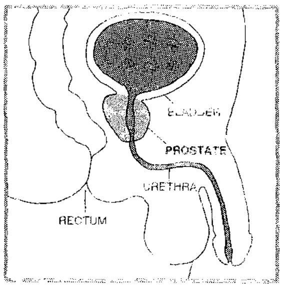
If you answered yes to even one question, tell your doctor.

Today, symptomatic BPH can be treated by your doctor in several ways. The options are monitoring the condition with regular checkups, surgery, or oral medicines. One oral medicine is PROSCAR, the only prescription medicine for the treatment of symptomatic BPH that can shrink the prostate.

PROSCAR works by blocking a hormone that can cause the prostate to enlarge. *But it is important to know: PROSCAR doesn't work for everyone. Although the prostate may shrink, there may not be an improvement in urinary symptoms. However, in clinical studies with PROSCAR, some men have seen an improvement in their urinary symptoms after 2 weeks. Others have found that PROSCAR took up to several months to help them.* Because all men are different, you and your doctor will need to determine how PROSCAR is working for you.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.

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nology to the innately backward-looking crafts of building are relevant to Piano's work, but the fact is that Piano never met Fuller, and did not absorb his teachings or writings at first hand. As a child, Piano had been fascinated by nature's own lightweight structures; he collected photographs of spiderwebs, beehives, and butterfly wings, and also pictures of the shelters made by preindustrial man out of reeds, bamboo, and other natural fibres. Without theorizing about it, he just wanted to build things out of "extra-light pieces that succeeded in staying together." After landing a few small jobs designing architectural components for industrial clients, he got his first real break in 1969, when a consortium of companies in Rome commissioned him to design the Italian Industry Pavilion at Expo '70, in Osaka, Japan. Piano's highly innovative cable-supported tent in Osaka, which was built and installed by his brother, Ermano, drew a lot of favorable comment and caught the attention of a number of other architects, one of whom was Richard Rogers.

At that point, Piano and Rogers were "probably as close together in outlook as any two architects around," according to Rogers. Born in Florence, of Italian-English parents, Richard Rogers had spent the first five years of his life in Italy. (His cousin Ernesto Rogers was a well-known architect in Milan.) He went to architectural school in London; married young; did his postgraduate work at Yale under Paul Rudolph; and, full of anti-establishment ideas that stemmed about equally from left-wing politics and from Buckminster Fuller's technological utopia, he was struggling to establish a practice in London with his wife, Su Rogers, when he met Piano, in 1969. Their meeting was inadvertent. While Piano was in London to present an exhibition of his lightweight structures at the Architectural Association, he met a doctor for whom Rogers had designed a house, and the doctor took Piano with him on a visit to see Rogers, who he feared might have caught chicken pox from one of his young sons. As a result of that chance meeting, and the conversations, correspondence, and visits that ensued, the two young architects decided soon afterward to go into partnership and share what Rogers referred to as "the no-work situation" in London and Genoa.

The no-work situation had not improved much by 1971, when Ove Arup &

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PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.
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What is BPH?
BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH
There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does
PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
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What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

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- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
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How to take PROSCAR
Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT 'PROSCAR' AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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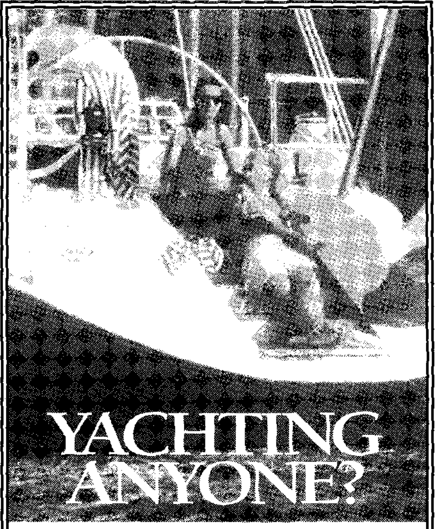
Partners, the English engineering firm, for which Rogers had done some design work, suggested to Rogers and Piano that they enter the international competition for the Pompidou Center. Rogers was much more interested just then in another competition, for a medium-sized museum in Glasgow, and he argued strenuously against the Pompidou idea. "Being an old lefty, I didn't believe in a centralized, government-run art center, and certainly not one built in the heart of Paris," he told me recently. "Anyway, I was sure it would never get built—at least, not by us. No foreigner had ever built anything important in France." He put these and other objections down in a memo, and Piano found it thoroughly convincing. "But why don't we do it anyway?" Piano suggested.

Piano had two reasons for wanting to enter the competition. The first was Jean Prouvé, the grand old man of French architecture—the maverick who had ignored the ossified Beaux-Arts establishment and spent his long and fruitful career working at the intersections of invention and engineering and the craft traditions that his father had absorbed through his reading of John Ruskin and William Morris. Prouvé was the head of the Pompidou-selection committee. Piano had met him several years earlier. He had visited Prouvé's school in Paris and watched him teach his students about structure by having each of them make a bridge out of a single sheet of paper, and then testing its strength by seeing if it would bear the weight of a heavy pencil. Piano's great admiration for Prouvé made him want to enter the competition. His second argument for their entering it was that Ove Arup & Partners was willing to put up three hundred pounds for the team of Piano and Rogers to make their preliminary studies. At the time, that seemed like a good deal.

Su Rogers also wanted them to try for the Pompidou. Although she and Richard had separated by then, they still worked together, and, as a result, Richard found himself outvoted. The story of their competition entry has been told before in these pages, but it is good enough to tell again. Having worked right down to the wire on the plans, the Rogers-Piano team rushed them to the post office just before closing time on the last day that entries could be postmarked in order to be eligible. Their mailing tube proved to be too long for British post-office regulations, however, so the team spent the next ten minutes down on the floor, frantically snipping two inches off the top and bottom of their drawings and stuffing them into a smaller tube. A few days later, that tube was returned for insufficient postage. Back to the post office went Richard Rogers, a forceful man whose infrequent rages are something to behold. He browbeat the postal authorities into remailing the tube with its original, dated stamp, and stormed out, relieved to have put the whole ridiculous business behind him. He was out of town when Piano called from Genoa, a few weeks later, to tell him that they had won.

Why they won is anybody's guess. Pontus Hulten, the first director of the Musée National d'Art Moderne in the Pompidou Center, told me that, out of a total of six hundred and eighty-one entries (including submissions from most of the world's top architectural firms), theirs was one of only two or three that set aside half the site for an open public plaza, and he thought this was a deciding factor. Others have said that the extreme openness and flexibility of the floor plan—five stacked and totally unobstructed rectangles, each one the length of two American football fields—was the best possible solution for a cultural center whose functions and occupants had not even been decided on at that point. The winning team had never built a large structure of any kind, however, and the design thinking that they brought to bear on this project—the largest and the most important architectural commission of the decade—made their victory all the more astonishing. As Piano tells it, "When we decided to enter the competition, Richard said, 'O.K., but we won't enter the competition to win it. We'll do it as an anti-monument.' Paris was a city full of institutional buildings, strong and intimidating, but we were going to be bad boys and not be intimidated. Our building would be a transgression, a provocation, the opposite of an institution." Instead of another élitist cultural edifice, they proposed what Rogers described at the time as "a people's center, a university of the street capable of reflecting the constantly changing needs of its users," and, to the enormous surprise of just about everyone involved, including Piano and Rogers, this was pretty much what got built.

The opposition was fierce and unrelenting, of course, and there were many



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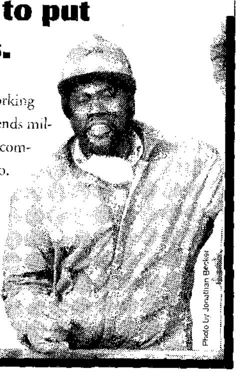

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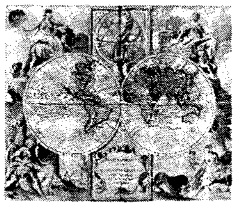

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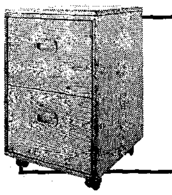

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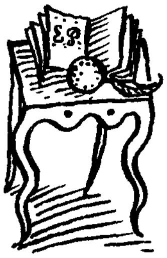
times when it threatened to gut, or even stop, the project. Political attacks, budget cuts, aesthetic polemics, and other assaults took their toll during the seven years of work on Beaubourg. The architects were constantly obliged to compromise and adjust, and the finished building fell short of their expectations in several ways. "I wish we'd had more money," Rogers has said. "It was an extremely low-cost building, and the problem with an open-ended building like Beaubourg is that it needs constant tuning and constant maintenance, but it's never had them. Still, my feeling is that it's done what it was meant to do, which was to be the people's place." Built to accommodate five thousand visitors a day, since the day it opened, in 1977, it has drawn five times that number, and up to fifty thousand a day on weekends—three times as many visitors as the Louvre. The wear and tear has been unrelenting, and its effects are evident inside and out—accumulated grime, stained and shredded carpets, leaks, peeling paint, broken escalators. All this will be set to rights during the three-year renovation that Piano and Rogers have recently agreed to undertake, and, contrary to published reports, the building will remain open throughout the process. But only thirteen per cent of the six hundred million francs the government appropriated for the renovation will be spent for maintenance and repair. The rest will go toward a rethinking and restructuring of the Pompidou Center's various functions: converting offices into exhibition spaces; narrowing the library's focus to art and architecture—the other book collections will move to the Grande Bibliothèque, now nearing completion across the Seine from Frank Gehry's new American Center; constructing on the plaza a replica of Brancusi's sculptural atelier, which is what Brancusi had in mind when he bequeathed it to the state. "We always said this was a flexible building, and the original concept still holds," Piano told me. "It is a generous creature, ready to adapt every ten, fifteen, or twenty years."



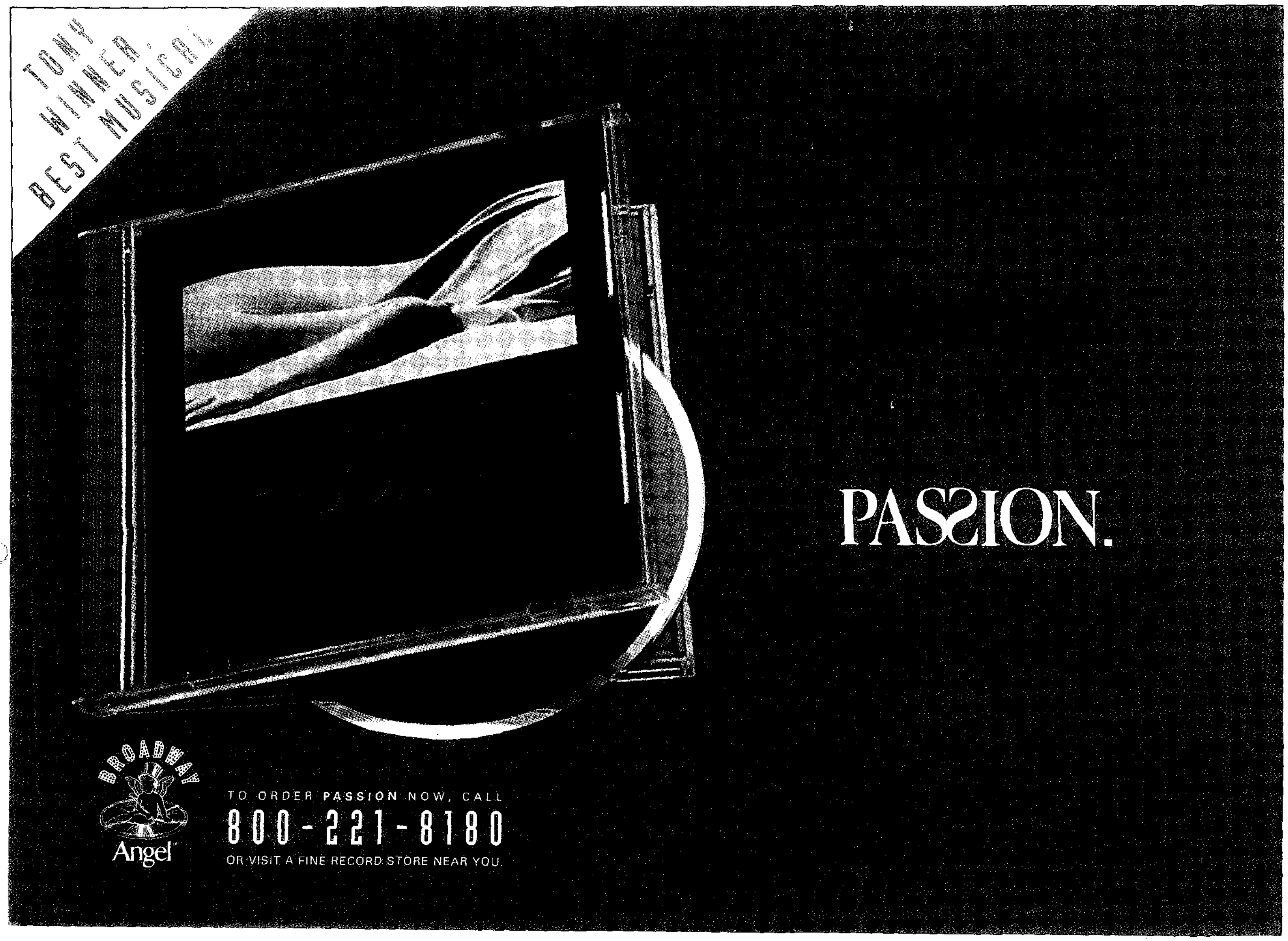
One of the many ironies of Beaubourg is that it is not really a high-tech building at all. It is essentially a glass box suspended inside a steel frame (thus avoiding the need for interior supports), and the main construction elements that hold it together are not ready-made industrial components but unique pieces designed and shaped for that purpose. In this sense, Beaubourg is closer to the "crafted architecture" that has become Piano's stock-in-trade than it is to an authentic high-tech marvel, like Richard Rogers' more recent office building for Lloyd's of London. If the social and ideological concept of the Pompidou Center came more from Rogers, the parts and their interaction reflect Piano, and that allocation of effort is in keeping with the general observation that Rogers tends to be the more cerebral of the two and Piano the more intuitive. In their collaboration, though, they worked together as full partners on all aspects of the project, sharing every decision and every difficulty, and when it was over they felt equally exhausted. "It had been one immense battle, crisis after crisis after crisis," Rogers recalled. "On the good side, we had built up a marvellous team of people from all over the world—people like Mike Davies and Bernard Plattner and Shunji Ishida, and Peter Rice, the structural engineer from Ove Arup, who became sort of the third principal with Renzo and me. I've never been sorry I did Beaubourg, but it killed me. I didn't do any work to speak of for two years afterward."

Rogers went back to London after Beaubourg. He and Piano stayed friends—they still see each other regularly—but they stopped being partners. Piano kept a small architectural office in Paris, with Bernard Plattner, Noriaki Okabe, and a few other members of the international team they had put together, and he also formed a new partnership, with Peter Rice. Like Rogers, though, Piano felt the need to go back home and renew his energies. The Beaubourg battles had drained him, too, and the seven years in Paris had put a strain on his marriage to Magda, who wanted to bring up their children in Genoa; they were separated in 1984 and divorced five years later. Piano also yearned to work experimentally again. "I was talking recently with Umberto Eco, who is a good friend of mine, about the experimental attitude," he told me. "He analyzed it very well—the Galileo attitude of try and try again, which is the real basis of Italian culture. It's typical of a humanistic country, where, on one side, you are fully immersed in history and, at the same time, you want to get out from under history. There is a constant tension between tradition and invention. For me, this is a fundamental thing, and so at a certain moment I wanted really to come back to Italy and do some experimental work."

At that point, there seemed to be very little demand for the architectural services of either Piano or Rogers, so the experimental attitude was not a bad one to have. Rogers supported himself for the next few years mainly by teaching. Piano worked on an experimental car for Fiat; conceived and produced a television program called "The Open Site," about the interactions between architecture and people; and joined forces with UNESCO on a project to renovate the centers of old towns in Italy. The UNESCO project turned out to be important for the future direction of his work. The idea behind it was to find ways of rebuilding urban centers without destroying the delicate historical, social, and architectural fabric that gave them their character, or displacing the people who lived there—the unhappy result of all too many urban-renewal schemes. The Piano team's innovative concept was the Neighborhood Workshop, a specially designed and equipped cube, which could be transported on a truck, unloaded in a town square, and then folded out to become a practical exhibition of the analytical techniques, methods, and tools that local citizens could use to solve their particular problems. "It was introducing the idea of the family architect, like the family doctor, who knows the people and can talk to them and listen to them," Piano said. "How do you replace a roof in one day, so the family doesn't have to move out? We actually did that, in the town of Otranto, in southern Italy. We worked from six in the morning until six in the evening, with an old lady sitting in the room the whole time."

Otranto was the first of a number of old towns in Italy, Crete, and Rhodes where Piano tried this approach. In most cases, not much actual rebuilding got done, but the process was stimulating for everyone involved. "I loved the process," Piano told me. "I am probably less interested in the final result than in the way you get there. I've always felt the mystery and the beauty of old places that were built by time—where the beauty is not just a gesture of somebody making something but the slow addition of things, one after another. The beauty of an Italian hill town is in the atmosphere, in the sense of time passing, and in the unity that comes from using the same materials. It's very difficult to catch. After Beaubourg, anyway, I started moving in that direction."

Finally, in 1981, Piano landed two big jobs. One was the rehabilitation of the Schlumberger factory complex, in the southern outskirts of Paris. The Schlumberger factories, built in the nineteen-twenties to manufacture heavy machinery for the oil business, had become outdated when the firm developed the electronic devices for finding and extracting oil that became its primary product. The workforce had dwindled from five thousand to a little more than two thousand, but instead of closing the place down and moving out to the suburbs, as so many firms were doing, Schlumberger decided to convert its existing property into an up-to-date research center. Over the next



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four years, Piano and his Paris associates Bernard Plattner and Noriaki Okabe accomplished this feat without disrupting a single Schlumberger employee's work schedule. They demolished some buildings, renovated others, and turned the rest of the site into a verdant park, with hills and valleys, winding paths, and a lot of running water with fish in it. The employees' union staged a half-day strike when the work was completed, to protest the money's having been spent on the renovation instead of on increased salaries, but since then everyone has appeared to be delighted with the results.

The other big job was the building for the Menil Collection, in Houston, and it brought Renzo Piano his first experience with that architectural rarity a great client. Dominique de Menil has been a dominant force in Houston's civic and cultural life for some fifty years—ever since she and her husband moved there from Paris, in 1940. In addition to forming one of the finest art collections of our time (with major holdings in Surrealist, tribal, and pre-Christian art), John and Dominique de Menil contributed lavishly to two existing Houston museums, financed and developed important art-history departments at two universities, and deeply irritated many of Houston's conservative citizens by their active support of liberal causes. Their cultural dominance, in fact, had led to fallings out with their fellow board members of several institutions, and by the early nineteen-seventies the de Menils had started to think about building a museum of their own. The architect they selected was Louis Kahn, but John de Menil's death, in 1973, which was followed less than a year later by the death of Kahn, put an end to the project. When Dominique de Menil started to think about it again, a few years later, her Paris friend Pontus Hulten urged her to put Renzo Piano's name on her list of prospective architects.

Mrs. de Menil soon learned that Piano was doing the renovation of the Schlumberger factories in Paris. She herself was a Schlumberger—her father and her uncle had developed the electronic device for finding oil deposits which made the company an industrial giant—and John de Menil had been in charge of Schlumberger's interests worldwide. Yet the two commissions came about quite independently. Mrs. de Menil invited Piano to visit her at her house in Paris in 1981, and later that year she, Walter Hopps, the museum's founding director, and Paul Winkler, the current director, went to see Piano in his Genoa office. Mrs. de Menil was greatly impressed by the way Piano took notes and made rough sketches as they talked, and, in particular, by the interest and attentiveness with which he listened to her ideas.

These ideas had taken form gradually, over many years, and they reflected a lifetime of profound and intimate contact with works of art. What Dominique de Menil wanted, she told Piano, was a museum that would be "small on the outside, but as big as possible inside." Not a solemn or imposing monument, in other words, but a "village museum" that would fit comfortably into its surroundings—a small green park in a suburban neighborhood of one-story frame houses—and at the same time would afford space for ten thousand works of art, some of which would be on display in spacious public galleries, while the vast majority would be housed in some form of accessible storage, where they could be seen and studied by special appointment. Mrs. de Menil had another request, vigorously seconded by Hopps, which had to do with lighting: she wanted viewers to be able to see the works under changing conditions of natural light, as she had always seen them in her own house.

"Dominique has very good ideas, and she is very strong, but you must fight with her," Piano told me. "You must listen to what she says but not always do it." He travelled to a number of museums, as well as to a small gallery at the Kibbutz of Ein Harod, in Israel, whose builders had found an ingenious method of bringing in natural light. Piano made many trips to Houston, and carried out endless tests of the light intensity and the atmospheric conditions there, and he also studied the site and the area around it. The design team floated helium balloons on strings to discover the optimum height for a building that would not intimidate its neighbors. Piano, together with Peter Rice and Tom Barker, the engineering consultants from Ove Arup & Partners (Rice and Piano were no longer partners, but they had continued working together), came up with the essential "piece"—the design element that became the key to the over-all design. This was a graceful, wave-shaped "leaf" made of ferro-cement—a reinforced material that

Piano had used for the hull of a sailboat he built for himself. Some three hundred ferro-cement leaves, each about four feet by thirty-eight, support a skylight roof, and allow natural light to enter and at the same time diffuse it gently throughout the interior spaces. It was a brilliantly successful piece of engineering that turned out, as such things usually do, to be extraordinarily beautiful.

The museum that Piano built for Dominique de Menil is in many respects the antithesis of the Pompidou Center. Quiet and unassertive, it blends into its setting so smoothly that you don't realize how large it is until you are inside: five working levels and more than a hundred thousand square feet of exhibition and work space have somehow been fitted into what looks from the outside like a two-story wooden building, a rectangular, barnlike structure that differs in scale but not in feeling from the bungalows across the street. (The bungalows are owned by the Menil Foundation, and are painted the same cool gray as the museum.) Although the technology that produced the roof structure and the lighting and air-circulation systems is much more advanced than anything in the Beaubourg, here it is mostly invisible, and never intrusive. Nothing gets in the way of a viewer's communication with the works of art, which are presented on uncrowded walls, and rotated frequently with other works from the "Treasure House" storage rooms, on the museum's fifth floor. Mrs. de Menil seems to have got everything she asked for, and the Menil Collection, which opened to the public in 1987, has received virtually universal acclaim as the best new museum since the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, which was designed by Louis Kahn.

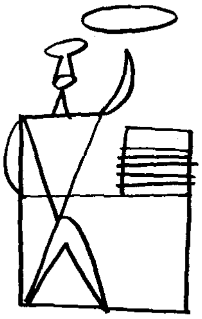
SINCE the early nineteen-eighties, Piano's work has been highly eclectic and astonishingly varied. With Shunji Ishida and his other Genoa associates, he designed a travelling showcase for I.B.M. products: a demountable, tunnel-like pavilion of glass, wood, aluminum, and polycarbonate plastic which I.B.M. set up in twenty-two European cities—usually in parks, where its transparency and openness seemed to put nature in synch with electronics. Major commissions, such as the conversion of Fiat's Lingotto factory, were balanced by such relatively modest undertakings as the installation of a group of sculptures by Alexander Calder in Turin and the designing of a wooden "ark" in Venice for the première of Luigi Nono's opera "Prometeo," in 1984. In Paris, Piano built innovative low-cost housing in a working-class section and a futuristic-looking shopping center in the Bercy-Charenton district. He also built a sixty-thousand-seat football stadium in Bari, in southeastern Italy, in which concrete was somehow invested with the quality of lightness—the whole thing looks like a spaceship that has just landed. In each of these projects, and in more than a dozen others, either completed or now in the works, a specific set of problems was addressed in an original way that had little to do with preconceived ideas or previous solutions. He has made a style out of having no style.

Piano's current success is an indication of changing attitudes inside and outside the profession. His architecture suits the reined-in egos of many contemporary clients, for one thing; it is an antidote to corporate bombast and to postmodernist ironies. "A lot of buildings today seem to be trying to be something else," the American architect Hugh Hardy commented recently. "Bugs, for example. Bugs are very popular. Moving out somewhere rather than standing still. There's none of that in Piano—he's one of the few architects today who really seem to know where they're going and why." One corporate client has said that he likes dealing with Piano because Piano is not an intellectual. Basically, though, what appeals to people is Piano's humanistic approach. He is a humanist in the old European tradition, and he listens better than most architects. He also seems to be ahead of his peers in comprehending and embracing the real movement of technology in our time.

"At the beginning of the century, technology was like a big train breaking everything, a killing machine," Piano said at one point during my visit. "It was really an adversary to nature. But today you can begin to see that technology and nature are not so far apart." Instead of celebrating technology by turning it into a style, as high-tech architects tend to do, Piano employs the miniaturizing and etherealizing tendencies of recent technology to make structures, like his I.B.M. pavilion, that have the strength and lightness of forms in nature. "In the I.B.M. pavilion, the stresses pass from aluminum to wood, and the connection between them is glue," he explained. "This is very

"I'm for the owners."

close to what happens between the stem and the leaf of a plant—gluing is much more organic than bolting. But we did not start by looking at a leaf and saying, ‘Let’s do that.’ What happens is that you just do your job, and if you’re lucky the result is like nature—something nature could have done but didn’t. You have to compete with nature. But don’t fight it, because nature will always win. Nature is not kindly. What I really like about nature is that it has such strict rules.”



Piano considers rules a necessary stimulus to the creative process. He had been reluctant to enter the competition for Kansai International Airport in 1988, and one reason was that there were so few guidelines to work within (or to overstep). Japan has very strict laws against airplanes’ landing or taking off at night in the vicinity of urban centers, and this ban has caused a lot of problems for travellers coming from different time zones, so the government had decided to build a new airport on a man-made island in Osaka Bay, where planes could come and go twenty-four hours a day, with high-speed trains connecting the island to Osaka and Tokyo in about the same length of time that it takes to reach those cities from the existing airports. But the new terminal, to be constructed on a landfill nearly three miles long and a little over three-quarters of a mile wide, was a conceptual blank, without parameters or limits; there was no context for it other than sea and air, and no requirements except that, with traffic estimated at a hundred thousand passengers a day, the terminal building would have to be the world’s largest. (Kennedy Airport handles almost as many passengers, but not all of them through one terminal.) Noriaki Okabe pushed hard for the workshop to enter the competition, and Piano’s hesitation was eventually overcome.

Piano, Okabe, and Peter Rice went to visit the site in 1988. “The Japanese were very surprised when we arrived,” Piano told me. “They said there was no site, only water. I thought the island was already there, you see. I said, ‘O.K., even if there’s no island yet, the genius of the place is there.’ So we went out in a boat one sunny day, Peter and Nori and I, and we started to talk and make small sketches. A lot of our ideas came from thinking about the magic of an island. I mean, to land on an island or to take off from an island is not the same thing as landing or taking off at Heathrow. An island is a special place. In our first sketches we were also trying for something that would be in harmony with the sense of lightness and tension that you get in flying. An airport is the link between the airplane and the land. It’s a machine itself, but it is also a metaphor. Tell me why train stations are so high. Look at the Gare de Lyons, and at Grand Central—they don’t really need all that height. At the beginning of the century, a railroad station was a mythical place celebrating the adventure of travel, and an airport should be a mythical place celebrating the adventure of flight. We wanted to make something very light and very elegant, like an airplane.”

The design that won the airport competition for the Renzo Piano Building Workshop really does look like an immense glider—a mile-long stainless-steel arc comprising a three-story central building flanked by two graceful, tapering wings. The most distinctive feature, a fantastically curved roof whose vast trusses resemble dinosaur skeletons, is the product of immensely sophisticated computer calculations, using new fractal and toroidal geometries, which offer fresh insights into the workings of nature; it is engineered to provide natural air circulation, and it also allows passengers to see where they are at any point in the vast interior space. What appears to have had the greatest effect on the jury, though, was the Piano team’s proposal to plant ten thousand trees on the island and to extend the greenbelt into the interior of the terminal building and its wings. Among the fifteen submissions (the architects invited to compete included I. M. Pei, Norman Foster, Jean Nouvel, Bernard Tschumi, and Cesar Pelli), Piano’s design stood out, in the jury’s evaluation, because its harmonious coalition of architecture and ecology best suited the needs of the twenty-first century. Imagine everybody’s surprise, therefore, when the Green Party in Japan came out against the Piano plan, arguing that the ten thousand trees would attract many birds, which the airport authorities would have to kill in order to keep them from interfering with the aircraft. “We had to get scientists to find trees that would not attract birds,” Piano said dryly.

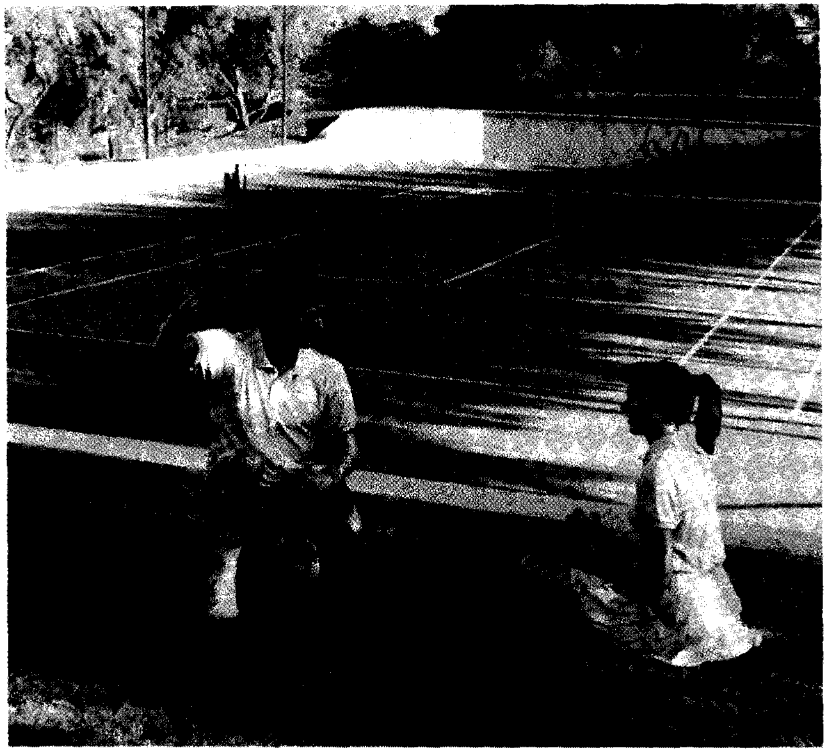
Piano’s associates—Bernard Plattner, in particular—also had to overcome his initial resistance to the Potsdamer Platz competition, in Berlin. What bothered Piano about this project was the idea of making an urban center for forty thousand people in only five years. “The Potsdamer Platz was the center of Berlin in the nineteen-twenties, when Berlin was the cultural center of Europe,” he explained to me. “Now it’s a desert—and we are being asked to take the place of time.” Bombed out in the Second World War, blighted for forty years by the Berlin Wall, the Potsdamer Platz is actually part of a much larger area, whose over-all redevelopment is expected to cost billions of dollars. Daimler-Benz, the largest German industrial company, acquired a large part of the Potsdamer Platz sector shortly before the Wall went down—for a lot less than what it would cost today—and, together with the City of Berlin, invited a number of leading architectural firms to submit master plans for its development as a mixed-use commercial and residential center. The Piano plan won, as the Beaubourg plan had, because of its public plaza, which makes imaginative use of water and open space, and also because of the architectural relationships it establishes with several nearby monuments: the State Library and the Berlin Philharmonic, both built in the nineteen-sixties by Hans Scharoun, and Mies van der Rohe’s 1968 National Gallery. Critics who say that Renzo Piano’s buildings are always more or less independent of their context are here proved wrong.

Piano still speaks somewhat ruefully, though, about “taking the place of time” on such a large scale. On the last day of my visit, we talked about this in the back seat of a taxi during a hair-raising dash from Genoa to the airport in Nice, en route to Paris. (Piano had allowed about an hour and a half for a trip that usually takes two hours, but being driven around a succession of hairpin turns at eighty miles an hour didn’t seem to interfere with his leisurely train of thought.) “You don’t design a piece of a city by taking a pencil and saying this is what it’s going to be,” he said. “Before that, you have a model, and for me the model is the town of the past. The city of the future, I hope, will be very close to the beautiful cities of the past, and, when I say that, I am thinking about Siena. In this century, we have tried to destroy that model, but without making a new one. I'm not saying that I want to reproduce the city of the past—not at all. I'm just saying that, functionally speaking, environmentally speaking, this is still quite a good model. People in the streets, piazzas, life going on twenty-four hours a day. You can't do this by making glossy façades and curtain walls. You have to think maybe about making a piazza with water on one side and trees on the other. You have to think about the position of the sun—at four o'clock on a winter afternoon, where is the sun? You think about the wind; sometimes instead of making piazzas you end up making wind tunnels. Gradually, you move into more precise areas, having to do with color, vibration, resonance—and only then do you start to work with architecture."

Waving a hand to clear away the smoke from a reignited cigar, he went on, "Architecture is a contaminated art. It is contaminated in a bad sense by money and by politics, but it is also contaminated in a good sense by life. Architecture is something that belongs to people and is used by people, and so you have to be very careful. If you write a bad piece of music or a bad book, people don't have to listen to it or read it, but if you build a bad building . . . There is a natural discipline that comes from life. And, once you accept that, you realize that architecture today must be reinvented. The revolution in science has to be interpreted in terms of social life. You have new technologies, new materials, new processes, and new aesthetics, and these elements that have been changing so drastically in the last fifty years make it necessary to invent a new architecture.

"All the talk about high tech, low tech, postmodern, deconstructivist, and that sort of thing is fine, but it's not the point. You have to put your faith in reality, as Brunelleschi did a long time ago. And reality now is that the famous contradiction between craftsmanship and mass production, which was true fifty years ago, is no longer true. Today, you can have individual pieces made that are *slightly* different from one another. You just ask the machine, and the machine cuts you a piece as it is in the computer drawing, and stamps a number on that piece, so that when it is on the site you know where it goes. I think in twenty years' time we will be much closer to craftsmanship—craftsmanship by computer. It is really a turning point in the art of making." ♦

J. SEWARD JOHNSON, JR.



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LETTER FROM LONDON

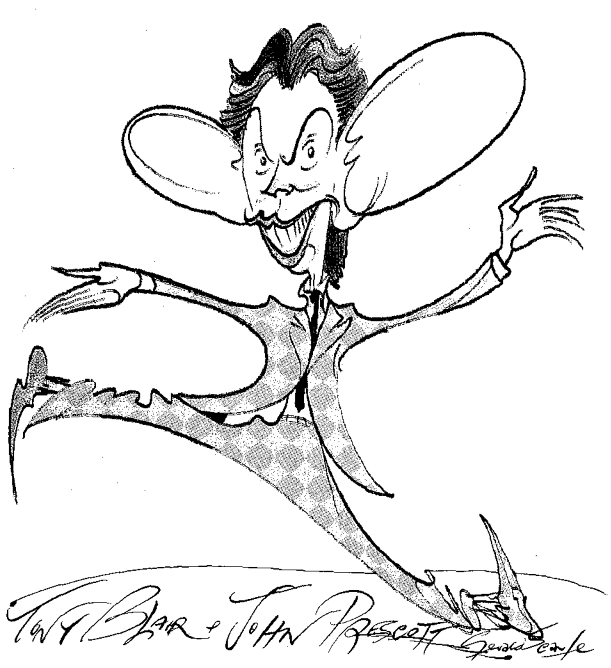
THE MODERNIZER

The next man in line to topple the Tories is Tony Blair, the new opposition leader, whose unexpected rise poses the question: What exactly is the Labour Party?

BY JULIAN BARNES

ON July 14th, the country's public élite gathered at Westminster Abbey for the memorial service for the Labour leader John Smith. Foreign ambassadors, church leaders, an ex-Prime Minister or two, and the *nomenklatura* of all major parties: an I.R.A. wet dream. It was a sweltering day: paramedics and the British Red Cross were deployed in force, on red alert for the toppling of elderly pols. But the Abbey was cool inside, and made somehow cooler by the playing of the Grimethorpe Colliery Band. There is something about an English brass band, when not in jolly-oompah mode, that induces a powerful and rather stately melancholy. It is the sonic equivalent of damp hillsides, mill chimneys, and the smell of soot. As Mrs. Smith and her three daughters were led beneath the crossing to their seats, the band was playing "Nimrod" from Elgar's "Enigma Variations." There was an added political poignancy about the music: the Conservatives, during their pit-closure program, finished off the Grimethorpe Colliery, and all that remains of it now is the after-echo of its band.

Smith's death, at fifty-five, had been signalled by a heart attack five years earlier, but even so it took people by surprise. Party leaders, like orchestra conductors, tend to live a long time, the proximity to power seeming to act like royal jelly. When Smith died, last May, no fewer than four previous Labour leaders, including two Prime Ministers from the Jurassic sixties and seventies, were still alive. The active mourning even extended to the Tory press, whose praise for a man it had greedily reviled at the last election was quite extravagant. This wasn't just hypocrisy, or good manners, or political canniness (raise up your dead opponent the better to diminish your living ones). The death of a politician before he can come into his expected power has a particular emotional effect. The leader-in-waiting who never becomes leader is the man who never disabuses us of our expectations, as all the others did; his death gives us a permit for idealism, which we transfer back onto him.



Tony Blair is idealistic without being ideological, and owes the past nothing.

GERALD SCARFE

The tributes hailed Smith as a warm and passionate man of blazing wit, a fellow of infinite jest who was always first to the bar on the train back to Scotland after a hard Parliamentary week. This was a deep surprise to most of the nation, since he had always come across as an owlish, lawyerly figure whose main strategy seemed to be to keep the Labour Party from squabbling and wait for the Tories to disembowel themselves. He seemed cleverer than John Major but not fundamentally more thrilling: you might not be surprised to find Mr. Major behind the grille at your suburban bank dishing out the fivers, and Mr. Smith in the panelled back office frowning about your overdraft. This public dourness was apparently deliberate. A Labour M.P.'s wife, known for her reluctance to humor bores, assured me, "John was very, *very* funny. If you went to dinner, you knew you were going to have a good time." So why, I asked her, when most politicians try to make themselves seem more exciting than they are, rather than the reverse, had Smith gone in for this peculiar and chameleonic behavior? "He decided not to be witty in public," she replied, "because of Kinnock and seeming frivolous." There was probably some sense in this: wit and spontaneity are tolerated here among effete backbenchers whose chance of real power has gone, but among the higher echelons everything must sound as if it had been triple-drafted by civil servants, spin doctors, and ideological minders. Neil Kinnock, John Smith's predecessor as leader, once ran into trouble over the Falklands War. He was appearing as a panelist on a television show and it was put to him by a member of the audience that Mrs. Thatcher had displayed "guts" as a politician. He responded, "It is a pity that other people have to leave theirs on the ground in Goose Green in order to prove it." In the circumstances, this was an excellent reply—sharp, angry, and appropriate—yet Mr. Kinnock discovered that it was not deemed politically acceptable, and shortly thereafter was dispatching letters of explanation and regret to Falklands widows. John Smith was unlikely to make mistakes of this order: a Scottish Presbyterian lawyer who scared neither middle England nor the City, he was par excellence a safe pair of hands.

THE catcher's mitt has now passed to the youngest-ever leader of the Labour Party. Tony Blair is forty-one, has been a Member of Parliament only since 1983, and is still young enough (or well enough briefed) to be able, when interviewed by a Radio 1 disk jockey, to

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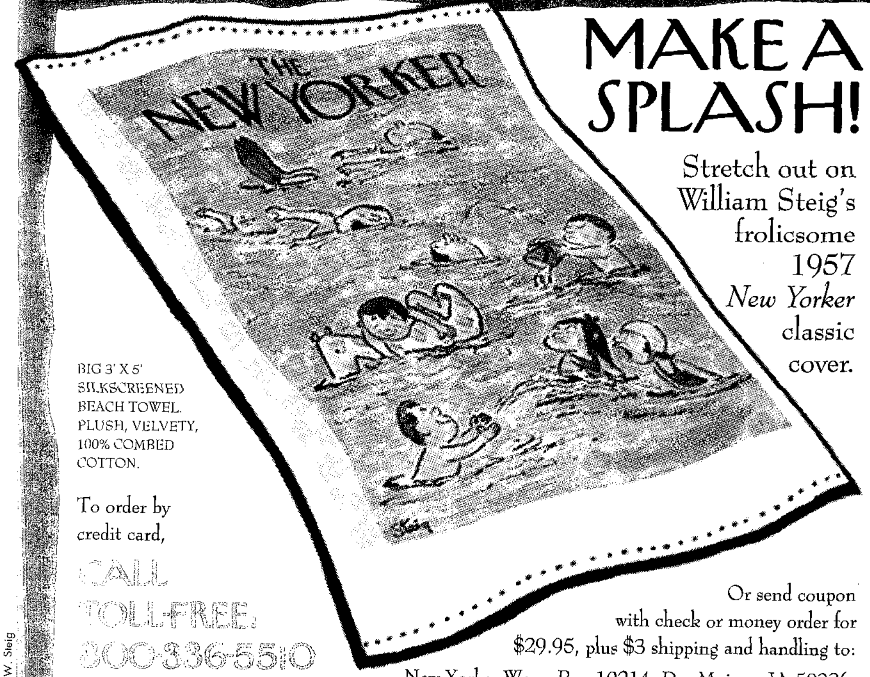

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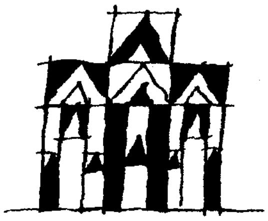
cite numerous different rock groups whose music he fancies. He grew up in Durham and went to Fettes, a public school in Edinburgh, and then to St. John's College, Oxford. Here he sang and played guitar in a band called Ugly Rumours; more significantly, he converted to both Christianity and socialism. In London, he joined the Labour Party and became a barrister; he met his barrister wife in the same set of chambers. In 1982, he fought the parodically unwinnable Tory seat of Beaconsfield in a by-election; then, thanks to a mixture of good fortune and personal persuasiveness, he landed the safe Labour constituency of Sedgefield, in County Durham. His career so far has featured luck and timing as well as good judgment. But he was also singled out early as a rising talent by the Labour hierarchs, and as a rising danger by the Conservatives. Most people I spoke to about Tony Blair—even a sleepy House of Commons porter—assured me that they had picked him as a future leader from the beginning.



It was frequently asserted during the leadership election (in which Mr. Blair defeated two rivals with just about the right degree of emphasis—handsome but not humiliating) that one of his key political virtues is his appeal to the Southeast. By "the Southeast" we are to understand those key voters, from the skilled working class and middle management, who defected to Mrs. Thatcher and stayed with Mr. Major. This assessment is probably correct, though the new leader is hardly repugnant to the North: a Durham childhood, a Scottish schooling, a Durham constituency, and, as a clincher, the fact that his wife was the stepdaughter of the actress Pat Phoenix, who for many years played the regal role of Elsie Tanner in "Coronation Street," the long-running TV soap about Northern working-class life. This is indirect yet unarguable pedigree, rather like the Royal Family being related to Barbara Cartland.

Another part of his pedigree is equally interesting, and had been unknown even to Mr. Blair himself until the journos started trampling over his life. The *Daily Mail*, acting no doubt in the public interest, and surely without any hope that it might turn up an embarrassing secret, commissioned genealogical research into the Blair family. It was frequently reported that the new leader's paternal grandfather was a rigger in the Govan shipyard by the name of William Blair. This added useful proletarian authenticity, given that Tony's father, Leo, was not only an academic but a lifelong Conservative and convinced Thatcherite. The investigators discovered, however, that Leo's true parents were not the Blairs but a pair of music-hall performers named Charles Parsons and Cecilia Ridgeway; they had been on a Northern tour at the time of Leo's birth, and put him out to board with a Mr. and Mrs. Blair. The distant tang of illegitimacy is scarcely scandalous; more to the point is the extraordinary coincidence that both the present Prime Minister (son of the artiste Tom Ball) and the present Leader of the Opposition have music-hall blood in their veins. That they should end up heading their parties in the House of Commons seems Darwinian: positive proof of the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

Most echelons of the press also went on the trawl for the personal stuff. In this they have so far been disappointed: Ugly Rumours has proved no more than the name of a band. For instance, Mr. Blair must be the only student rocker in the entire nineteen-seventies who never took drugs. What's wrong with the University of Oxford? President Clinton went there and failed to inhale; Tony Blair didn't even touch his fingers to the smoldering sin. As one of his Oxford contemporaries put it, "Listen, I would know, and the answer is definitely no. Unlike most of us, the guy hardly ever drank." *Whaaat*? And then there is the other thing, the thing that people, especially young people, tend to do when left alone in pairs; but even here it seems that the state troopers will not be called in evidence. At Oxford, according to the *Independent on Sunday*, the consensus was that Tony did not "get laid." Unbelievable: you'd think the fellow was running for the See of Canterbury. On the other hand, this is probably just as well, since the insertion of overt ethical content into British politics—such as Mr. Blair has done—normally leads to self-slaughter. No sooner had the Tories launched their "Back to Basics" campaign last year than it emerged that numerous Tory M.P.s had been getting back, or up, to some pretty basic things themselves. Does Mr. Blair have any sinister, or even ordinary, peculiarities? Well, I can add one speck to the dunghill of data currently accumulating, which may or may not be indicative. Anthony Howard, the seasoned political observer and former editor of the *New Statesman*, reported to me in awed tones this action-man detail: "He is the fastest eater I've ever come across. I mean, I'm a quick eater, but I was only halfway through my liver and he'd cleaned his plate!"

MR. BLAIR'S victory was a success for those in the Labour Party currently called "modernizers." Political struggles are in part struggles of nomenclature: pin the best label on your own chest, and slap the worst on your opponent's back, preferably at a place where the knife goes in the most easily. In the Tory Party, there was the enduring scuffle between "wets" and "dries" (which has elided into one between "consolidators" and "radicals"). In the Labour Party, for a long time it was "moderates" versus "militants" (which some arrant compromisers tried to solve linguistically, by calling themselves "militant moderates"). More recently, it has been "modernizers" versus "traditionalists." The modernizers sought, apart from anything else, to make Labour electable again: this involved smartening the Party up, democratizing its electoral systems, reducing the influence of the trade unions, and accepting a certain amount of market reality. Such activities are regarded by some as classic right-wing middle-class treachery, and the depths of suspicion with which the modernizers are viewed can be judged by this recent remark from the veteran left-winger Tony Benn: "If you look at apartheid in South Africa, it didn't end because Nelson Mandela had a pink rose, a new suit, a policy review, and Saatchi & Saatchi." However, the modernizers have not only the ascendancy but also the better label. "The traditionalists *hate* being called traditionalists," I was told by one Westminster correspondent. And they won't even be allowed to call themselves left-wing for much longer if the nameplate-stealing continues. Here is Tony Blair during the run-up to the election: "Many of those that call themselves left aren't on the left at all if left means radical. They simply represent a kind of conservatism."

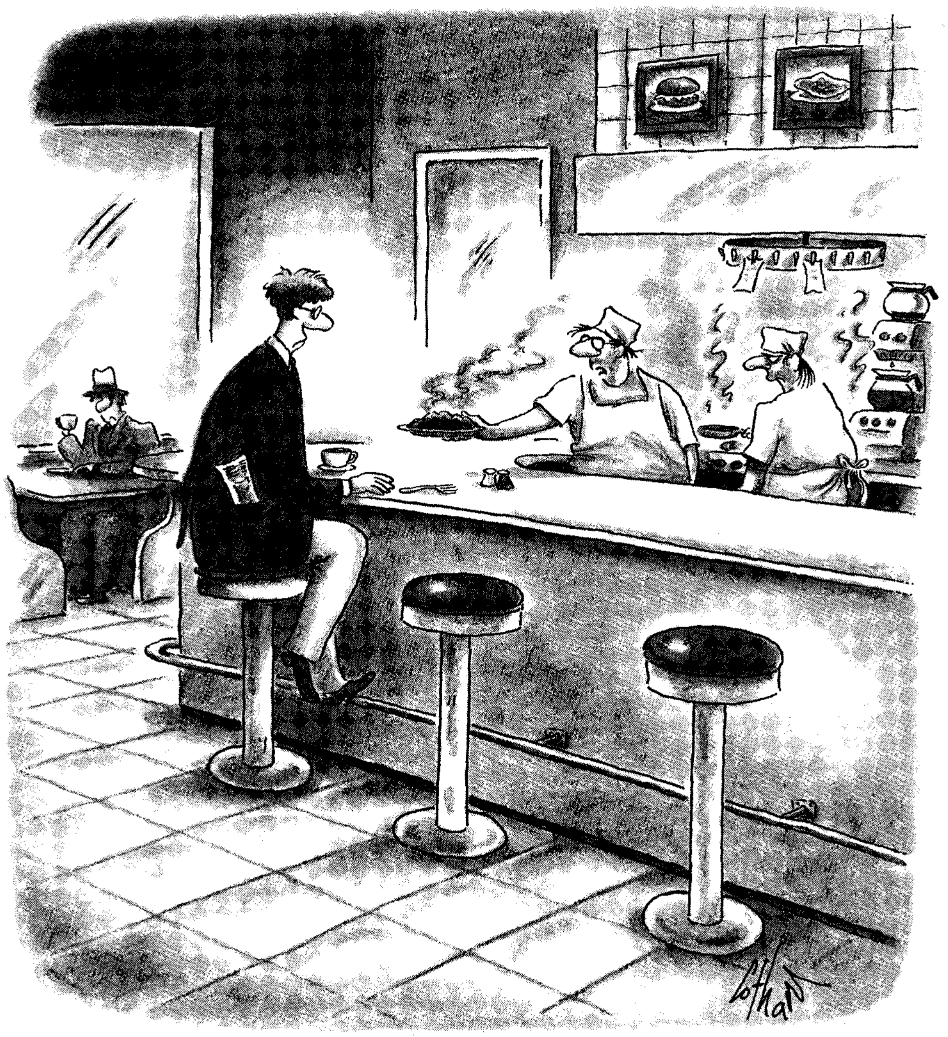
Thus is the old left neutered with words. For the modernizers, musty, prelapsarian socialism is dead. And such is their confidence that they are now even reclaiming the very word "socialism." It used to be a bogey term, and failed to appear in the 1992 Labour manifesto, presumably on the ground that it was deemed to induce projectile vomiting among the Don't-Knows. It is now coming back into shy usage again, purged of its old associations like a paint-thickened door plunged into an acid bath and coming out all shiny new pine. In Tony Blair's words, from a campaign speech in Cardiff: "The essential belief is that a strong united society is necessary to individual achievement. That is why we call it social-ism." Mr. Blair even published a Fabian Society pamphlet, timed to coincide with his election, boldly entitled "Socialism." His socialism is not that of the command economy, class warfare, and public ownership but, rather, that of state partnership and gentle interventionism, fostered by those "notions associated with the left—social justice, cohesion, equality of opportunity, and community."

A few days after the election, I found myself in the Shadow Cabinet room at the House of Commons awaiting an audience with the victor. It is a high-ceilinged, rather gloomy office overlooking the north end of Westminster Bridge, and it was in end-of-term disarray: the conference table snapped apart at its join, the heavy, green-leather chairs stacked higgledy-piggledy. Two things stood out in this sombre space: the elegant brass door hinges, by Pugin, and a volume bound in bright scarlet leather lying next to Mr. Blair's abandoned jacket. Aha, I thought, let's check out the new leader's browsing material for those quiet moments between interviews. It was a copy of the New Testament. A sea mist of agnostic dismay descended on me; I mean, I knew the fellow was a serious Christian and all that, but this was taking it a bit far. He'll be turning the money-changers out of Westminster next. . . . As I wearily flicked back from the title page, I came across a pasted-in presentation slip. It was dated that day and signed by Tony Newton, Leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Blair, it appeared, had been to see the Queen that afternoon, and this was his school prize for having been made a member of the Privy Council. I confess to a certain relief at this point.

"You'll find him very charming," people had said beforehand; and, yes, this was the case. During the campaign he had been stuck with the pretty-boy tag by various ill-wishers; he is not as good-looking as this suggests, though of course in the context of the House of Commons he is incredibly good-looking. There is a relaxed thoughtfulness about him, plus at times the wary air of one who has just had to cram for examinations in subjects he didn't know he was going to be examined on. But then Smith's death and his own sudden apotheosis could scarcely have been predicted.

Given that Mr. Blair is fluent, telegenic, and young, the first line of attack is to accuse him of lacking ideas. Anthony Howard once watched him address a meeting of the political pressure group Charter 88: "He absolutely charmed them, but he didn't say a chipolata sausage." Of course, it's not essential for politicians to have ideas, and sometimes they may be liked specifically for not having any. This was certainly the case with John Major when he took over from Mrs. Thatcher: he was seen as a decent, middling chap whose decency would substitute for positive thought. This is probably still part of Mr. Major's dwindling allure.

Mr. Blair's big tune is that of community. One of the key moments in the Thatcher years came when the Prime Minister, late in her reign, announced



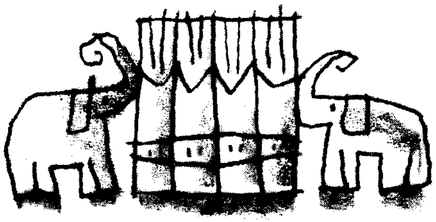
"Its DNA is consistent with meat loaf."

to a women's magazine that "there is no such thing as society." Most people, of course, tend to believe that there is such a thing, and Blairism is in part a direct riposte to that Thatcherian negative. His is an ethical socialism, out of R. H. Tawney and Archbishop Temple, based on the necessity of communal action if the individual life is to have its best chance of fulfillment. "The power of all . . . used for the good of each," as Blair put it in his acceptance speech. "That is what socialism means to me." It still, of course, means something different to the traditionalists in his party. As one left-wing M.P. privately put it, "If you tried supporting the 1945 Labour manifesto today, you'd be thrown out of the Party as a Trotskyist."

BLAIRISM, or Labour modernity, stands for, or believes in, or hopes to get elected on, the following: a dynamic market economy with a greater wealth-creating base; a strong and cohesive society that protects the individual from the vagaries and cruelties of the market; improved education, higher skills, better training; a rethought welfare system, aimed at ending long-term dependency and getting people back to work; pro-Europeanism; a Bill of Rights, a Freedom of Information Act, and an elected second chamber; a Welsh Assembly and a Scottish Parliament.

Blairism also believes in keeping the trade unions at a distance. To Party modernizers, the folk memory of union barons turning up at No. 10 to discuss economic policy over beer and sandwiches is an embarrassment. Blair was Shadow Employment Secretary under Neil Kinnock, from 1989 to 1992. There, according to his fellow-modernizer and fellow Durhamite M.P. Giles Radice, "he made the unions face up to a modernized system of individual rights for workers on the Continental model rather than collectivist rights. He also persuaded the trade unions that it was coercive and no longer appropriate to support the closed shop." On top of this, Blair was a key supporter of a new system of electing the Labour leader by the individual votes of M.P.s, Party members, and unionists, thus cutting out the traditional bloc vote of the union bosses. For Anthony Howard, "the union bosses had their industrial strength destroyed by Mrs. Thatcher and their political strength destroyed by John Smith and Tony Blair." Now Blair says things like "It is not the function of a Labour Government to come in and do particular favors for the trade-union movement." This may sound reasonable, even right, but it is historically heretical. Imagine a Tory leader promising that when his Government came in there would be no special favors for those who contribute to Conservative Party funds; for employers, businessmen, and the City; for big landowners, rich people, and posh people.

Blairism also accepts that the long postwar battle about public versus private ownership of industries and utilities is over—and lost. The program of "privatization" (or the selling-off of national assets) was opposed with varying amounts of doggedness, resignation, and ferocity by Labour; now it is grudgingly accepted as economic force majeure. For instance, Labour supporters of varying ideological hues feel strongly about the sale, in 1989, of the water industry. There is something almost totemic about water (this stuff that comes out of the ground, that falls from the sky, and that somehow ought to belong to those it falls on) and therefore something particularly offensive about the privatized industry's quick lesson in monopoly capitalism: greatly increased prices, large profits, and highly paid executives enriching one another with nice rights issues. When I put all this to Blair, he replied, "Do I believe the water industry should be privatized? No, I don't. Do I think that any serious Labour Government, certainly in the immediate term, is going to be sitting round the Cabinet table, and, let us say there is two billion pounds to be spent, that the hands are going to go up for it to be spent repurchasing the share capital in the water industry—well, it won't happen, so you may as well not mislead people into thinking that it will." Besides, "there is very little you can't do by control and that you can only do by ownership."



Mr. Blair is already, and will continue to be, a most practical politician. The scrap, he knows, is over the middle ground (that is why his party elected him), and there is no point fighting over that distant hill, even if it does have a fine view. Someone once said that there was only half an inch of difference between Labour and the Conservatives, yet it was the half inch within which we all live. Mr. Blair is idealistic without being ideological, which naturally makes him an object of suspicion to his left wing. Anthony Howard, who is still awaiting delivery of chipolata sausages, saucily refers to Blair as "Little Boy Blue," for his rightist leanings. On the other hand, Howard acknowledges the atypical strength of the current leader's position. He has arrived at his present eminence carrying little baggage and few debts. He owes the unions nothing. He is less of a machine politician than his two predecessors, Kinnock and Smith. "That's his asset," says Howard. "He can cut the painter with the past."

Certainly Mr. Blair offers the Labour Party its likeliest chance since 1979 of a return to power. (And, as a further modernizing footnote, his success would put the first working wife into No. 10.) You would have to be cruel—or Conservative—not to wish him well: few countries benefit from extended periods of single-party rule. Labour is at present comparatively united, the electorate comparatively pissed off with the Tories, and the Tories themselves comparatively rattled. As one unnamed Tory minister brazenly said of Blair, "we still don't know whether to argue that he has no policies or to argue his policies are bad ones." For the moment, it is Labour who is setting the agenda and the Tories who are fretfully responding. Thus, no sooner had the words "full employment" been bandied around for the few weeks of the Labour election campaign than the Employment Secretary, David Hunt, addressed a Trades Union Congress meeting and committed the Government to such a policy as well. This was an incredibly conciliatory, or wet, thing for a Tory Minister to do, and suggested seismic rumblings of panic. It may or may not have been a coincidence that a mere fortnight later, in Mr. Major's Cabinet reshuffle, Mr. Hunt found himself suddenly without employment at Employment.

Blair sees the main danger between now and the general election (which may not come until 1996 or 1997) as "a sense of complacency on the part of the Party." There are others: that he has longer to run than is ideal, that his face might not seem quite so fresh in a couple of years, that his evangelical language might begin to sound preachy, his talk of crusades and missions a bit too happy-clappy for our jaundiced times. There is also the danger that the long-term strategy—actively modelled on Mrs. Thatcher's 1979 game plan—of enunciating principles and general themes rather than detailed, priceable policy may come to seem evasive. And what is there to fear from the Tories? "Their election strategy is no great mystery," he replies. "They will go for some large-scale tax cut. They will probably back themselves into a fairly anti-European position. And they will throw as much at the Labour Party as it is humanly possible or inhumanly possible to dredge up."

Tony Blair won the leadership using fairly idealistic rhetoric, spattered with the word "radical," invoking 1945, when Clement Attlee's Labour Government instituted a fundamental shift in the national structure. I asked Giles Radice about Mr. Blair's hot selling line. He replied, "He said something rather clever. He said, 'I'm not a revisionist, I'm a radical.' That's balls, actually. He's trying to be Harold Wilson." One of the constant fascinations—and rhythmical deceptions—of politics lies in the disparity between the Onward Christian Soldiers rhetoric and the subsequent announcement that, sorry, folks, we can't afford the lance and the breastplate, and, by the way, the horse has been downsized to a mule. Even so, the name of Harold Wilson—remembered now less for the libertarian legislation of his first years in office than for the pragmatic divagations of his later ones—does not lift the heart. Tony Blair releases optimism in many for his youth, his intelligence, his expressions of idealism, and his electability. He may very well be the British Prime Minister as the century turns. But millenarians would be premature in renting space on mountaintops. ♦

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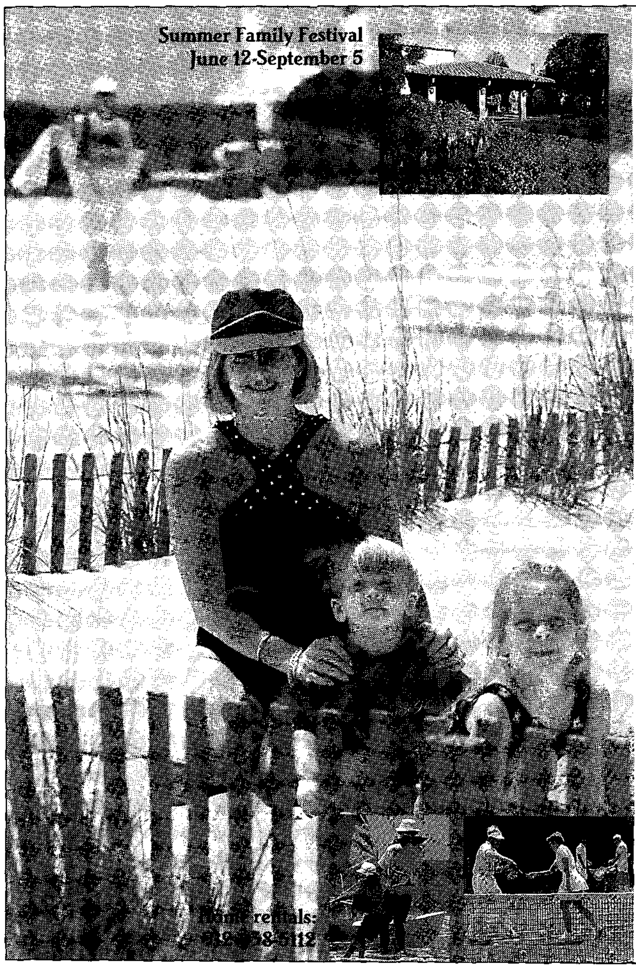

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

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DEEP EAST TEXAS

In San Augustine County, a backwater of the Old South, nothing much had changed since bootlegging days. But then the crack trade came, followed by a showstopping federal bust called Operation White Tornado.

BY WILLIAM FINNEGAN

I WENT to see Roger Hale mainly because of my interest in the case that put him in jail. Hale, who is forty-seven years old, black, and a total stranger to all forms of American privilege, is serving twelve years in a federal prison in Louisiana after pleading guilty to distributing cocaine. He was born and raised in San Augustine County, in the piney-woods country known as Deep East Texas. I was spending a lot of time in San Augustine, and that was another reason I went to see him: he was related to a lot of people I got to know. His wife, for instance, a soft-voiced young woman known as Fanny, waitresses at the Hill Top Barbecue, a family-run joint where I often ate lunch. When Fanny heard that I was going to visit her husband, she sent the same message that one of his cousins did: "Just tell Roger we love him."

The case was known as Operation White Tornado. It had been a combined effort by federal, state, and local law-enforcement officers to shut down a cocaine-trafficking network based in San Augustine County. Some two hundred agents had descended on San Augustine on June 2, 1989, and arrested dozens of residents, including Hale. A crowd gathered in the courthouse square in the town of San Augustine that night and cheered as handcuffed suspects were led into the squat old jail. At a press conference the next day, the United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Texas announced that the local drug trade had been "what you would expect to find in a major metropolitan area." Seventy-five pounds of cocaine—with a street value of more than three million dollars—had been moving through San Augustine each week, he said.

This was startling news, if only because San Augustine is, even by East Texas standards, poor, isolated, and sparsely populated. The county, which is half the size of Rhode Island, has only eight thousand inhabitants, thirty-five per cent of whom live below the federal poverty line. Though it is on no interstate highway, and is about eighty miles from a town of any size, San Augustine had somehow become, according to the authorities, a major regional distribution center for cocaine. I wanted to know how that had happened, and also how such a small, close-knit community had absorbed the impact of an Operation White Tornado. (Some people called it Operation Black Tornado, for of fifty-four people ultimately convicted on various charges fifty were black. San Augustine County is thirty per cent black.) Clearly, some combination of drugs and the national "war on drugs" had rocked the county to its foundations.

Roger Hale, according to the police, was actually a minor figure in the San Augustine drug trade. But when we met, in an empty prison visiting room, he came on like a tough guy. In a harsh, level voice, he told extravagant stories of wheeling and dealing in guns and jewelry—but not drugs—and made extravagant threats against people in San Augustine who he felt had sold him down the river. His standard pronouncement on his enemies was "He's no earthly good, and he knows I know it." He himself had never really done anything wrong—"just devilment," he said—but he had become unpopular as a result of his work as a repo man (work that had required him to carry a sawed-off shotgun) and his involvement in what he called "politics." Hale's social philosophy might also have hurt his popularity, I thought. "People who had less than me, I never messed with 'em, because I couldn't make nothing off 'em," he said. "I never had much time for black people. I mostly associated with up-to-date white people."

Hale believed that he was in prison solely because of his association with Nathan Tindall, a not especially up-to-date white person who had been the sheriff of San Augustine County for the better part of forty years. Hale had worked, in various capacities, for Mr. Nathan, as he called him, his entire adult life. Indeed, people in San Augustine still described Hale as "Nathan's hey-boy," a nasty little tag that Hale may have had in mind when he informed me vehemently, "I'm my own man. I ain't no boy."

Nathan Tindall was, according to many accounts, the chief target of Operation White Tornado. He had left the sheriff's office just a few months before the raid, after losing the last election, and federal indictments had fallen all around him. Roger Hale went to prison on drug charges, and so did Hale's two grown sons. Willie Earl Dade, Tindall's last chief deputy, was convicted of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. Dave Husband, a local liquor wholesaler and a longtime friend and political ally of Tindall's, was one of the white defendants in the case. Roger Hale said, "Me and the white boy, we got the hard time just because we wouldn't give them the Sheriff." By "the white boy" he meant Husband, and in Husband's case he was certainly right. Although Husband had coöperated by pleading guilty to drug, gun, and tax charges—and no drugs had been found on his property, and he had no prior felony convictions, and none of the crimes he was charged with involved any violence—he had, after refusing to incriminate Tindall, been sentenced to life imprisonment without parole. This extraordinary sentence was one of the things that particularly interested me about Operation White Tornado. I also wondered, naturally, how it was that Tindall had escaped indictment.

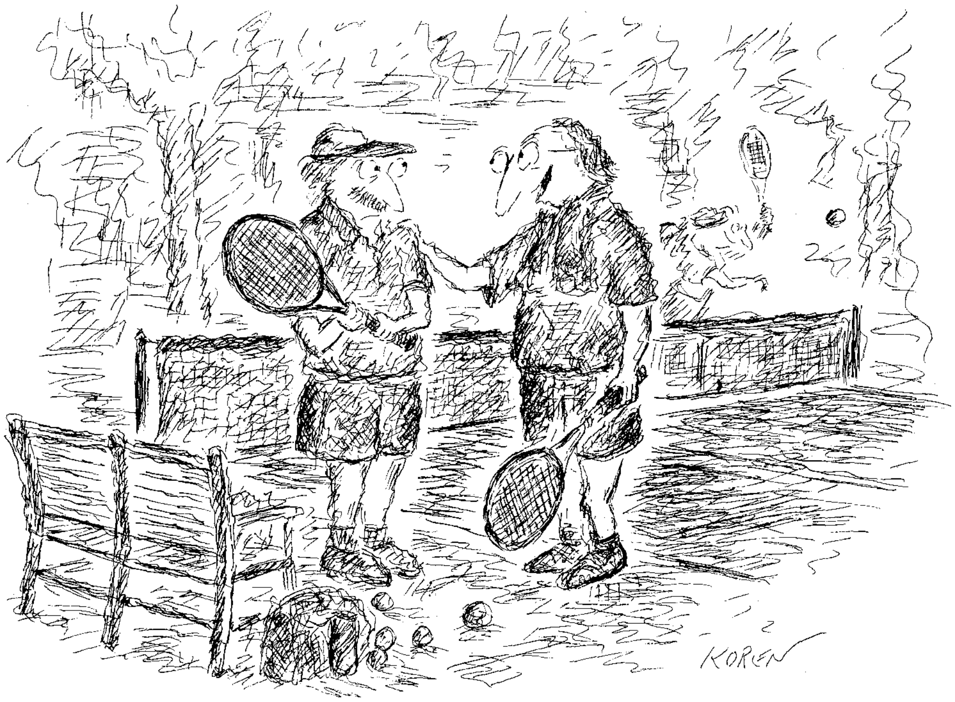
Hale didn't really tell me much on that score. He could have tried to incriminate Tindall to curry favor with the feds, of course. "But I didn't want to be that kind of fella," he said. He did know some explosive things, he insisted. "And I'm about ready to call somebody, bring down that whole town like the Titanic." But he apparently wasn't ready to sink any ships through me.

Listening to Hale, trying to sort out the possibly true from the wildly improbable, I found myself wondering what kind of fella he in fact was. His peculiar fury, his stiff-necked hustler's dignity (which made it impossible to relay the simple news from home: that his family loved him) struck me as the likely product of a dismal mismatch—a bitter gap between his ambitions and his lot. I remembered his cousin, a beautiful church-choir singer and school-bus driver, with dark skin, narrow eyes, and strongly planed features that were just like Hale's, saying, "Roger got the brains, he just don't have the—mm, background." And Hale, even from the depths of his crushing prison sentence, kept returning, I noticed, to the prospects and requirements of various business enterprises—trucking companies, gaming rooms—and discussed them with great energy. Some huge percentage of black men in Deep East Texas struggle to make a living "hauling pulpwood" (a dangerous, low-overhead form of logging), and Hale himself had worked for many years in the woods. But his heart, I suspected, was in the office, the bank, the auto dealership. When I asked about the drug raid's community impact, he fairly snarled, "Operation White Tornado just put every black man with any business talent in San Augustine in prison."

EAST TEXAS resembles the Deep South far more than it does the open prairies of the rest of Texas. Dense pine and hardwood forests shroud rolling terrain; lakes and bayous are fed by fifty inches of rain a year. San Augustine was first settled by white farmers and their black slaves migrating west at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Their cotton plantations thrived in the red lands that run in a wide, fertile band across the county. The town, laid out in 1832, is, in the words of a road sign today, "The Oldest Anglo Town in Texas." Several of the leaders of the Texas Republic came from San Augustine; Sam Houston himself lived there in the eighteen-thirties.

White San Augustine, like much of the white South, never recovered from the Civil War. There were, in fact, more people living in the county in 1900 than there are today. As a result, San Augustine teems with ghosts, particularly in the woods, where innumerable small

Former sheriff Nathan Tindall, opposite, with Sam and Neal Thomas, workers at the sawmill he used to own. Tindall ruled San Augustine for forty years, but his warm relations with his black constituents irritated some whites.



"Dick, would you be the keynote speaker at my funeral?"

• •

family graveyards lie overgrown. The slavery era left an indelible print on the county: surprising numbers of people, black and white, share the same few family names. These biracial clans were created when former slaves took the names of their owners after emancipation, causing those cruel original relationships to echo down through the ages.

Like the rest of the "black belt" of the rural South (places with populations at least thirty per cent black), San Augustine after the Civil War settled into a general poverty, endured by all but a small élite. Sharecropping, which lasted nearly a century, perpetuated the old master-servant relations between certain black and white families, and Jim Crow laws and the Ku Klux Klan helped maintain social and economic distinctions between black and white small farmers. The great tide of American industrial prosperity bypassed the region as a whole. Timber eventually replaced cotton—wood remains the county's leading crop—and poultry farming came along after the Second World War, but the big timber mills and chicken-processing plants were all built elsewhere. There are poorer counties in East Texas, but San Augustine is today a backwater even in a backward, isolated area.

Most Texans simply disown the whole region. "Behind the Pine Curtain" is what they call East Texas. Why, the people there aren't really even Texans, I was once told in Houston; they're the ones who were afraid to come out of the woods and into the sunlight during the great westward movement.

And much about San Augustine does feel frozen in time, preserved from another era. Not only the plantation houses—slave-built from virgin longleaf pine—but many of the older houses in town have the wide porches and twelve-light windows, the fluted Doric columns and classical pediments of the antebellum South. On the courthouse square, farmers sell watermelons, okra, potatoes, and yellow squash from pickups parked next to the jail. Bags of seed are piled on a canopied sidewalk in front of an old brick hardware store. The only stoplight in town—and San Augustine is the only real town in the county—blinks sleepily, often seeing no traffic, at one corner of the square. Across the railroad tracks, in a black neighborhood still known as the Quarters, unpainted shotgun shacks lean under tall pines and great, spreading maples. On the porches in the Quarters, old folks nod in weathered armchairs; in the back yards, roosters crow from woodpiles. The atmosphere of deep, premodern slumber is broken only by the passing of a glistening violet Nissan miniature pickup, its side windows smoked, its chassis lowered almost to the ground, with a gold-flaked stiff chain around the license plate, a young black man at the wheel, and percussive hip-hop pounding from the cab.

Though a big stone courthouse sits at the center of the square that occupies the center of downtown San Augustine, the old two-story brick jailhouse next door takes up far more symbolic space in the county's collective consciousness. People talk about "the sheriff"—or "the high sheriff"—whose office is in the jailhouse, as though he were an intimate, fundamental, inescapable fact of life, like oxygen or aging or family. They dream about him, turn to him in every sort of extremity, blame him for every sort of distress. More than once, I overheard residents in their cups declaring that their lives would be utterly different if only So-and-So were sheriff. The sheriff is held accountable not just for law enforcement but for the community's moral and economic health. He sets a tone, he defines an era. Presidents are marginal figures by comparison.

Politically, the South became a one-party state after Reconstruction, and in the system of power and patronage that emerged in virtually all rural areas violence was never far from the surface. In the eighteen-nineties, the Populists briefly challenged the ruling Democrats, and in San Augustine they managed to capture the sheriff's office. The first Populist sheriff of San Augustine was gunned down in the street in 1900 by a political rival. A few weeks later, his successor, who also happened to be his nephew, was shot, and two other nephews were killed, in a downtown shootout with leading Democrats. This particular political feud, which was also a clan feud, led to a number of other deaths. Soon, though, the Democrats were back in control of the county, and they have not been seriously challenged since.

The saloons where much of this frontier-style violence found its spark were closed by Prohibition, which came to Texas in 1918. But the illegal-liquor business thrived in perennially depressed, lightly policed San Augustine, and this trade, too, gave rise to frequent violent disputes. Like most Bible Belt communities, the county stayed dry after the repeal of national Prohibition, and thus insured that moonshining and bootlegging would continue. The families who controlled the liquor trade began to terrorize their neighbors, going on a legendary binge of robbery, rape, assault, and murder, until finally, in 1935, the Texas Rangers were sent in. The state officers took control of local law enforcement, forcing out the sheriff and bringing the outlaw clans to justice. Four thousand people gathered on the courthouse square to thank the Rangers. Still, moonshining and bootlegging remained important local industries in an economy that otherwise, during the Depression, virtually came to a halt.

NATHAN TINDALL grew up in Depression San Augustine. His parents were poor tenant farmers on the Attoyac River, in the western part of the county. He went to school in a lumber-company settlement and rarely saw the town of San Augustine. His family belonged to either Pentecostal or Baptist country churches; they and their neighbors moved in a separate social universe from the Episcopalians and the Methodists who worshipped in the big white churches in town. As a teen-ager, Tindall became a mule skinner—an independent logger with a mule team—and earned a name for himself as a hard worker blessed with extraordinary strength. "For a white man, Nathan was almighty stout," a veterinarian named Tom Blount told me. "He could pick up a hundred-and-twenty-eight-pound sack of oats with his teeth and throw it up on the back of a truck."

In 1943, at the age of eighteen, Tindall joined the Navy. He served in the Pacific, as a military policeman, and was wounded near Kwajalein. When he came home to San Augustine after the war, one of the first things he did was run for sheriff. It was an unusual move for a twenty-one-year-old, but Tindall was an unusual twenty-one-year-old. "Hell, I was just as settled at twenty-one as I am now," the sixty-nine-year-old Tindall told me. "I grew up young, for some reason, and never did change."

"Nathan was strangely even-tempered," Dr. Blount recalled. "Almost unnaturally so. Also, there wasn't a scared bone in him."

Greatly aided by the general popularity of returning soldiers, he was elected. A photograph of the young sheriff, taken in 1950, shows a smooth-cheeked, round-faced, blue-eyed country boy in a tall white Stetson. He looks kindly and calm, almost shy. Studying the photograph, Tindall—now portly, gray-haired, nearsighted, and nothing like shy—remarked to me thoughtfully, "I don't believe I'd vote for a kid that young."

His new job paid only forty-five hundred dollars a year, but with it came a late-model, cream-colored Ford with a red light mounted in the center of the grille, and Tindall soon found that sheriffing suited him down to the ground. He knew the woods, where most of the county's moonshining and bootlegging went on, and he was willing to go to considerable lengths to do his job. "One time, I knew this old boy down there in Black Ankle was makin' whiskey," he recalled. "But I just didn't know where, and one day I seen he had a jenny, and I knew she was for carryin' the corn into the woods, because makin' that whiskey takes a lot of corn. So I seen he wasn't around, and I let the jenny out of her pen, and she took off into the woods. And I just grabbed onto her tail and followed her through the woods for about five miles. Finally, we came up to where the old boy had his rig, and he looked up, but he just saw the jenny, because I was down low right behind her. And when we got there and I popped up he went crazy. Cryin', prayin', screamin'. Wanted to kill hisself, wanted to kill that poor old jenny. But she didn't do nothin' wrong. Boy just didn't want to go to jail."

Tindall didn't attempt the impossible—shutting down the illegal-liquor trade. He simply kept enough pressure on the bootleggers and moonshiners to insure that their power didn't get out of hand, and kept the county's bank account filled with the fines he collected from them. The bootleggers' lawyers, notably Smith Ramsey and his brother Ben, were formidable opponents. The Ramseys were members of the old, landed élite of San Augustine—Ben served as lieutenant governor of Texas in the fifties, and Smith was routinely described as the most powerful man in town. Tindall, who never did win the support of most of the San Augustine Old Guard, had to work around them. "One time, I waited till Smith was on vacation and Ben was busy in Austin," he recalled. "And then I rounded up twenty-eight bootleggers, and I per-

BOOKS
M. Stevens

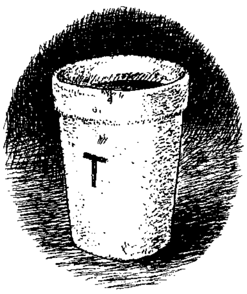
"I'm looking for a book by T. What's-His-Face Boyle."

suaded that judge, who usually did whatever Smith told him to do, to hit those boys with the maximum fine, a thousand dollars each. I could run the sheriff's office for five years in them days on twenty-eight thousand dollars."

Although Tindall's annual budget was minuscule, he took pride in leaving most of it unspent. He was loath to renovate the jailhouse, which badly needed work, and he went to great lengths to process prisoners swiftly, so that the county wouldn't have to feed them. "We had county court on Monday afternoons," Carol Vaughn, the county treasurer, told me. "So if Nathan arrested somebody on a Monday evening, he'd just arraign them any way he could. Anything to avoid holding them for a week. He'd let them go and tell them to come back Monday, or else call the judge, get the person's attorney, if they had one, down there, and do it right in the sheriff's office."

Tindall even found a way to make money off his jailhouse—by taking overflow prisoners from crowded urban jails in Beaumont and Houston. One winter, the big-city inmates protested their primitive lodgings by tearing up their cells, and so Tindall housed them outdoors, cuffed to a flagpole on the courthouse square (it was sleeting, he recalled), while the cells were slowly cleaned.

"Nathan was very penny-pinching," Charles Mitchell, the San Augustine district attorney, said. "And it could cause problems. Once, he tried to save the county money by not having an autopsy in a triple murder. He figured that it was self-enclosed—that the killer was one of the dead people—and I'm sure he was right. But what if some kids come in later and say there was a shooter in a tree?" Tindall's official parsimony also gave rise to some strange personal habits. "He always wrote a 'T' on the plastic-foam cup he used for coffee," Mitchell said. "And he'd use the same cup for five days."



But when it came to solving crimes Tindall's approach was, according to him and to others as well, tenacious and inventive. "I'd do about anything to catch a thug," he told me. "I remember, once, this old boy had murdered his mother-in-law, and I knew how these boys always like to talk about what they done, so I saw them all in there one night, and I crawled up under the house, where I could hear them clear as could be. And here was this old boy tellin' them others, 'Don't tell the sheriff this, and don't tell the sheriff that.' After a few minutes, I heard pretty much everything I needed to know."

Charles Mitchell, who happens to be Smith Ramsey's nephew, grew up in San Augustine in the nineteen-sixties. "You couldn't do a thing here without the Sheriff knowing about it," Mitchell told me. "He just pretty well *handled* it. One thing you have to say for Nathan: he is good at solving crimes."

Gary Borders, who edited a newspaper in San Augustine for five years in the nineteen-eighties, recalled, "Tindall's judgments were very hard to second-guess. They were, you could say, uncannily canny."

Tindall's wits were his main weapon, literally. In a county where virtually everyone seems to carry a gun—where grandmothers pat their aprons significantly when the subject is small pistols and self-defense, where people still hunt deer and squirrel and possum for meat irrespective of the season, and where I was regarded with disbelief and disdain by local young women after admitting that I travelled unarmed—Tindall never carried a gun.

"He's a six-gun sheriff without the six-gun," said Sam Malone, a local printer and longtime East Texas newspaperman.

"He was always such a disappointment to me and the kids," I was told by Nathan's wife, Willie Earl Tindall, who is a schoolteacher and local historian. "He didn't wear a gun, and you know how he made an arrest? He'd call them on the telephone and tell them to meet him at the jailhouse."

Tindall even made murder arrests over the telephone—perhaps fifty of them, he reckons, through the years. But his best-known exploits tended to feature his strangely even temper. I talked to several survivors of a standoff with a local man who killed his girlfriend and then barricaded himself inside a house, from which he shot a sheriff, a deputy sheriff, an ambulance driver, and a highway patrolman—the sheriff and the deputy each lost an eye—before Tindall showed up and, unarmed, strode up to the house. "This is Tindall," he is reported to have said. "Come on out of there." The man came out and laid his shotgun on the porch, and Tindall took him to jail.

Tindall's peculiar authority is difficult to account for, according to Sam Malone. "He tells you to do something, you just better do it. Not because he'll hurt you physically, or even throw you in jail. He's just a queer nut. There ain't no explaining him."

Occasionally, some drunk or foolish miscreant did compel Tindall to use force. "He had a famously effective knockout punch," Gary Borders said. "But he used it sparingly. And, as far as I could see, he did it without any relish. Tindall never used more force than was necessary to take a suspect into custody, and he used to brag that he never charged anyone with resisting arrest."

Tindall, being a politician, loved to get his picture in the paper. "Nathan was always showing off," Borders went on to say. "He once called me up to go out with him. He had solved the Case of the Stolen High School Band Instruments. We went out there, and the band instruments were right where he said they would be. He went on and on about his own brilliance, as if he had just solved the crime of the century. Finally, I managed to ask how he had come to suspect the boy who did it. The boy's mother had called him up, Nathan said, and told him that her son stole the stuff."

In truth, solving crimes and making arrests are not the major part of a rural sheriff's job. "Mainly, the sheriff in a county like San Augustine has to know the people, and how to get their problems solved," a state-police sergeant told me. "If two guys got a beef, he might just throw them both in a cell and let 'em fight it out. Or maybe run one guy out of the county." Character judgments, in other words, count for at least as much as crime judgments. As an example of Tindall's non-crime judgment, Charles Mitchell recalled a case in which the young son of a local drug addict won a twelve-thousand-dollar settlement after a car accident. Tindall gently suggested that the money be put in a trust,

SPOT ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON

and, to everyone's astonishment, the addict mother agreed to that arrangement.

In the end, the rural sheriff, for all his autonomy and local power, is in a service profession, and the parameters of his job description have a tendency to expand indefinitely. "In San Augustine, if you're out of water, the sheriff's supposed to bring you water," Willie Earl Tindall said. "If your car breaks down, the sheriff's supposed to carry you home. If your lights go out, and you can't get the electric company, it's the sheriff's job to bring you a flashlight. It's pathetic, but that's the way people think here."

Tindall took this "political" side of his job so seriously that he essentially put himself on twenty-four-hour call for forty years. His nights off were so short that he often slept in his office. He and Willie Earl were married in the jailhouse, with two deputies as witnesses and with Nathan wearing his uniform.

CHARACTER

You're a girl
and you'd better not forget
that when you step over the threshold of your house
men will look askance at you.
When you keep on walking down the lane
men will follow you and whistle.
When you cross the lane and step onto the main road
men will revile you and call you a loose woman.

If you've got no character
you'll turn back,
and if not
you'll keep on going,
as you're going now.

—TASLIMA NASRIN

(*Translated, from the Bengali, by Carolyne Wright and Farida Sarkar.*)

TINDALL had one major interest besides sheriffing, and that was making money. He started out by providing logging equipment to other men, and soon became what is called a pulpwood contractor. He bought and sold stands of timber, and acquired a fleet of logging trucks, a truck dealership, and, finally, a small sawmill. He also became a land trader. By the nineteen-seventies, Tindall's businesses were grossing more than two million dollars a year. Many of his employees were ex-residents of his jailhouse. Tindall's standard response to a jobless man who asked for work included providing him with a chain saw, a bobtail truck, and directions to some obscure patch of woods.

His recordkeeping was loose at best—he never employed a foreman, let alone a bookkeeper—and his lending policies were liberal, with the result that half of San Augustine eventually owed him money. The areas of overlap between his businesses and his work as sheriff, and the potential for conflicts of interest, were endless, and local muttering about corruption and the exploitation of public office grew louder with the years. Tindall, naturally, denies the charges that he grew light-fingered in office. And he was reëlected again and again.

His generosity helped. Tindall himself reckons that he "gave away" a million dollars while he was sheriff. "Hell, I paid for over fifty babies to be born," he told me. "Everybody, black or white, knew that if a baby was coming and there was no money you just had to call the high sheriff."

"The sheriff's office used to look like a bank," Gary Borders recalled. "People actually stood in line to borrow money from Nathan. Some paid him back, but my impression was that most never did."

The Reverend Cecil Clark, a leader of the local black community, who has done his share of truck driving and pulpwood hauling for Tindall, told me that he would have lost his family's house if Tindall had not stepped in and made the mortgage payments during a bad patch in the seventies. An old black man named Willie Harp, who lives in a shack off a dirt road in the northwestern part of the county, said that the only reason one of his daughters was able to leave San Augustine, attend college, and climb out of poverty was that Mr. Nathan had paid for her education.

Tindall's warm relations with his black constituents irritated some whites, who took to calling him "the nigger sheriff." Particularly offensive in the eyes of such whites was his habit of shaking hands with black friends in public. Although he was not above enforcing the segregation of Jim Crow days, Tindall's support in black San Augustine was deep and wide. He was seen as the rare powerful white man who treated the races more or less equally—"I was just treatin' the blacks the way they *make* you treat 'em *now*," he told me—and as the rare sheriff who tempered law enforcement with leniency. "Tindall wasn't no big crusadin', whip-snappin' sheriff," Sam Malone recalled. "He was a practical man livin' with poor, practical people." If a prisoner in Tindall's jail had a job and a family, the sheriff usually let him out in the mornings, so that he could go to work, and locked him up again in the evenings. Tindall cultivated his support in the black community by holding free barbecues and, at election time, by "hauling votes"—providing free transportation to the polls, courtesy of operatives like Roger Hale. The black vote, which routinely went more than eighty per cent for Tindall, became the key to his electoral lock, particularly after the civil-rights period and the increase it generated in black-voter registration.

The civil-rights movement had relatively little impact on San Augustine, however. White resistance was deep: public schools were segregated until 1970, and even then integration occurred only under federal court order. "Even for the South, this town is not what you would call advanced," Leroy Hughes, the principal of San Augustine High School, told me. Hughes, who is black, grew up in Jackson, Mississippi. "San Augustine is about where Jackson was twenty years ago," he said. The

Bernard Schoenbaum

"It's only fair to warn you that my conversation contains adult language that you may find offensive."

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town is more than fifty per cent black—and the schools are nearly sixty per cent black—yet the leading local service organizations, the Lions and the Rotary Club, are still exclusively white.

THAT the tightwad sheriff was also a one-man charitable foundation was a paradox lost on nobody in San Augustine, least of all Willie Earl Tindall. Yet she claims that, although she knew of her husband's legendary generosity, she never realized how much money his businesses were making until she started reading about it in the press. "If I'd known that—are you kidding? I would've had my butt in a Cadillac the next minute." But Nathan, the work-focussed child of the Depression, never changed his ways to reflect his wealth—he never went on vacation or wore anything but his sheriff's uniform—and by the time Willie Earl realized they were millionaires they weren't.

That is, Tindall's business fortunes, along with the Texas economy as a whole, turned down sharply in the nineteen-eighties—particularly, in his case, after he bought the San Augustine Sawmill in an effort to keep it from being closed. "He saw himself as the savior of the county," Gary Borders recalled. "And it just about wiped him out." Tindall lost the mill, and then a deep recession in the wood business and a disastrous investment in a floundering local bank plunged him close to bankruptcy.

The strange thing about Tindall's fall from financial grace, according to those who were there, was that it hardly seemed to affect him. He just kept sheriffing night and day, and claimed not to miss the money. His self-confidence, they said, seemed entirely undiminished.

And such unflappability was actually not hard to picture, I found, for by the time I met Tindall he was selling used cars on U.S. 96, having been turned out of office by the voters, drubbed fearfully in the press, and hounded for years on end by various federal investigators; yet "humbled" was still about the last word that would have come to mind to describe him. He bustled around the car lot, popping hoods and turning ignitions for a succession of solemn young car shoppers, shouting instructions to a stream of "hey-boys," black and white, who wheeled up in work-batter pickups or crawled out from under jacked, delaminating Buicks. He took me into his office, a grubby box at one end of a sagging mobile home, where, between telephone calls full of business dickering ("A million feet a month, I'd go five dollars a ton first year, six dollars second year, up to nine dollars fifth year"), he bragged for two hours about all the timber he had cut and all the crooks he had caught, and shook his head sadly over the performance of his successor. "He knows about as much about sheriffin' as he does about jet airplanes," Tindall said.

The peculiar authority that Sam Malone noted in Tindall does not arise from his physical presentation. Tindall's boots that day were muddy, his shirt was rumpled, and he wore ill-fitting brown jeans with an oil rag hanging from a front pocket and a pair of rubber-handled pliers protruding from a back pocket. One lens of his glasses, which were thick and steel-rimmed, was severely smudged—from a recent encounter with battery acid, he said. His speech was by turns fumbling, gusty, intense, distracted, and enthusiastic. It was frequently punctuated by laughter. When Tindall saw that some of his humor went right past me, he looked at me quizzically, then seemed to decide that it would all take too long to explain to a Yankee. And when a heavy-browed young black man in coveralls came in, saw that I was taking notes, and started questioning me, Tindall just grinned and let him interrupt.

"People call me Frog," the young man said eagerly.

"I put him in jail for dope," Tindall said.

Frog's eagerness to talk to a journalist vanished. He said it was true, and went about his business.

Frog, I noticed, had addressed Tindall as "Cap'n," and the title somehow sat comfortably between them.

Over the weeks that followed, I often saw Tindall driving somewhere in the company of Frog and some of his equivalents—four or five of them crammed into the cab of a truck, off to cut some timber or pull another truck out of the mud. And the more time I spent in San Augustine—a place where black residents maintain that there are white shop assistants who still won't hand them change directly—the more I came to see how unusual Tindall's common touch truly was. I once watched him and Frog having lunch together at the Hill Top Barbecue. They teased each other cursorily while they waited for their food; then both plunged into plates of barbecued ribs, eating silently, side by side, and hardly looking up except to nod to friends and neighbors as they came through the door. I mentioned to my own lunch companion—Ilester Porter, a furniture restorer, who owns the Hill Top—that Tindall certainly seemed to be a democratic sort. "Thank you," Porter said. "He's *too* democratic."

I later asked Porter what he meant. Porter, a middle-aged black man who was decidedly not a Tindall supporter, tried to explain. "The sheriff in a place like San Augustine has one real job," he said. "That's to keep the poor man, black or white, poor, and let the rich man get richer. If a poor man gets into something that lets him stack up a few thousand dollars, the sheriff's got to find some reason to bust him, take away that money by a fine. And he's gotta leave the rich man alone, let him do what he wants. Nathan Tindall didn't do part of his job. He didn't care *who* got rich, long as he was making money himself. He let white trash like Dave Husband get rich. That's why the rich folk decided to get rid of him, finally. And once them people over on the other side of the tracks decide you're out, you're *out*."

IN a rare local civil-rights triumph, electoral district boundaries were redrawn in San Augustine in the nineteen-seventies to create a black-majority county precinct. This redistricting led to the repeal, in 1972, of Prohibition in the new precinct. And with that repeal Nathan Tindall's job got instantly easier, for bootlegging disappeared overnight.

Since most of San Augustine's bootleggers were black men and women, the legalization of liquor sales shut down a traditional, if déclassé, avenue of black economic opportunity. There were also white bootleggers, however, among whom Dave Husband was easily the best known. His father and his grandfather had been bootleggers before him, operating from their homestead, on the Attoyac River, so Husband had been in the business since he was a boy. By all accounts, he was a savvy trader. With legalization, he quickly opened a liquor store at the intersection of U.S. 96 and State Highway 21, just west of town.

Husband's liquor store prospered, and by the early nineteen-eighties he was a major regional wholesaler and a wealthy man. He became something of a community burgher, known for his generous disbursements to youth groups such as the 4-H Club. But he apparently never lost his outlaw predilections. A compulsive gambler, he took to wearing expensive jewelry and Rolex watches, and liked to brag about the time that Governor Edwin Edwards, of Louisiana, sent a helicopter to fetch him for a gambling date. Husband wasn't just a high roller, though. "He'd flip quarters in the alley all day" with poor black men, according to Sam Malone. He also dabbled in all sorts of low-level rackets. "Dave was always selling a box of nails at half price," John Mitchell, a local district judge, recalled. With the money he didn't lose gambling, Husband built onto his house, and by the mid-eighties the old homestead on the Attoyac, where Dave still lived, now with his wife and two teen-age children, looked like the suburban spread of a partner in a Dallas law firm.

Although Tindall had arrested Husband for bootlegging any number of times, the two men were friends. Tindall today disputes stories that they were extremely close, but after Husband's father died, in 1961, when Dave was sixteen, Tindall, in his role as all-purpose protector of the county, did look out for the family in ways that the Husbands never forgot. Certainly Dave, once he got established as a legitimate businessman, became a prominent backer of Tindall's, sponsoring campaign barbecues for him on the courthouse square. And the two men were firmly paired, in the eyes of the Old Guard, as upstart poor boys from Pentecostal families down on the Attoyac.

Husband was actually on unusually friendly terms with law enforcement in general. He supplied free liquor to the parties and reunions of various agencies, and took Texas Rangers, highway patrolmen, sheriff's deputies, park rangers, San Augustine's town policemen, and just about anybody else in uniform off on hunting weekends. (Tindall, a lifelong teetotaller and a non-hunter, may have been the only lawman in Deep East Texas who missed out on those stag weekends.)

Campaign barbecues notwithstanding, Tindall's friendship with Husband probably hurt him politically more than it helped him. Tindall's association in the public mind with a motley crowd of jailhouse hangers-on—some of them ex-inmates, all of them the sort of men who hope that a cop's power will rub off on them—definitely hurt him politically. But Tindall, who was never particular about appearances, shrugged it off. "I never had a preacher come to me with no information," he told me. "It's the thieves that come to you with something, after they done got themselves into something. That's the ones that tell you what you need to know."

And for many years he could, it was clear, absorb the damage. He did lose one election in the nineteen-fifties, and he once resigned as sheriff for a term in the seventies. Demographics began to work against him, too, after the state dammed the Angelina River, which forms the county's southern border, in 1964. The dam created Sam Rayburn

Reservoir, a fisherman's paradise extending over two hundred square miles, whose wooded shores soon sprouted second homes, trailer parks, retirement communities, and other attractions for white strangers with scant interest in the affairs of the sleepy, self-absorbed little town of San Augustine, twenty-five miles away, and with no electoral loyalty to the backwoods boss whom local whites called "the nigger sheriff." Still, Tindall's political base was so solid, his popularity as a dispute settler and old-time paterfamilias so great, that he was all but invincible politically, his everyday power in the county—especially after the Ramseys passed from the scene—seemingly absolute.

"IT was just lucky for San Augustine that Nathan is a good man," Willie Earl Tindall said. "Because he pretty much made up the law himself, whatever he thought was fair. Fortunately, most of what he thought was fair *was* fair." While Mrs. Tindall could be expected to judge her husband's performance charitably, it was generally acknowledged that he enjoyed a rare freedom—very rare for a sheriff in East Texas—from charges that he abused those who tried his patience.

But Tindall wasn't the only San Augustine official making up the law as he went along. According to Mark McDaniel, an itinerant lawman who joined the town police force in 1986, nobody in San Augustine followed the rules. "I had worked all over Texas, and I'd never seen anything like it," McDaniel told me. "We'd arrest somebody, and sometimes there'd be no paperwork at all. It was *strange*. They had never even run a search warrant. When I wanted to go to a J.P. with a probable cause, they said, 'We don't do that here.' It wasn't just Tindall. It was everybody. And I got to be the same way, six months after I started." Though Tindall didn't have formal jurisdiction over the town police, he had effective command, according to McDaniel. The town policemen all took their cues from Tindall, and sometimes they got them wrong. McDaniel once arrested (for reckless driving) one of the ruffians who hung around the jailhouse. His fellow-officers told him that he had unwittingly arrested a Tindall crony, who enjoyed the sheriff's protection. But Tindall then held the suspect without bail for a week or two. "They had it dead wrong," McDaniel said. "There was no protection."

McDaniel also heard the rumors about Tindall being corrupt. "People would say that Tindall could make sure that a D.W.I. never went on your record," he said. "That's ridiculous. The sheriff of San Augustine, Texas, has no say about what does or doesn't go on your record in Austin. But people here don't understand that. They're just so used to thinking that the high sheriff is all-powerful."

A lesser but similar awe surrounded other peace officers in San Augustine. "People here are just obsessed with law enforcement," McDaniel said. "Many of them don't have much of a life, I guess. Most places, nobody really notices who the cops are. Here, I hadn't been on the job a month and I had an invitation to dinner at someone's house every night of the week. You're a little celebrity." In such a climate, petty corruption was rampant, according to McDaniel. "We never bought beer or whiskey," he said. "We never paid for the food at our cookouts. You know, when you're making eleven hundred dollars a month you're always ready for a free six-pack. And our biggest buddy—nobody likes to admit this now—was Dave Husband. Every night, we'd meet over at his store—the highway patrol and everybody—and drink Cokes, eat chips, whole-head cheese, whatever we wanted."

Long after Nathan Tindall left the sheriff's office, some people were, I found, still muttering that he had been corrupt, and not merely on a petty, complimentary-six-pack scale. But in virtually every case these people refused to be specific, at least with me, in their allegations. And an informal survey of some of those who worked with Tindall when he was sheriff—two county judges, the county treasurer, the district attorney, the county attorney, the town attorney, the town police chief, various deputies, the only two real newspapermen in town—yielded no one who credited the charges that he was corrupt.

THERE was a crucial change in the mixture of law enforcement in San Augustine after bootlegging was rendered obsolete. Marijuana farmers, whose crop thrived in the fertile forests of East Texas, effectively replaced moonshiners in the local underground economy, and marijuana traffickers replaced bootleggers. And, while Nathan Tindall had little trouble keeping track of local people who got involved in marijuana—some were farmers who had fallen on hard times, and others were ex-bootleggers looking for a new trade, or underemployed loggers looking to turn a remote clear-cut into a gold mine—he sometimes found that he needed help when the scale of growing or dealing was larger, was regional rather than local. Though it was a point of pride with him to call for outside help as seldom as possible, he did occasionally call on the state police, with whom he had always been on good terms. Marvin McLeroy, a senior detective in the state narcotics office in Lufkin, recalled taking some of his men to stake out a large field of marijuana that Tindall, who didn't have the manpower to watch it, had found deep in the woods in San Augustine County. The growers got spooked and escaped, but the state police tore out sixty thousand plants.

"Of course, working in San Augustine was always a unique experience," McLeroy told me. "Because if it wasn't cleared with Nathan it didn't happen. I could drive through the county, not even stop for a cup of coffee, and when I got back to my office the phone would ring and it would be Tindall wanting to know what I was doing. The man had *resources*."

Ricky Allen, another state narcotics officer, said, "I went over there to San Augustine once to bust a dealer named Bo Barnes. Nathan asked me, 'What's he got?' I told him something like five pounds of pot. Nathan wanted to just phone the old boy and tell him to get on down to the jailhouse with the dope. I told him I didn't want to do that. I wanted to go out there with a search warrant. Nathan said, 'A *search* warrant?' Finally, we just drove out to Bo's trailer, and Nathan hollered for him to come on out, and he did. Then Nathan told him to go back in and get all his dope and cash. And Bo did it. He brung out four or five pounds of pot and twenty-three hundred dollars. We arrested him, but Bo kept saying it was all a mistake. See, he had been dealing coke, and Nathan had told him to stop, so Bo figured that meant it was O.K. to go back to selling pot, because

Sheriff Charles Bryan, right, a local butcher, made "drugs" his main campaign theme and defeated Tindall. Bryan hired Larry Saurage, a chief deputy with a background in narcotics work, who brought an aura of big-city policing to San Augustine.

the Captain didn't tell him he couldn't."

Federal agencies were not among Tindall's resources. He had worked with the F.B.I. when it was chasing draft evaders during the Vietnam era, and he claims to have always had cordial dealings with the feds. But his deep reluctance to invite them into San Augustine was well known, both locally and in the federal offices in Beaumont and elsewhere. Charles Ruth, a former federal magistrate in Beaumont, said, "Tindall didn't think he needed the F.B.I., and the F.B.I. is trained to be egomaniacs, so there was a problem." Marvin McLeroy said, "Nathan and San Augustine have been a thorn in the side of the feds for a *long* time." Thus, when the federal government—not just the F.B.I. but the Drug Enforcement Administration, various task forces, and every ambitious federal prosecutor in America—got more interested in the drug trade, as part of the ever-escalating war on drugs of the mid-eighties, Tindall was not necessarily aware of the fact.

Around the same time, cocaine began to replace marijuana as the main commodity in the East Texas drug trade. Cocaine moved much faster than pot, in every sense. It cost more, yielded a higher profit, involved much higher levels of the criminal world, was far harder to interdict, and, in the form of crack—the cheap, smokable version of the drug, which soon caught on locally—wreaked on its users a social and medical havoc unlike anything associated with marijuana. "Cocaine is just another level," Mark McDaniel, the itinerant lawman, said. "It's *hard* to bust. And Tindall didn't have the training, the people, the knowledge, the technology."

Tindall did have a notion, though, about who was bringing cocaine into San Augustine, and he mentioned his notion to McLeroy, of the state police, in 1987. The suspect was Lenard Jackson, a local black man who had lived for many years in Houston but still had family in San Augustine. Jackson's brother Herbert was, in fact, the county's first black commissioner, and he was still in office. "But we didn't go after Lenard Jackson, because he lived in Houston," McLeroy told me. "And Nathan, you know, probably didn't contact anybody else who could've done something. Nathan only talked to people he liked."

LENARD JACKSON grew up in Greertown, a rural community in northern San Augustine County, at the eastern end of an old black district known as the Pre-Emption. No part of the county swarms with more ghosts than the Pre-Emption. After Emancipation, ex-slaves flocked to the area. It had been lightly settled by whites, for it was hilly and heavily wooded, roads were poor or nonexistent, and the soil was sandy. Unclaimed land could be "pre-empted," or homesteaded, for as little as fifty cents an acre. Jackson's great-grandfather Claiborne Greer was a slave on the Greer plantation and then one of the early black landowners, in what came to be called Greertown. The black settlers logged and cleared their fields by hand. They grew corn, peas, cotton, watermelons, and peanuts. They raised hogs and cattle and farmed with mules. People worshipped at little clapboard Baptist churches in the woods and, in summer, gathered for baseball tournaments with black teams from all over East Texas and western Louisiana.

Lenard Jackson, who was born in 1948, grew up as the countryside was starting to empty. The Second World War had pulled large numbers of people off the land, and after the war many chose not to return to life behind a plow or on the end of a crosscut saw. Small-scale Southern farming was becoming, in any case, less viable—Lenard Jackson picked cotton in the red lands as a boy, but cotton was then leaving San Augustine for the flatlands of West Texas—and black farmers, unable to finance new equipment and expansion, were disappearing fastest. Between 1940 and 1960, the rural black population in Texas fell fifty per cent; the number of black farmers fell seventy per cent.

Today, there is no black commercial farming in Greertown or anywhere else in the Pre-Emption. Those black-owned fields still under cultivation are leased to white farmers, who use Mexican itinerant labor. Most of the old fields are now forest again—thickly overgrown with slash pine. Perhaps half the land in the Pre-Emption still belongs to blacks, and title to much of that is hopelessly mired among absentee heirs.

Frank Jackson, Lenard's father, hung on to his land. He was a farmer and logger; he and his wife had fifteen children. Lenard, the eighth, was in the tenth grade at the segregated high school in San Augustine when Frank died, in 1966. Lenard left school and went to work hauling pulpwood. Like his older siblings, most of whom had already left for California or Houston, Lenard saw plainly that his chances of making a decent living in San Augustine were bleak. The only black people doing so were schoolteachers, the undertaker, the insurance agent, and a few enterprising souls who supplemented legal incomes with bootlegging. None of those avenues were open to Lenard, and in 1969 he ended up moving to Houston.

He joined the construction workers' union and started as a laborer. There was plenty of work: Houston boomed throughout the nineteen-seventies. Jackson rose to labor foreman, concrete foreman, general foreman. He was, from all accounts, a ferociously hard worker. He took a second job at night, and with his savings he bought a garbage truck. He landed a contract to haul garbage from Burger Kings, and found a dump that stayed open until midnight. As a labor foreman, Jackson became a kind of one-man hiring hall for other young men from San Augustine. Thus, when he went out on his own as a construction contractor, in the mid-seventies, he had a pool of loyal, experienced workers to draw on. By that time, he had married Girtha Mae Polley, who was from East Liberty—his mother's home place, a few miles northeast of Greertown—and had bought his first house, a bungalow out among the gasworks and bayous east of Houston. His company started pouring foundations for Sambo's, a chain of twenty-four-hour restaurants. "There were a lot of jokes," Jackson recalled. "You know, 'Got a bunch of Sambos out here doing the Sambo's.' But that didn't bother me too much. The work was good."

The work was very good, especially once Jackson had begun winning contracts to build the little L-shaped shopping centers, known as "strip centers," that surround Houston in their multitudes. By the early eighties, his company, LJ Construction, employed eighty people, including most of his eleven brothers, and had jobs going all over metropolitan Houston. "If we was in Houston, and we was ridin', I could show you some of the buildings we made to come up out of the ground," Herbert Jackson, who occasionally worked for Lenard, told me. "Seems like we must have poured half the concrete in Houston." Only Herbert and one disabled sister stayed for extended periods in Greertown, with their widowed mother, but all the children, led by Lenard, contributed to the maintenance of the place, and to the regular replacement of their mother's Ford with a new one. To many people in black San Augustine, the Jacksons were, in fact, an exemplary family: hardworking and dutiful toward their elders.

"So, you like kids?"

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Lenard, now the prosperous contractor, bought a lot in Pearland, a flat, windy exurb south of Houston, and built a sprawling, one-story Spanish-style brick house with six arches across the front and tinted windows. The house acquired mythic proportions back in San Augustine: Roger Hale told me that it was worth three-quarters of a million dollars, though its real value was perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand. It was a powerful symbol, in any case, of a local boy's success in the city. Jackson also bought another such symbol: a secondhand Rolls-Royce—not, he later said, because he particularly liked the car but because his wife liked it and because it would hold its resale value. (He continued to drive a pickup truck.) He raised rabbits in his back yard, and put in a modest basketball court, and on weekends he held barbecues at his house for the many young San Augustinians who worked for him. The fact that he was widely admired and considered a fair employer sometimes put Jackson in a difficult position. "If you said you were from San Augustine, and needed money, I'd find something for you, because I knew how it was, trying to get started," he recalled. "But that meant I worked a lot of San Augustine guys I didn't need. And that hurt me down the line."

When the Texas economy crashed, in the nineteen-eighties, Houston construction went down with it. Jackson's business began to suffer from competition with what he called "Spanish guys"—undocumented Mexican laborers working for Anglo contractors for four dollars an hour. Some of Jackson's workers had been making more than a hundred dollars a day. He lowered that to eighty, and then, when things got desperate, to sixty.

At some point—exactly when is a matter of dispute—Jackson went into the illegal-drug trade. First marijuana, according to the state narcotics police, and then cocaine. "I had a lot of things to keep up, people to take care of," he told me.

COCAINE made its way into Deep East Texas by various routes. Some came from Los Angeles, through family contacts with the Crips and the Bloods, the vast L.A. street gangs. Typically, a gang member in trouble with the law in L.A. would come to hide out with his country grandparents, find that the local cocaine market was ill-protected or nonexistent, and move to establish a franchise, bringing in drugs overland from the West Coast. Most of the cocaine trade in East Texas, however, was carried on by local entrepreneurs.

Being near Houston was convenient. "Houston has replaced Miami as the nation's drug capital," the United States Attorney in Beaumont told me. (California officials make the same claim for Los Angeles.) Whatever its ranking, Houston has become the clearing house for a staggering amount of cocaine. Both of the world's preëminent cocaine empires, the Cali and the Medellín cartels of Colombia, have established large-scale import-and-distribution operations there.

American dealers buy from the Colombians at whatever level they can afford. The domestic dealerships are ethnically segmented—white and Latino traffickers sell powdered cocaine, mostly to white and Latino users, while African-Americans sell crack, mostly to black users—but are otherwise diffuse and loosely structured. For sophistication and corporate-style discipline, certainly no local drug organization can compete with the Colombian suppliers, who are regarded with awe by many of their retailers. "They won't even do business with nobody that starts using drugs," a black former crack dealer in Houston told me. "They find out you're using, they just kill you." This rule, if it is indeed ever applied, was definitely not followed in San Augustine in the mid-eighties, when Arthur Watts and Willie Ray (Blue Tick) Edwards, two part-time pulpwood haulers and full-time ne'er-do-wells, hooked up with a couple of low-level Colombian dealers, brothers named Aldon and Ivan Aguirre, in Houston, and began to run small quantities of cocaine up into the woods to support their own habits.

The demand for cocaine exploded with the invention of crack. In East Texas, makeshift legions of small-time dealers began shuttling between Houston and their home towns, typically buying an ounce or two of powder, "rocking it up" into crack, selling five- and ten- and twenty-dollar rocks to cover costs, and smoking up their profits. The Arthur Wattses and Blue Tick Edwardses were unlikely to be left alone in a business with such volume and positive cash flow, and in San Augustine they were soon joined by an older, far cannier, and more sober businessman—Lenard Jackson. According to the F.B.I., Jackson started buying cocaine in kilogram quantities in Houston from a mid-level Colombian connection named Celestino Morales, who was linked to the Cali cartel, and some of the young men who worked in Jackson's construction firm started carrying it with them on their frequent trips home to San Augustine.

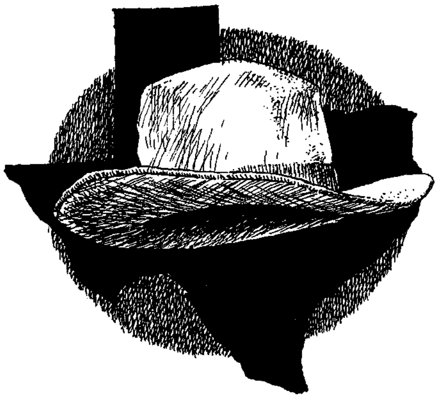
Jackson's couriers included Harlon Kelly and his half brother Steven Kelly, who was an "outside" son of Jackson's. Jackson had bought a modern ranch house behind his family's farm in Greertown, and the Kelly brothers were soon doing a roaring cocaine business there, building a network of sub-dealers, many of them former high-school classmates who had either stayed in San Augustine or, like them, returned unemployed from Houston. These sub-dealers, who included Roger Hale's son Daryl, were usually not drug users, though some, such as Harlon Kelly, had a parent who was a cocaine addict.

Crack caught on in San Augustine mainly in poor black neighborhoods—in the Quarters and, especially, in the Sunset Hills housing project. "It was a good high," Shirley Bell, a Sunset Hills resident, told me, simply. "Something to do. And everybody else was doing it." Bell's son, Michael, who was a friend and former classmate of the Kellys' and Daryl Hale's, objected to his mother's smoking crack, though his own authority on the subject was limited by the fact that he himself was selling it. In fact, Michael Bell became one of the more successful local dealers. He had not had a job since high school—and had never left San Augustine—but he started driving a new car, bought a number of quarter horses (including one that was reported to have cost nine thousand dollars), and, in early 1989, vacationed in Acapulco with Daryl Hale and another friend. "Easy money," his mother said flatly. "Everybody saw it, everybody wanted it."

Sarah Oliphant, a Sunset Hills resident, got hooked on crack in November, 1988. She soon lost her job, and eventually her health. "These whole projects, we was really lookin' rough and ugly," she recalled. "Everybody skinny and sickly. I wore a sweater cap, 'cause I wouldn't comb my hair. I got down to ninety-eight pounds." That's perhaps half of what she weighs today. "She was po' as a snake," her mother put in.

A few whites got into crack, but the illegal drugs of choice among whites remained marijuana and methamphetamine, or speed, both of which are produced locally, the East Texas woods being almost as convenient for meth labs, which give off a powerful telltale odor, as for pot growing. Among a few white crack addicts who gained the trust of the black dealers in San Augustine were Dave Husband's daughter, Sheila Fussell, and the troubled heir to a drygoods fortune, who used to drive over from Louisiana.

The radius of the San Augustine cocaine market grew well beyond the county's boundaries during the first half of 1989. Customers, and even small-time dealers, from the surrounding counties (and from Fort Polk, a Louisiana Army base eighty-five miles away, where at least a regiment of crackheads seemed to be stationed) started making their way to San Augustine—to Jackson's ranch house, or to Sunset Hills, or to Blue Tick Edwards' trailer, out on a country road known as Spur 85—to score. Some San Augustine dealers also went on the road: one would rent a motel room in, say, Center, the next town north, for a weekend and sell off a load of rocks to local users. For San Augustine's young entrepreneurs, who were accustomed to being patronized by their traditional rivals in Center as the natives of a backward county without industry or initiative, it was a sweet turnabout.



Another kind of socioeconomic turnabout was occurring within San Augustine, as a growing number of young black men began to display unprecedented buying power at local car dealerships and at clothing and jewelry and furniture stores. In some cases, these were the same establishments that had once punished the ancestors of the prosperous new customers for nonpayment of their bills with whippings or forced land-title transfers. The drug dealers paid cash. But the most startling image of the new black prosperity, and surely the most difficult for many whites to accept, was Lenard Jackson, up from Houston, tooling around in his blue Rolls-Royce.

Dave Husband, people often say, went into the drug trade simply because he couldn't bear the thought of Jackson's being a more successful entrepreneur than he was. More likely, Husband, who owned a tavern where a lot of small-scale drug dealing went on, just saw a business opportunity too tempting to pass up. "Daddy was raised to bootleg, and somewhere back in his head he probably never saw no difference between bootlegging and the drug business," Sheila Fussell says. "He told me later that he'd started losing most of his liquor business to the drug business. And he just 'wanted to see what the drug business was like.' Those were his words."

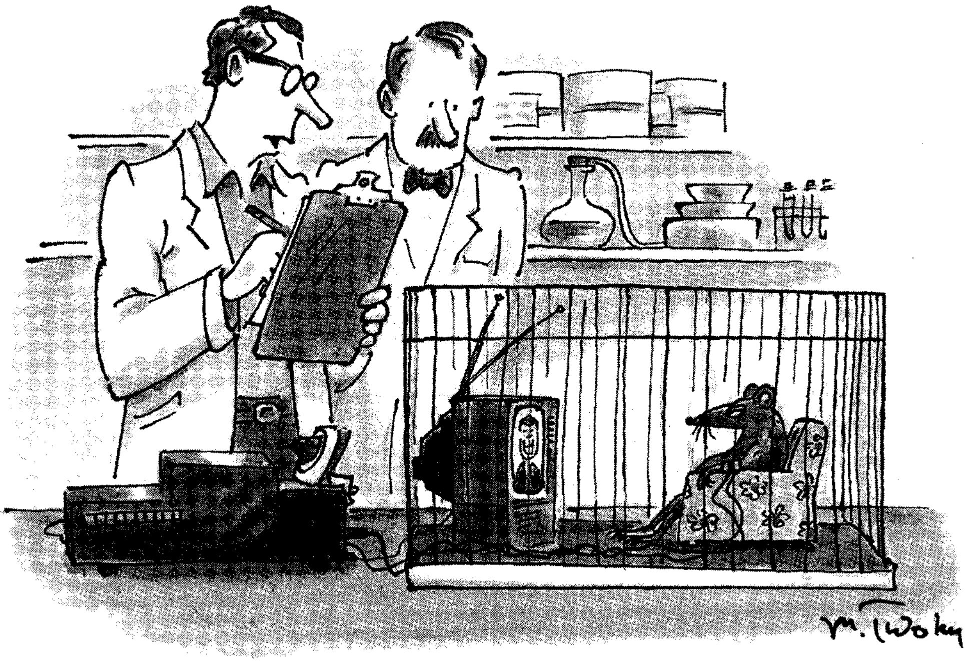
Jackson, instead of resenting the new competition, apparently welcomed Husband's entry into the trade, perhaps on the theory that Husband might divert some of the unwelcome law-enforcement attention he himself had begun to attract. According to the F.B.I., Jackson introduced Husband to Celestino Morales, in Houston, and Morales began to supply Husband with cocaine directly. In San Augustine, Husband dealt mainly in wholesale quantities, but Blue Tick Edwards recalls Husband's coming around to his trailer, ostensibly to help him break down a package and cook it up into crack, but really, Edwards believed, to watch his retail sales operation, to collect his payment before Edwards could spend it, and, if possible, to steal a few of Edwards' customers.

How extensive did the San Augustine drug trade become? The F.B.I., as has been noted, announced that seventy-five pounds of cocaine, with a street value of more than three million dollars, was passing through the county each week by mid-1989. These figures, if they were accurate, would have made San Augustine a major regional drug-distribution center. But other law-enforcement officials, such as Kenneth Kidwell, of the Drug Enforcement Administration in Tyler, questioned whether the drug problem in San Augustine was really any different from or bigger than the drug problem in other East Texas communities.

Be that as it may, Nathan Tindall's main challenger in the 1988 election for sheriff—a local butcher and former grocer named Charles Bryan, who had no law-enforcement experience—made "drugs" virtually the entire basis of his campaign, and it was soon clear that he was reaching voters with his message. People frightened by the rapid growth of the drug trade, or by the ravages of crack, began moving toward Bryan. This group included both whites, some of whom simply didn't like the idea of blacks' getting uppity—a prejudice that "drugs" covered nicely—and blacks, who had traditionally voted for Tindall but were now worried that he wasn't doing enough to stop drugs.

It wasn't true that Tindall was doing little or nothing about the problem. He had suspected Lenard Jackson a year earlier, after all, and had reported him to the state narcotics police then. He ran regular stings on dealers and users, and harassed the more hapless mid-level dealers, like Blue Tick Edwards, mercilessly. "Mr. Nathan arrested me so many times," Edwards recalled. "He picked me up every two or three months. Caught me once in the projects with some cocaine, and got me and my wife thrown out of Sunset Hills. That's how we ended up in my trailer."

Still, a consensus obviously formed among voters that it was time for a change in the sheriff's office—that, for whatever reasons, cocaine was getting away from Tindall. The solidly black precincts still went heavily for the high sheriff, but the county's white voters, particularly the couple of thousand newcomers down on Sam Rayburn Reservoir, put Bryan over the top in the Democratic primary in the spring, and then, when Tindall managed to get his name on the ballot for the general election, defeated him again in November.



"Five thousand hours, and his vital signs are still strong."

OPERATION WHITE TORNADO began as two separate investigations—one local, the other external. The local effort was the initiative of Larry Saurage, the chief deputy sheriff, whom Charles Bryan hired when he took office. Bryan, though he looks the part of a Texas sheriff—he's tall, heavy, firm-jawed, and white-haired, and wears a white cowboy hat—had wisely grasped the fact that his career as a butcher and groceryman had not prepared him for a leadership role in law enforcement, and he had gone looking for an experienced chief deputy. Saurage, a well-travelled lawman who was then working narcotics down in Chambers County, between Houston and Beaumont, fit the bill. He came to San Augustine in January of 1989, and within a few weeks he had brought in Betty Donatto, a black undercover narcotics agent from the Liberty County sheriff's office (Liberty is next door to Chambers), to help him put together drug cases in San Augustine. Donatto, passing herself off as Bennie Lee Thibodeaux, a good-time girl originally from Louisiana, was paired up by Saurage with a local informant, who helped her infiltrate the county's drug scene, starting in the Sunset Hills housing project.

Meanwhile, Marvin McLeroy, of the state narcotics office, had begun his own investigation in San Augustine the previous September, prompted by persistent reports that Lenard Jackson, Dave Husband, Blue Tick Edwards, Arthur Watts, and Daryl Hale were dealing drugs, and by rumors of corruption in the sheriff's office. McLeroy, without informing any local agency of his activities, used informants to buy cocaine from Arthur Watts and Daryl Hale, and invited federal authorities into the investigation. (Charles Bryan, while still a candidate for sheriff, had also got in touch with the United States Attorney's office in Beaumont about the drug problem in San Augustine.) Stuart Platt, an assistant federal prosecutor, now took charge of the investigation, with field command going to F.B.I. Special Agent Zechariah (Zack) Shelton. Shelton had played a leading part in a 1988 investigation of Sheriff James Wade, of Orange County, near Beaumont, which resulted in Wade's conviction on federal drug and corruption charges. And Platt and Shelton's chief quarry in San Augustine seems to have been, from the outset, Nathan Tindall—whom Shelton later described to me as "a true boss-hog sheriff." The state and federal investigators continued to shun local law-enforcement offices in San Augustine. For local assistance, they turned to the Shelby County district attorney's office, in Center, and to Robert Cartwright, a young policeman in Port Arthur, whose father, John Matthew Cartwright, was a patrolman in the San Augustine town police.

But then, in March, Platt and Shelton's men began to run across Betty Donatto's trail in San Augustine. Concerned that her investigation might inadvertently abort theirs, they went to the Liberty County sheriff's office, learned of Saurage's operation, and got in touch with Saurage. According to Shelton, Saurage was angry to discover that outside agencies were working on his new turf. He agreed to coöperate with the F.B.I. and the state narcotics office, however, though his boss, Charles Bryan, whose ability to keep professional secrets was untested, was to be left in the dark. John Matthew Cartwright's superior, the town chief of police, was also left in the dark—even though the command center for Platt and Shelton's operation was set up in a trailer in a pecan orchard behind Cartwright's mother's house. (A tornado that spring, which rocked the trailer, gave rise to the operation's catchy title.) For Chief Deputy Saurage, actively running undercover agents and informants right under the nose of even an inexperienced sheriff soon proved to be more trouble than it was worth, and in April he and his colleagues let Charles Bryan in on the operation. According to the F.B.I.'s Shelton, "We just told Bryan, 'Stay out of our way, and we'll make you a hero.' "

Betty Donatto, who is a sleepy-eyed, soft-voiced, russet-haired woman in her early forties, remained the key agent of the combined operation. She had been doing police work for only a few years, having worked previously as a computer operator in California and as a journalist in Liberty County, but, once she started in law enforcement, she had risen quickly, becoming a small-town police chief and then discovering a talent for undercover work. Her partner in San Augustine, a local crack addict named Bo Garrett, had been dubious about her at first. Her skin was too light for her to pass unaccosted in the black drug world, he thought. But Donatto figured that the Louisiana cover story would help ease suspicion, since Louisiana was known for its mixed-race population; and, besides, her real upbringing in a black family in East Texas gave her the wherewithal to blend in socially.

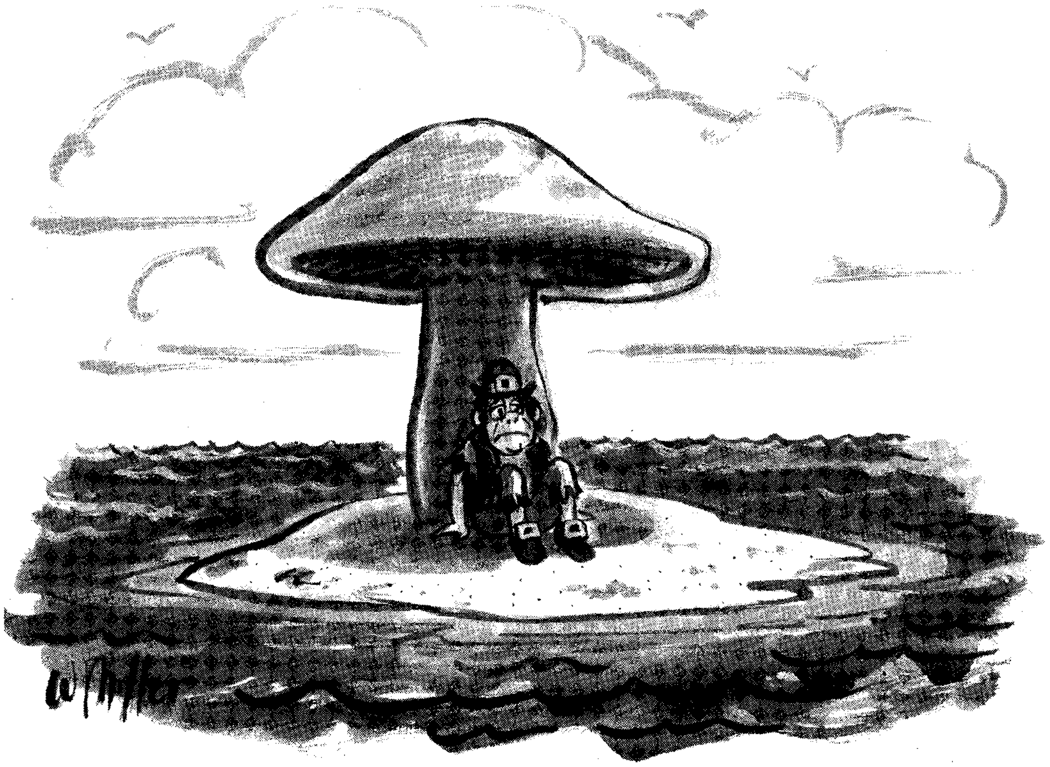
"It worked good," she told me later, in a restaurant in Houston. "We just told people I was Bo's girlfriend, living in Houston. I started out buying twenty-dollar rocks, and moved on up to one-fifties. If people wondered why I never smoked, I told 'em I worked for the airlines—'Hey, I gotta take a pee test tomorrow.' I'd say I was just up there to see Bo, and I was buying for somebody in Houston. I was driving a white Corvette—a seized vehicle from Liberty County. That got their attention."

Donatto laughed lightly. "I mean, San Augustine was *sad.* A lot of the people there didn't even have cars. It was like they had no connection to the outside world. After a while, I started feeling like Santa Claus. I used to buy a box of chicken, maybe a case of beer, and drive up into the projects, and they'd all come crowd around the car, ask me for chicken and beer, and tell me everything that was going on. 'Hey, Jackson's in town!'

"Nobody was afraid of the city police. The crooks were afraid of Tindall, and they told me to watch out for him, because he still ran the show, even if he was in the background. But San Augustine was pretty unusual—at least, when I was there. It was so open and free. And you could kind of understand it, because you're really away from everything up there. If you had the right amount of money, it was like you could set up your own little world, and nobody could touch you. I could see how Dave Husband and Lenard Jackson thought they'd never get caught. There were all these weak-minded people around who they could just control. In the projects, the Ranch"—Lenard Jackson's house in Greertown—"was considered Heaven."

Donatto befriended some of the local crackheads and dealers, including Sarah Oliphant and Michael Bell. She bought cocaine from Blue Tick Edwards, out in his trailer on Spur 85, on several occasions, sometimes encountering Roger Hale there (those encounters helped put Hale away), and ultimately managed to overcome the suspicions of Willie Earl Dade, Tindall's ex-deputy, and buy half an ounce from him behind a tavern on U.S. 96, for six hundred dollars—the largest purchase she made in San Augustine.

She had no luck buying dope from Dave Husband, however. "The word was, Husband didn't deal anything



small. It was half a kilo on up, and you needed an introduction. We tried to make buys with a couple of different informants, but they both failed. I was there for the second one. It was a white girl from Jasper, who said she'd bought from him before. But Husband just said he didn't know what she was talking about."

Donatto knew that a major target of the federal investigation was Nathan Tindall. "They told me to find out anything I could about Tindall being crooked," she said. "But all I ever got was hearsay."

Eventually, Donatto made her way out to the paradise of Lenard Jackson's ranch house, in the company of a young woman, "a hyper crack smoker" whom she had hooked up with. This young woman was among the select customers who were welcome to visit the ranch house, and Donatto watched her make a buy from "Jackson's sons," as she knew Harlon and Steven Kelly. Donatto later began going out there on her own, and succeeded in buying half an ounce of crack from Roy Jackson, one of Lenard's brothers. Roy subsequently invited her "to go partying to Louisiana with him." Donatto wanted to go, but Shelton and Saurage thought it sounded too risky. "Zack was a nervous wreck about me," Donatto recalled. "I appreciated that, because working in San Augustine was lonely. Working undercover for a long time gets weird. They say you should never do it for more than three months. You forget who you are. You can't think about anything else. I'd go home to Liberty County to see my daughter, but all I could think about was how I wasn't really getting what the feds wanted. I actually couldn't wait to get back in my dirty jeans and my Corvette, and this straw hat I always wore up there."

Other local informants were also used. One of them was a small-time dealer named Ricky Davis. Fitted out with a tape recorder, Davis allegedly managed to buy half an ounce of powdered cocaine in April from Dave Husband's brother Buck—though the tape ran out before the deal was consummated. Davis claimed that in the past he had bought cocaine from Dave Husband himself, and also from Husband's son Neil. But Davis had a credibility problem. When his controllers heard that he was still selling drugs, even while he was informing, they took him to a secluded park in San Augustine to discuss the matter with him. Davis denied the reports vehemently. Then Betty Donatto stepped out from behind a tree. "He had been selling to me," Donatto said, laughing. "He didn't know I was a narc. Ricky about fainted. We worked together after that. But he was always a nervous wreck."

In late April, "pen registers" were attached to the telephones of various suspects, recording the time, the date, and the number dialled for outgoing calls, and in May the F.B.I. and the state narcotics police began actually tapping the telephones of more than a dozen "subject individuals" in and around San Augustine. Agent Shelton's application to a federal district judge for permission to do more wiretapping, including Nathan Tindall's phone, described the progress of Operation White Tornado, and concluded, "Normal investigative procedures have been tried and failed." Some of the failures of normal investigative procedures were evident in the application itself, which described Michael Bell as being married to his mother, assured the judge that Dave Husband owned the town's one hotel (this would have been news to Husband), and twice described Husband as Nathan Tindall's nephew.

The "Facts and Circumstances Overview" section of Shelton's application relied heavily on "facts" obtained from confidential informants; the news that Husband was Tindall's nephew, for instance, came from two separate informants, the second "corroborating" the first, according to Shelton. One of these two informants was in the county jail in Houston, had been to San Augustine once, and had evidently never met Tindall, yet was able to assure Shelton that Tindall was corrupt. The other in-

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GREEN RIVER CEMETERY: SPRINGS

Strange to be among them in the noon sun
with their fabulous night histories,
the welter and crush of downtown tableaux
above Second Avenue or at Hotel Earle,
honeycomb of lambent episode.

Big silence in the midday heat
except for insect whirr and a passing car:
you imagine them under the sandy ground,
under the slate and granite markers,
and pretend to hear, faintly at first,

as if through the woods at night,
the stream of delicious talk,
the rages, dishing, and whispered come-ons,
the posturing and retort
at the murderous cocktail party, the fifties,

Speed and Nerve presiding
right before it blew into a camp B-movie
cavalcade of car wrecks, Lithium,
and broken hearts
(soundtrack by Schoenberg

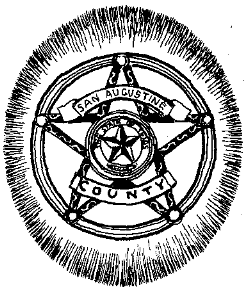
and Elmer Bernstein). The afterglow of them:
neon on a sunny day—
celluloid in flames,
the fried image and random splice,
wild parabolas, butchery.

—August Kleinzahler

formant—who was unnamed in the application—was Ricky Davis, and he claimed that he had seen Edgar Price, one of Lenard Jackson's couriers, pay Tindall a thousand dollars during a traffic stop in 1987 or 1988. "Affiant believes," wrote Shelton, referring to himself, "that Nathan Tindall was integrally involved in providing protection to various cocaine dealers." He added that he suspected Tindall might be laundering money for Husband and Arthur Watts through a local bank where he was then working. Shelton even managed to interpret Marvin McLeroy's report that Tindall had approached him about Lenard Jackson's activities in 1987 as evidence that Jackson must have started paying off Tindall then.

The additional wiretaps were authorized, and the investigators, listening in from their trailer in the pecan orchard, continued to gather information on the San Augustine drug trade. Some of the dealers, although they were usually infuriatingly vague and wary on the phone, made some reasonably incriminating remarks, but Nathan Tindall apparently never said anything of interest. "I'm just lucky that Dave Husband and them others never had accounts at my bank," Tindall told me. "Because if they did the feds would have put that on me, called it laundering."

In late May, the commanders of Operation White Tornado decided that it was time to pounce. Betty Donatto was astonished. "I couldn't believe they wanted to pull the cord then," she says. "I had just worked my way up from the projects to the Ranch, and I only needed a couple more months. We could have got more on the Houston connection, Louisiana, the Colombians. Zack Shelton knew I thought it was too soon. But he said Ricky Davis said the crooks were getting suspicious of me and were going to bump me off. Except everybody knew that Ricky was a nervous wreck. He just wanted the whole thing to end."



And so, late on the rainy afternoon of June 2, 1989, a vast paramilitary convoy, complete with newspaper reporters and TV camera crews, streamed into San Augustine, carrying more than two hundred heavily armed agents from the F.B.I., the Drug Enforcement Administration, the United States Customs Service, the United States Marshals, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, the Army's Criminal Investigation Division, the state Highway Patrol, the state police, the Texas Rangers, and police departments and sheriff's offices in half a dozen nearby counties and parishes, with helicopters thundering overhead. Houses, taverns, trailers, and liquor stores were raided on the strength of seventeen federal search warrants. Property was seized and suspects were arrested on the basis of three sealed federal indictments and sixteen criminal complaints. In the TV footage, burly agents swarm up U.S. 96, brandishing automatic weapons and shouting as they order frightened black people down on their faces in the mud. Lenard Jackson, who, with his wife, had attended the high-school graduation of a niece and a nephew up in Shelby County that afternoon, was stopped on the highway by a patrol car backed up by a helicopter. He was made to stand spread-eagled, his hands on the hot hood of his Rolls-Royce, a gun at his head. Dave Husband was arrested at his store. Willie Earl Dade was found in his girlfriend's trailer, about to cook up a batch of cocaine—the only drugs actually found in the raid. Little or no resistance was offered. The only injury occurred when Blue Tick Edwards, surprised in his trailer, tried to flee, and dislocated his shoulder in the ensuing struggle. "Me and my wife just been laying up in the bed all day, using drugs and making love, and I didn't know what was going on," he said later. By nightfall, thirty-one suspects had been taken into custody. Tindall, who had not been named in either the indictments or the complaints, was not arrested.

Betty Donatto was there for the raid, but did little. "I was in a vehicle with some F.B.I. guys," she recalled. "And they had every type of gun you can name. Machine guns, AK-47s. Of course, they didn't need all them guns and dogs and a helicopter in little San Augustine. But I kept quiet. I just figured, This is really gonna make Larry and his sheriff look good. That's what this is about." And on the courthouse square that evening, watching the crowd applaud and the TV cameras jostle for position as a handcuffed Lenard Jackson was hustled into the jail, Donatto marvelled at Charles Bryan's performance. "Larry's sheriff," who had been so firmly excluded from Operation White Tornado, was reaping the reward that Zack Shelton had promised him. "There he was, shaking hands and grinning and accepting all the credit," Donatto recalled. "And I told my captain, Tom, who came up from Liberty County for the raid, 'I can't *believe* this.' At the end of the whole situation, I just had to give that man an Academy Award."

NATURALLY, Nathan Tindall said that if it had been up to him he'd have conducted Operation White Tornado by telephone, just calling up the suspects and telling them to come on down to the jailhouse and bring their dope. He'd probably have got more dope that way than the pittance the feds found, too, he reckoned. Why did the feds stage the raid when they did? According to Tindall, the answer was that they were nervous because he, Tindall, had just started work as an investigator for Charles Mitchell, the district attorney (who knew nothing about Operation White Tornado), and they were afraid that he might break up the drug trade himself, stealing all their glory. As it happened, Mitchell let Tindall go immediately, reasoning that the former sheriff would not make an effective investigator while under a cloud of federal suspicion.

That cloud only darkened in the days after the raid, as veiled and not so veiled charges began to rain down on Tindall. Stuart Platt explained to reporters that Operation White Tornado had been necessary because local law enforcement in San Augustine had been "compromised." The F.B.I., during detention hearings in Beaumont for the White Tornado defendants, testified, according to the Beaumont *Enterprise*, that "Tindall was difficult to work with and offered little cooperation on drug investigations."

It seemed only a matter of time before he would be indicted, his disgrace complete. On the day after the drug raid, Tindall was served with a federal court order to turn over the bank records of seven of the White Tornado suspects, and a few weeks later he was subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury in Beaumont to answer allegations by one of the suspects that he had taken payoffs. In early July, Tindall's house was searched twice in one week by Zack Shelton and Larry Saurage. On the second visit, they were accompanied by I.R.S. agents. Tindall's tax records were seized, along with dozens of old guns he had taken from the evidence room at the sheriff's office when he left, and a small bag of marijuana. The marijuana was a prop that Tindall had been using for years in anti-drug lectures at schools, and the guns still had evidence tags on them—Tindall had left instructions that anybody who wanted to reclaim a weapon should get in touch with him—but the episode did little to improve his press. "SEARCH OF EX-SHERIFF'S HOUSE NETS GUNS, DRUGS" was how the Beaumont *Enterprise* played it, illustrating its story with a photograph of Charles Bryan with the confiscated arsenal. The San Augustine *Tribune*, a timid weekly in normal times, actually ran verbatim several paragraphs of the search warrant that Larry Saurage had sworn out in order to enter the home of the county's former boss hog.

Bryan, Saurage, Shelton, Platt, and Platt's superior, United States Attorney Bob Wortham, were the local (and not so local) heroes of the hour. Zack Shelton was shown on ABC News making a speech on the San Augustine courthouse square, where, according to Peter Jennings, residents were "cheering the police who liberated their town."

As a news story, Operation White Tornado worked. It had good guys, bad guys (Lenard Jackson's seized Rolls-Royce made countless TV appearances, as the lurid emblem of a black man's ill-gotten gains), and a great little official-corruption angle. It also revealed a vivid new front in the war on drugs—a picturesque, one-stoplight Southern town, where American flags hung over canopied sidewalks on the courthouse square—and even some San Augustinians seemed pleased to see the raid in that quasi-national context. Dr. Curtis Haley, a conservative local landowner and physician, circulated a public resolution, signed by some six hundred of his neighbors, thanking Bob Wortham and his colleagues and urging them, "Please continue with your crusade of providing a Drug Free America not only in this community and county but all others in the great State of Texas." Virtually nothing was said publicly about the disparity between the amount of cocaine alleged to have been moving through San Augustine—the often repeated seventy-five pounds a week, worth more than three million dollars—and the amount actually found during the raid. Two hundred agents making a lightning strike had turned up only five ounces of drugs.

The White Tornado defendants, for their part, could not seem to win for losing. Barely a week after the raid, it emerged that Dave Husband was now suspected of having buried the bodies of an undetermined number of undocumented Mexican workers on his land. Government bulldozers began turning acres of rolling pastureland along the Attoyac River into a vast open-pit mine while the press corps camped out under the trees. Husband had employed illegal Mexican labor for many years, and five undocumented workers had, in fact, been found in a trailer behind his liquor store during the drug raid. But the workers found in the trailer later signed a joint statement asserting that, contrary to press reports, they had not been beaten by Husband. And no bodies were ever found.

The number of defendants rose eventually to fifty-seven, and the guilty pleas began to flow in early August. Daryl Hale, Roger's son, was the first White Tornado defendant to coöperate with prosecutors in exchange for reduced charges—a single count of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. By the end of September, Blue Tick Edwards, Willie Earl Dade, Roger Hale, Edgar Price, Michael Bell, Ivan Aguirre (Aldon Aguirre was still at large), and more than a dozen others had pleaded out. Each time someone pleaded, the remaining defendants grew more nervous, for it meant another finger quite likely being pointed at them. Thus did the stampede build, to twenty and thirty and forty

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guilty pleas. By early 1990, Dave Husband and Lenard Jackson and their immediate families and associates were the only significant defendants left.

But the federal prosecutors still did not have the man they wanted: Nathan Tindall. Lenard Jackson and company probably knew nothing incriminating about Tindall, the prosecutors thought, and so the issue did not figure in the negotiations with them. Those negotiations finally resulted, in March, in guilty pleas that brought down sentences of fifteen years on Lenard (his wife, the former Girtha Mae Polley, did not live to see him go to prison: she had committed suicide in December) and ten years each on his brother Roy, his son Steven Kelly, and Harlon Kelly. (Because these are federal sentences, they contain no possibility of parole.)

Dave Husband was another matter. The prosecutors' first offer to Husband was five years, and the return of his liquor store, which had been confiscated. Husband, convinced that the evidence against him was weak, turned it down. As his fellow-defendants began to coöperate, agreeing to testify against him, the offers from the prosecutors got less generous. Finally, in September, Husband agreed to plead guilty and to coöperate with the government in exchange for a sentence of twelve years, the forfeiture of his store, and a dismissal of the charges against his son. Coöperating with the government meant telling investigators what he knew about Nathan Tindall.

And then Husband's lawyer, Joseph C. Hawthorn, of Beaumont, made a colossal mistake. After coming to a verbal plea agreement with the prosecutors and with the federal judge, but before formalizing the agreement in court that afternoon, he let his client be debriefed by Stuart Platt, Zack Shelton, and Malcolm Bales, one of Platt's colleagues. In barely half an hour of conversation, Husband told the government the sum total of what he had on Tindall: nothing. "And Tindall was it," Hawthorn says. "He was our only bargaining chip." That afternoon, the judge changed his mind. Now he didn't like the sentence, and after a private conversation with Platt and Bales he rejected the plea agreement. Hawthorn's appeal to have the judge recused from the case was denied. And the government was no longer interested in any plea agreement with Husband.

Six months later, on the day that his son was to enter a guilty plea, Husband, now frantic that his son, whom he had drafted into the drug business to begin with, might go to jail, made the government an extraordinary offer. He would plead guilty to every charge against him—eight felony counts—if they would just assure him that his son wouldn't go to jail. The prosecutors agreed immediately. And Dave Husband, who was then forty-four years old, was subsequently sentenced, under the mandatory minimums that attach to all federal drug violations, to life in prison without the possibility of parole.

Except for its drastic incongruity among the punishments received by the other White Tornado defendants, Charles Mitchell has no problem with the sentence Dave Husband got. He has no problem, for that matter, with asking for the death sentence when a capital murder case comes his way. He does, however, have reservations about the way business is conducted in federal courts these days. "The new evidentiary rules in these drug cases, allowing what would ordinarily be hearsay, and so forth, are pretty outrageous," he says. "I mean, it's not much of a challenge to try a case when you're allowed to use evidence that would be inadmissible in a state court." And under such rules it's not much of a challenge to win guilty pleas from defendants once fellow-defendants start testifying against them. Mitchell believes that in the Texas courts, which are where he does his prosecuting, most of the cases against the White Tornado defendants would have been much more difficult to win, for lack of evidence. And Dave Husband would have walked free after a state court sentenced his son Neil to ten years for possession with intent to deliver cocaine, in what even Mitchell, who prosecuted Neil, agreed was a subversion of Dave Husband's plea agreement with federal prosecutors. But when Husband's lawyer argued in the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals that the plea agreement had been broken, the federal prosecutors contended that they had no control over state prosecutors; the judge agreed, and let Husband's life sentence stand.

Mitchell also had questions about the perennial federal investigation of Nathan Tindall. "If they really believed that he was putting fines in his pocket, they just needed to send an agent up here driving drunk," he said. "That's what I'd do. Buy him three or four quarts of beer, send him up here throwing bottles out the window. That would be pretty easy to clear up." With Tindall out of office, the feds were reduced, in Mitchell's view, to chasing shadows. "I could get on that phone right now and say, 'Tindall's got a cow out here,' " Mitchell told me. "And they would figure out a federal crime he was committing and be *on* his butt."

Why are the federal authorities so intent on Tindall?

"Well, they want to do what's right," Mitchell said. "If there's a dirty sheriff, they want to prosecute him. But, of course, sheriff's offices are also a fountainhead—or a cesspool, depending on how you look at it—of publicity."

The wave of publicity that accompanied Operation White Tornado left Mitchell unmoved, at best. "It was all just media hype," he said. "Lawyers in the square holding a pep rally—that borders on unethical behavior. Am I supposed to call a pep rally every time I go to try a murder case? Tell the world 'I'm going to cut out killing'? It would be popular, but it wouldn't mean very much." The raid itself had been a pointless display, in Mitchell's view, since of all the suspects only Dave Husband and Lenard Jackson could conceivably have fled prosecution. Routine arrests would have sufficed for everyone else.

Within the complex law-enforcement coalition that mounted Operation White Tornado, there were strains, inevitably, and after the drug raid they only got worse. The main point of contention was the division of spoils—who got what among the assets seized and ultimately forfeited. While Charles Bryan had been allowed to claim a major share of credit for the raid, his office was allotted just five per cent of the proceeds—the same amount that went to the San Augustine town police, and only a third of what the Liberty County sheriff's office received. According to federal officials, these allotments were determined by the actual contribution of each agency to the operation. Sheriff Bryan, who had evidently come to believe his own claims, was furious, and let

Willie Earl Tindall says she knew that her husband, Nathan, the former sheriff, was generous, but not that he was once a millionaire. "Are you kidding? I would've had my butt in a Cadillac the next minute."

the world know it, even vowing publicly not to let the F.B.I. back into San Augustine County. This was an empty threat, and federal officials responded by publicly announcing that the San Augustine sheriff's office had played no substantial role in Operation White Tornado, and by privately voicing scorn for Bryan's abilities, even suggesting that his incompetence had helped scuttle a post-raid investigation that might have netted major drug dealers in Houston. Eventually, the importance of the San Augustine drug trade was subtly downgraded by federal authorities. "I *like* local law enforcement to think that the biggest problems in the world are in their own back yard," Bob Wortham, the United States Attorney in Beaumont, told me. "That way, they take things seriously." Stuart Platt, Wortham's chief assistant, said, "You could do these types of cases in every town in East Texas."

Post-raid squabbling also broke out in San Augustine itself. Curt Goetz, the mayor, designed a stone marker for the courthouse lawn to commemorate White Tornado, but Charles Bryan and Larry Saurage were outraged when they discovered that Goetz's own name would be chiselled near the top of the list of the heroes of the raid, just above the names of Charles Mitchell and Jack Nichols, the county judge—this despite the fact that Goetz, Mitchell, and Nichols had, by their own admission, not even known about the investigation until the raid occurred. And Larry Saurage's name was relegated to the bottom of Goetz's marker. Sheriff Bryan, who believes he is officially responsible for the courthouse lawn, made his objections known to Goetz. "I told him just what I'd do if he put that thing up," Bryan told me. "I said I'd wrap a chain around it, pull it out of the ground with my truck, drag it over to his house, and dump it in his front yard." The marker proposal was tabled for further consideration.

Somehow, nearly all of White Tornado's principal characters managed to get together at a one-year anniversary celebration, dubbed Drug Independence Day, on the San Augustine courthouse square. Curt Goetz, Bob Wortham, Stuart Platt, and Zack Shelton all spoke, along with United States Representative Jim Chapman and Kenny Houston, of the National Football League's Hall of Fame. (Larry Saurage boycotted the celebration, though his name was on the program as a host.) Blackhawk helicopters from the United States Customs Service flew in for the day, and President Bush sent a telegram. Final success in the war on drugs was the consensus prediction. "Our commitment to eliminating narcotics cannot be diluted," Representative Chapman proclaimed. Media coverage was enthusiastic.

But for those who read to the end of the list of nearly two hundred official invitees in the program for Drug Independence Day there was a small surprise waiting: "N. L. Tindall." The disgraced ex-sheriff evidently still had some influential local supporters. While the federal authorities were still pursuing him—indeed, they were about to subpoena the records of his myriad land trades—he had still not been charged. After all the bad press he had received, and all the federal investigative attention, the fact that he was alive at all as a public figure seemed remarkable.

It even seemed to amaze the state police. More than a year after the anniversary celebration, I was talking to a group of state narcotics officers in Lufkin, and I mentioned that I had heard that Tindall was thinking about running for sheriff of San Augustine County again. There was a long, stunned silence. Finally, Ricky Allen, a huge, bearded undercover agent, spat tobacco juice into a can and said, "Seems like Nathan survived a pretty hard little old punch over there." I had the impression that the other old narcs in the room were struggling not to smile.

THE possibility that Tindall might rise from his political grave—and the likelihood of his resurrection seemed to grow with each passing week—posed an interesting question: Were San Augustinians somehow unhappy with the results of Operation White Tornado?

Certainly the San Augustine economy had been pretty well flattened by the drug raid. The late Edward Clark, the county's leading banker, said, "Money totally disappeared from this town after the drug bust. Stores that had been selling hundred-dollar hats, fifty-dollar shoes, their customers were just gone."

Even more, perhaps, than businesses, poor families felt the raid's impact. Susan Ramsey, a social worker, said, "Some of my clients did better after the raid. They stopped doing crack, and started getting their hair done. Later on, though, the financial repercussions began to be felt." Mary Warren, the county's welfare director, said, "That bust just ruined the economy here. It's as simple as that. It increased our caseload directly."

But the economic blow delivered by the drug raid wasn't simply a matter of removing a few dozen free-spending cocaine dealers from the county. There was a more general chilling effect, according to many black residents. "Like we used to have street jams out by my house," a teen-age logger told me. Street jams, he explained, were big parties, with music and dancing (but no drugs that he ever saw). "Then, after the drug raid happened, we never had another one. People used to come over from Lufkin and Nacogdoches. Now ain't nobody interested in coming here."

And it wasn't only black people who were put off San Augustine by the raid. At a restaurant called Raymond's, out in the woods north of town, a barmaid told me, "This place used to be a gold mine. It was open seven nights a week." By the time I visited Raymond's, it was open two nights a week, and on the night I ate there I was the only patron. What happened? "A drug bust happened," the barmaid said, making a sour face. She was a young, tousled-looking white woman, and Raymond's, I learned, was and always had been a segregated establishment: whites only. Had the former patrons all been drug dealers? "Some of them was," the barmaid said. "But none of them got arrested. Mostly, there was just a lot of money in circulation. Now San Augustine's like a ghost town. There's nothing for young people to do here. The old families that own this place don't want nothing to change. They won't let nothing come in here. And this new sheriff, he don't care about helping people, the way Nathan Tindall did."

CHARLES BRYAN grew up in the southern part of the county. He came to town as a teen-ager, went to work in a grocery store owned by his fa-

ther and his uncle, and spent many years in the family grocery business and then in the meat business. Not known as an especially sharp businessman, he was unsubtly snubbed by self-made peers like Nathan Tindall and Dave Husband. "He was raised with a little bit of a silver spoon in his mouth," Tindall says, sniffily. Bryan's hobby was raising and selling show horses. He and his wife belonged to the highly respectable First Baptist Church, whose members included some of the oldest families in San Augustine. Thus, when the town's Old Guard, long dissatisfied with Nathan Tindall's performance as sheriff, considered alternatives, Bryan was ready to hand. He had none of the natural politician's bonhomie, but he was solid and photogenic and, as the climax of Operation White Tornado proved to Betty Donatto, a surprisingly good actor.

In the day-to-day role of sheriff, however, he seemed a little uneasy, as if he weren't quite sure what to do next. When I dropped by his office in the jailhouse, he always seemed to have time to talk, and his mind was often on unofficial matters. One morning, I found him studying a jar of epoxy on his desk. "Horse bit my car," he explained.

"This Larry Saurage's town now." Thus Sarah Oliphant, who once let Saurage's agent Betty Donatto befriend her, and spent a year in prison as a result. Oliphant was now back in San Augustine, living with her mother and her two sons in the Sunset Hills project, and she had the local power situation dead right. Chief Deputy Sheriff Saurage got higher pay than Sheriff Bryan himself, he had the power to hire and fire, and he made all the law-enforcement decisions that counted. On the street and in the jailhouse, Saurage was the Man.

He was in his late forties, and came originally from Beaumont, but had worked all over Texas and Louisiana as a lawman, a prison guard, and a telephone lineman. He was six feet tall and sandy-haired, with a wide, weather-lined face and an unusual, imposing build: barrel-chested and bullnecked but surprisingly light on his feet. His voice and his manner were rich with natural authority. When his deputies brought in a roaring-drunk driver, Saurage said firmly, "Bennis, you're going to spend a few hours with me now," and all belligerence vanished and the prisoner was booked. Saurage's language was a mixture of police jargon and down-home vernacular. "He ain't nothin' but an old snake head," he might say of a disliked lawyer, "but we'll still dispose the case." Most of the sheriff's-department business seemed to find its way to Saurage's office, and the chief deputy, his cowboy boots propped comfortably on his desk, made no pretense of consulting with anyone as he delivered his instructions; he simply ordered the town judge to sentence a vandal to ten days, or the chief of police to pick up a suspected burglar. On one wall of his office was a framed plaque from the Police Officers' Hall of Fame, which Saurage had won in 1985 for his role in a homicide investigation down in Orange County. Taped to another wall was a bumper sticker reading, "My Assault Rifle: 0, Teddy Kennedy's Car: 1."

Saurage had brought an aura of big-city police work to San Augustine. He might hang out in the jailhouse on a balmy evening with the other deputies, park rangers, and highway patrolmen, chewing tobacco and talking coon dogs and squirrel dogs and where the bass were biting on Sam Rayburn Reservoir. But Saurage had been a cop in Houston and in Orange and Chambers Counties, and he did not let people forget it.

He had a big-city cop's respect for paperwork, in drastic contrast to Nathan Tindall's style of office management. He also brought to San Augustine his wide experience as a narcotics officer. After all, the war on drugs had been Charles Bryan's campaign platform, and hiring Saurage had been his one big strategic deployment. Saurage brought in undercover agents, turned suspects and prisoners into informers ("snitches," he called them, with a fierce, musical pronunciation that was half affectionate and half contemptuous), and generally made life difficult for the local dopers and dealers.

One afternoon, I accompanied Saurage and some of his fellow-officers on an anti-drug operation. They brought a young black man down from an upstairs cell in the jailhouse, taped a remote microphone to his belly, and drove him to a spot behind the junior high school. On the ride through town, the young man lay down on the seat of the cruiser—to avoid being seen—and explained to me from there that he had just returned from six months in the state penitentiary, which was why he had agreed to snitch today. He darted into the woods behind the school, then made his way into the Sunset Hills housing project. We drove around to a vantage on U.S. 96, and watched him wander through the scatter of buildings, his microphone picking up garbled snatches of conversation, which we strained to hear on a walkie-talkie. "It helps if you speak a little Swahili," a white patrolman told me. Saurage grimaced. "It's a way of life," he said. "Welfare, laying around smoking cocaine, having babies. I'll never understand it."

The informer gained entrance to an apartment, and apparently found a group of people smoking crack there. He tried to buy a rock but was told that the dealers, who were outside in a car, wouldn't sell to him, because they believed he was a snitch. He persisted, and eventually the woman who lived in the apartment went out, scored a rock, shaved off a piece for herself, and sold the remainder to the informer, for twenty dollars. We drove back around to the school, and soon the informer emerged from the woods, looking scared but triumphant. "Got 'em," he said, handing over a small, yellowish rock.

Half an hour later, armed with a search warrant, a patrolman kicked in the door of the apartment where the informer had bought the dope. Inside, four startled women, including Sarah Oliphant, silently raised their hands. They were sitting on a couch watching cartoons on TV: Woody Woodpecker, Daffy Duck. There was no dope in sight. John Matthew Cartwright, now the chief of police, went to search the bedrooms. One of the women on the couch—heavyset, middle-aged, wearing a pink sweatshirt—curled her lip. "Can't go visitin' no more," she said. "Law gonna kick the door down." The apartment's resident, a sallow, middle-aged woman named Beulah, found her voice. "What's this all about?" she said.

"Larry be here in a minute," Cartwright said. "He'll tell you."

Saurage, who had been detained by jailhouse business, soon showed up. "Hoo-wee," he said, pointing at Oliphant and shaking his head. "What we got here?"

"Hi, Larry," Oliphant said.

Saurage took Beulah off to a bedroom to talk.

The apartment search turned up no drugs, but a crack pipe was found in Beulah's pocket and confiscated. The four women were let off with a stern warning from Saurage and, in Beulah's case, a broken door, a charge of delivering cocaine, and an agreement to give a statement against the dealers who had sold her the crack. The dealers—four young black men—were found hanging out at a car wash up on U.S. 96. There were no drugs on them, either, but one of them, Rodriguez Hill, had thirty-four dollar bills in his pocket, along with a scribbled list of names and dollar amounts. Hill was arrested and booked for driving without a license and for driving without a seat belt.

"You seen 'New Jack City'?" Saurage asked me later. "Good. Because that's exactly what we got here. It's the American Dream, except it's a nightmare."

San Augustine didn't really resemble the apocalyptic Harlem of "New Jack City," I thought, but Rodriguez Hill might have relished the idea that it did. He was twenty-one, beefy, and mad as a snake, and was wearing a little denim fishing cap. At the jailhouse, he glared at me with narrowed eyes. After I told him I was a journalist, his attitude changed abruptly. He was actually from Louisiana, he said, but had been raised in San Augustine. "You say you from New York?" He seemed impressed. "Hey, up there they don't fuck around. Law gets in their face, they shoot 'em dead. They play for real. We fixin' to start doin' the same thing 'round here. People sick and tired of the law jumpin' on 'em all the time."

Rodriguez Hill was allowed a phone call, and he used it to try to raise his bond, set at two hundred and sixty-five dollars. I went back to Saurage's office, and found him listening in on an extension. He put a finger to his lips; he was taking notes. It seemed that Hill was calling someone in Center whom Saurage believed to be his drug connection.

After the call, Hill was put in a ground-floor holding cell at the back of the jailhouse. He immediately started shouting up the stairs to the prisoners in the long-term cells on the second floor, accusing a man he assumed had led the police to him. The prisoners called back that he was mistaken. "We *know* the motherfucker done did it," one yelled. "We seen him go off from here!" The real informer's name was bellowed repeatedly. Larry Saurage eventually went back and interrupted this colloquy. He reminded Hill that he was out on bond on another charge, glared at him until he dropped his gaze to the floor, and then returned to his office, shaking his head.

MAYBE San Augustine wasn't New Jack City, but the rising national tide of violent crime, much of it drug-related, was definitely finding its way into the piney woods. At an Exxon station on U.S. 96, I was surprised to find the attendant sitting behind inch-thick, bulletproof glass and making change through a steel trough. Such security struck me as needlessly serious and urban until one Sunday afternoon when a local crackhead persuaded the attendant to open the booth's door to hand him an oilcan. He hit her on the head with a rock, sending her to the hospital, and robbed her. (When he fled, however, he was chased and caught by two local men; and three days later, after pleading guilty to aggravated robbery, he was sentenced in state district court to fifty years.)

An ominous escalation was also taking place in local law enforcement, and shortly before I arrived in town it had produced a tragedy. It happened on a Saturday night when a number of "homecomings"—family gatherings, usually held in the fall, when far-flung relatives return to their rural homesteads and churches—had filled black San Augustine with people in a festive mood. After the taverns closed, people lingered outside one of them, continuing the party. Richard Carl Davis, a black patrolman, arrived, and found himself in a confrontation with Varron (Bo) Lane, also black, and twenty-five and drunk and armed with a .22 rifle. Davis pointed his shotgun at Lane's chest and ordered him to lay down the .22. Lane did so, and then, unarmed, he advanced on Davis. Davis pulled the trigger, killing him with a single blast to the chest.

Though many black San Augustinians were outraged by the killing of Bo Lane, a local grand jury declined to indict Davis. On the evening after the grand jury made that decision, I happened to encounter one of its members at Sheriff Bryan's house. White, and in late middle age, she was a member of the town's Old Guard ("We been here since 1853," she informed me), and her sister was also visiting Sheriff Bryan. The grand juror made it clear that she wouldn't have dreamed of indicting Davis. She owned a police scanner radio and loved to listen to it at home—her sister had one, too—and Richard Carl Davis, she said, "is just so cute on there sometimes." I probably didn't understand, she said, what the police had to deal with in San Augustine. "People who don't associate with that one particular segment that's always causing trouble or don't have a scanner just aren't aware of what's going on. It takes constant effort and time to keep this element down."

Sheriff Bryan and his wife agreed that it was so.

Some time later, I happened to visit the grand juror shortly after seeing Richard Carl Davis brandish an assault rifle at a panic-stricken crowd during a high-school basketball game. I mentioned the incident. "Well, have you ever been around blacks before?" she asked. "They like authority. They like somebody to have more power. You have to do that with them. Richard Carl was the one killed that Lane nigger."

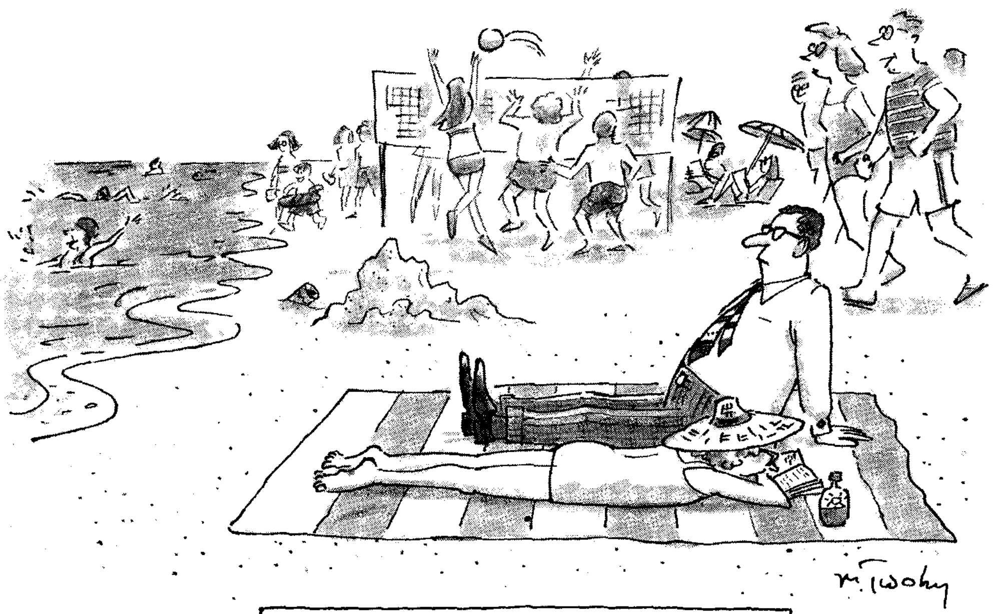
NATHAN TINDALL'S bid to rise from the political grave became official in January, 1992, when he announced his intention of running for sheriff in the Democratic primary—the only election that matters in San Augustine—in March. And the ensuing sheriff's race soon became a sort of referendum on Operation White Tornado. Charles Bryan made it so by again designating "drugs" as the central theme of his campaign and by constantly bringing up his own participation in the famous raid. Though the names of Dave Husband, Willie Earl Dade, and other former Tindall cronies now sitting in federal prisons never appeared on Bryan's campaign flyers, they loomed behind his darker suggestions about his opponent. And their weight in the electoral balance was unknown. Tindall, for his part, refused to denounce Husband or his former chief deputy, insisting that Dade had gone into the drug trade only after he left the sheriff's office and found himself ill, broke, and unemployed, and publicly doubting the strength of the evidence against Husband.

Bryan himself had had various dealings with Husband, it seemed; he had, for instance, sold Husband the land where his liquor store stood. He had traded with other White Tornado defendants, too. Michael Bell—the young king of the Sunset Hills project, who had never held a job since high school—had bought a brace of expensive show horses from Bryan. Even before the drug raid, some of these transactions had raised eyebrows: people wondered where Bryan imagined that Bell had come by all his discretionary thousands. And after Bryan took office Bell apparently started bragging that he enjoyed the sheriff's protection, pointing to the horses as evidence. While there was almost surely nothing to this claim, and nothing untoward about Bryan's dealings with Husband, either, such convergences showed how closely interwoven most lives were in a place as small and isolated as San Augustine. Outsiders often made more of these relationships than they merited.

But this was another level of the race: local experience, the county's self-understanding, contending with powerful but remote judgments—with a federally endorsed array of heavily coded drug-war imagery.

The drug problem in San Augustine was real—even if, taking the long view, Tindall reckoned that alcohol had caused far more trouble—and the pressure that Larry Saurage and his troops put on local dealers and their customers gave concrete expression to Sheriff Bryan's overriding concern. But the "drugs" theme had as much symbolic as real significance. In the lexicon of many whites, it was code for lawless blacks, and evoked a great range of criminal stereotypes, from the hapless and desperate addict to the fiendish, nouveau-riche pusher. It represented everything that threatened people's children and—for some people, both black and white—everything that had gone wrong with the modern world. Paradoxically, White Tornado had seemed to connect little

"If you leave me, you know, you'll never see this kind of rent again."



"ENDLESS SUMMER III"

San Augustine with the modern world, the world that most of the people there saw only through their TV satellite dishes.

Most of the voters in San Augustine County—at least two-thirds of them—were white. And the big unspoken issue for white voters in the sheriff's race, according to whites on both sides whom I spoke with, was (and nearly always had been, historically) black people and how to control them. "A lot of white people supported Nathan Tindall down the years just because they believed he kept the blacks in line," an elderly white woman—a vociferous supporter of Charles Bryan—told me. Her sister, also a Bryan supporter, said, "Truth is, the blacks pretty much had the run of the county when Nathan was in office. They behave better under Charles."

Actually, everybody knew that it wasn't up to Charles Bryan to make black people "behave"; it was up to Larry Saurage. And there was much debate about whether local black people "respected" Saurage or only feared him. Tindall supporters—who turned out, as the campaign neared its end, to include virtually everyone who held elected office around the courthouse, including the county judge, the county attorney, the town attorney, the district attorney, and the district clerk—generally believed that Saurage had done nothing but alienate black San Augustinians. "The black community is really disgruntled about the way they've been treated," Joanna Johnson, the district clerk, told me. "Just because they're black doesn't mean they're automatically criminals. Every person that's arrested, he's got a family out there." As in the cities, there was a deep, irrational fear among whites in San Augustine of a violent rebellion by blacks. "If you just keep pushing 'em, putting pressure on their little clubs and what have you, trying to shut 'em down, there's gonna be—well, I don't want to call it a riot, but let's just say a lot of hard feelings," Joanna Johnson said. "People who go out to these joints at night, they respect Nathan Tindall. They'll mind him. They don't feel like they're having something put *on* them all the time. They don't respect this sheriff." She meant Charles Bryan.

The big white churches in town—Baptist, Methodist, Church of Christ—were all backing Bryan. Everyone, including Bryan, said so. What that would mean in the election, however, nobody knew. There were no official endorsements from the pulpit, no rock-solid white voting blocs, and no tracking polls; and most people, black and white, were wary of saying publicly whom they supported. Sam Malone said, "There's an old-family, white-supremacist element here, but it's damn hard to put your finger on it." There were also what Malone called "redneck do-gooders" among the town's Old Guard—these were the more conservative members of the big white churches, and they were all Bryan supporters.

But it was here that the race issue began to blur into the class issue. "There's an older group that sees Nathan and Dave Husband in the same category—as low-class farm kids who can deal with other low-class folks, like blacks," John Mitchell, the local judge, said. "Because Nathan employed a lot of the same guys he arrested, he came to be seen as pro-black, pro-lower-class." Tindall was, in other words, still "the nigger sheriff" to many whites.

ELECTION DAY was cold and sunny, with a sharp breeze shaking the new leaves on the pin oaks. It was Super Tuesday across the South, but Clinton and Tsongas signs were rare sights around San Augustine; instead, it was "Bryan for Sheriff" hand-painted on the windows of the gun shop on U.S. 96 and "Elect N. L. Tindall" nailed to the tree trunks along the farm-to-market roads.

In the courthouse square, a huge chalkboard had been set up. The names of all the candidates, from the Democratic Presidential hopefuls to the would-be constables of the county precincts, had been carefully written in. As the only countywide race being contested, the sheriff's column, with spaces for returns from each of the county's eleven precincts, took up most of the chalkboard. After sundown, a shivering crowd began to gather, collecting ten deep before the brightly lit chalkboard.

The throng was predominantly white, but I spotted Laverne Clark, who was the Reverend Cecil Clark's wife and one of Roger Hale's cousins, and I went and stood with her and a small group of other middle-aged black women. One of the women, heavyset and merry-faced—and the mother, I realized when we were introduced, of the hapless young man who had carried a hidden microphone into the Sunset Hills project on the day I accompanied Larry Saurage and his men on a drug raid—was amusing her companions with a raucous running commentary on the election.

There was a potent racial element to this election, clearly, and the people around us were being, I thought, conspicuously quiet about the sheriff's race. They talked instead about the Presidential primary, where Bill Clinton was cleaning up his competition. Our fearless commentator snorted. "I don't care about *that*," she said. She pointed to the right-hand side of the chalkboard, where votes for sheriff were being tabulated. "I care about *this*." Appreciative chuckles rose around us from both blacks and whites.

The results from the precincts began to arrive, and each was solemnly inscribed on the chalkboard. Though the black precincts had voted overwhelmingly for Tindall, it soon became apparent, as the results from the southern part of the county came in, that Bryan was going to win. Our merry interpreter's commentary darkened. "Uh-*uh*," she said. "He gonna *really* whup us now. Gonna send *every* black boy to the pen who ain't already there." She turned to me. "You lucky, you live in New York. He gonna *whup* us. Four more years!" The other women in our little group were laughing helplessly now. Laverne Clark, who was hiding her face inside a silvery flowered shawl, was laughing so hard she sounded half delirious. "You laugh, girl," her friend scolded her. "I ain't goin' outta my *house* for the next four years!"

VOTER turnout had been, for San Augustine, unusually low—only sixty per cent. It had been especially low, people said, among black voters—a fact that presumably contributed to Tindall's crushing defeat. He had received only forty-one per cent of the vote.

Many of Tindall's supporters were grasping for explanations, shocked by the magnitude of his loss. His black supporters, in particular, had been quite unprepared for it, since virtually no one in the black community had had a good word to say about Charles Bryan.

I stopped by Charles Mitchell's office, and found the district attorney in a subdued, reflective mood. "Nathan's losing is part of something bigger that's happening," he said. "East Texas is moving away from the old-timey sheriff. It's happening in other counties, too—Shelby, Jasper, Nacogdoches. Used to be you had a skunk under your house, a fight with your wife—hell, if your house was on *fire*—you called the sheriff. And that's the kind of sheriff Nathan Tindall was, and what he was offering people. But it's not what most of 'em want anymore. Now various police agencies handle things. I guess it's the passing of an era. Some people still prefer the old-timey sheriff, though." Mitchell sighed. "I might be an example of such a person."

I briefly saw Tindall himself late that afternoon, at the car lot on U.S. 96. He was just pulling out of the lot, headed somewhere in a grubby Buick, and his eyes were red in the low sun. "I didn't want the job," he said, his voice as gustily confident as ever. "Other people wanted me back in there. I just wanted to help people." With that, he roared off.

Larry Saurage, surprisingly, said he was disappointed. "Why am I disappointed? Because one thousand five hundred and ninety-nine people voted for Tindall," he explained. The only good part, he said, was that the feds still might indict Tindall for money laundering at the bank where he'd worked. We were in Saurage's office; his boots were up on the desk. Watching him stew, I understood better than I had before why people were so nervous about being on the losing side of a sheriff's election. "I stayed away from town last night for a reason," he said. "Because if we'd lost I'd have got in a fistfight for sure." He shook his head angrily. "After all the work Betty Donatto came in here and did."

AS it happened, Saurage—and the world—saw what Betty Donatto had come into San Augustine and done quite differently from the way Donatto herself saw it. The longer she had spent in San Augustine, the more mystified she became about what, exactly, state and federal law enforcement was doing there.

"At first, it made sense," she told me when we talked in Houston. "The feds said, 'People here in San Augustine are fed up—they want something done about the drugs now.' But after I got to know the scene, and saw how *small* it was, things stopped making sense. The problem was, the feds were trying to make it seem like more than it was. The quantities were all wrong. In fact, when they yanked the string I was upset, because I only needed a couple more months to really figure out what was going on. But then I decided that maybe they didn't *want* me to see that there *weren't* seventy-five pounds coming up from Houston every week."

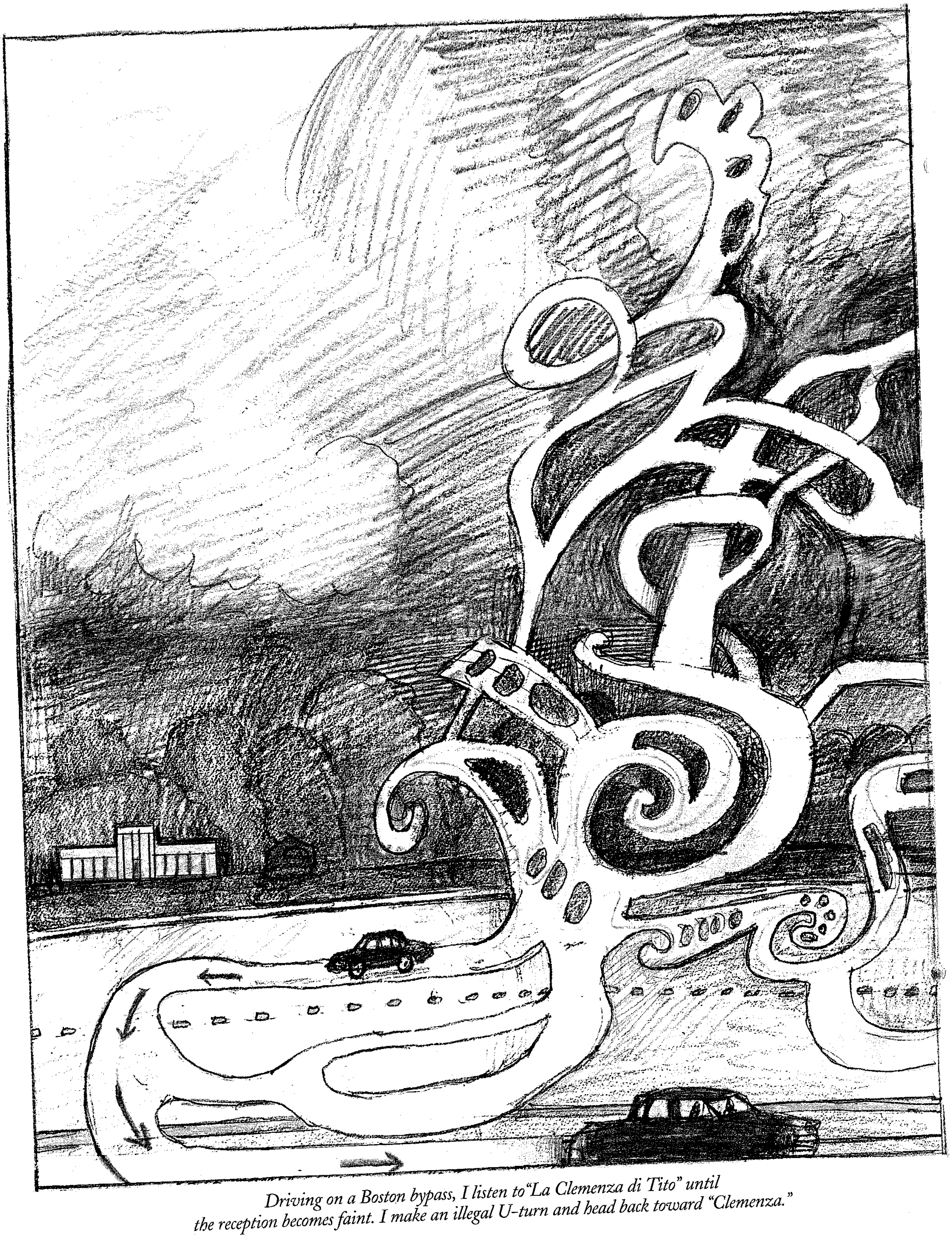
Donatto was silent for a minute or more. I knew that she had been working lately on international smuggling cases for the Houston narcotics squad. She knew the difference between large and small drug shipments.

"It's all politics," she went on. "Sticks and stats, that's what we say—arrests and big numbers. There's so much money available for drug programs now, and every region wants that money, so they put you out there, telling you to get those sticks and stats. Liberty County loaned me out, and we made big bucks on my seizures. We got a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars just for my work. But what did we really *do*? I went back to San Augustine for that one-year celebration they had. I was kind of scared to go back. I mean, they'd built it up so much, and built up my part in it, and people's families could have been really mad at me. So I didn't go up on the stage. I just stood in the crowd with a hat on, and sunglasses, while Malcolm"—Malcolm Bales, the assistant federal prosecutor from Beaumont—"accepted an award for me. Then I just snuck off, and on the drive home I just cried, all the way back to Liberty County. It just seemed so, so . . . I mean, all these people got promotions and raises, and what had we *done*? Here they were celebrating, with all the politicians, and a barbecue at the sheriff's house, and everything else, and, unless I really missed something, *there just wasn't that much dope there.* Thinking about those heavy sentences, and all those families we'd hurt . . . I tell you, the more you get into narcotics on the law side, the more you see the politics."

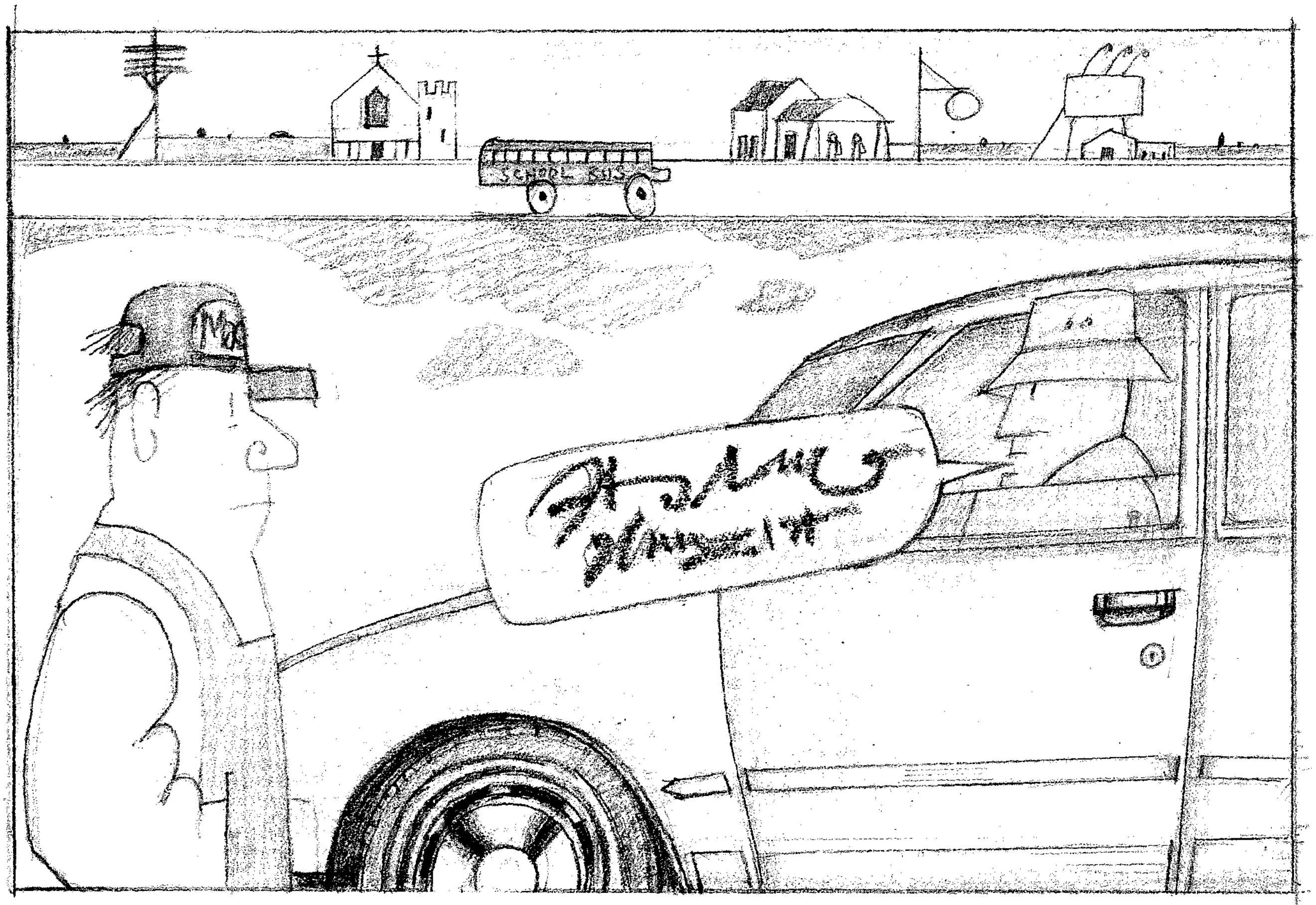
I had heard that Donatto, after her performance in Operation White Tornado, had been offered a job by the F.B.I. When I asked her about it, she said, after a moment, that she had decided not to pursue it. As a matter of fact, she said, she had pretty much decided to get out of law enforcement altogether. She was taking night courses, hoping to start a new career, as a drug-rehabilitation counsellor. "It just seems like a better way to help people," she said. ♦

NOTEBOOK

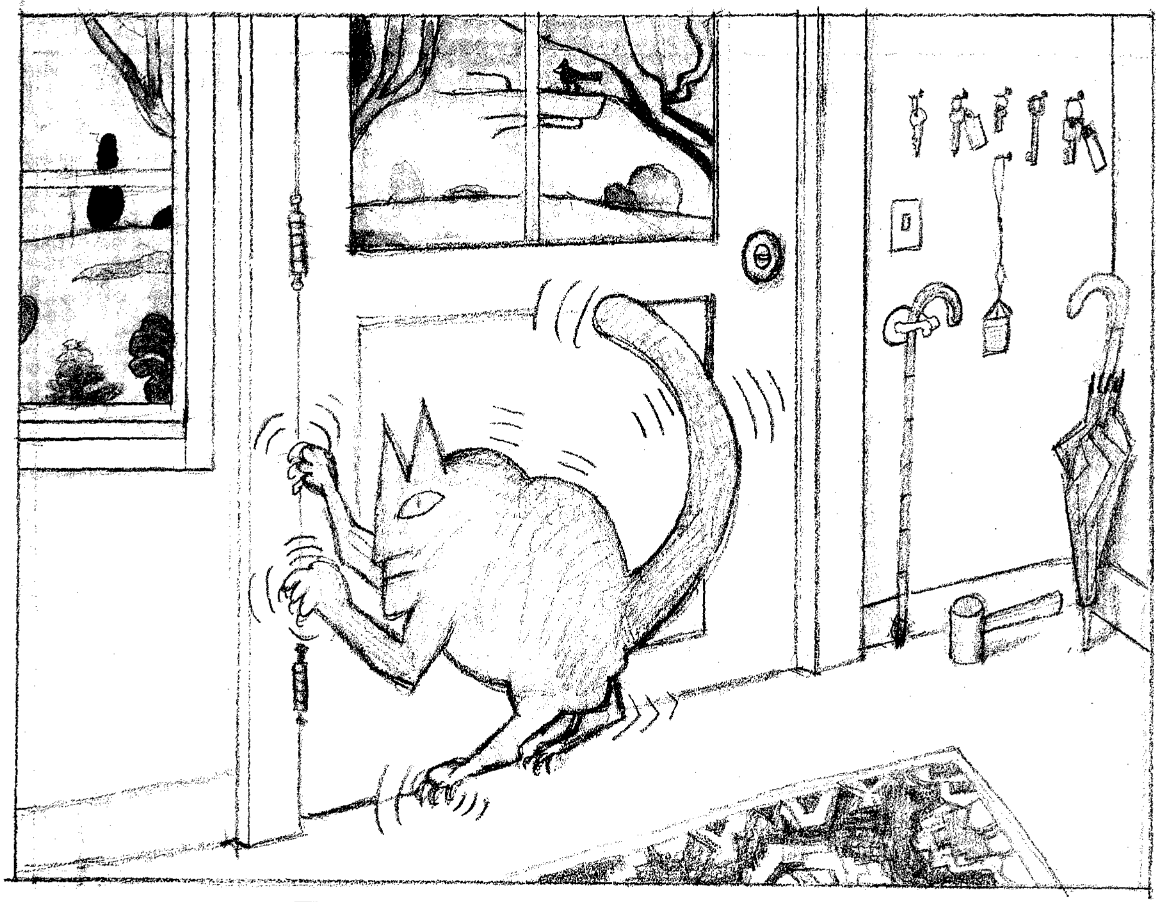
BY SAUL STEINBERG



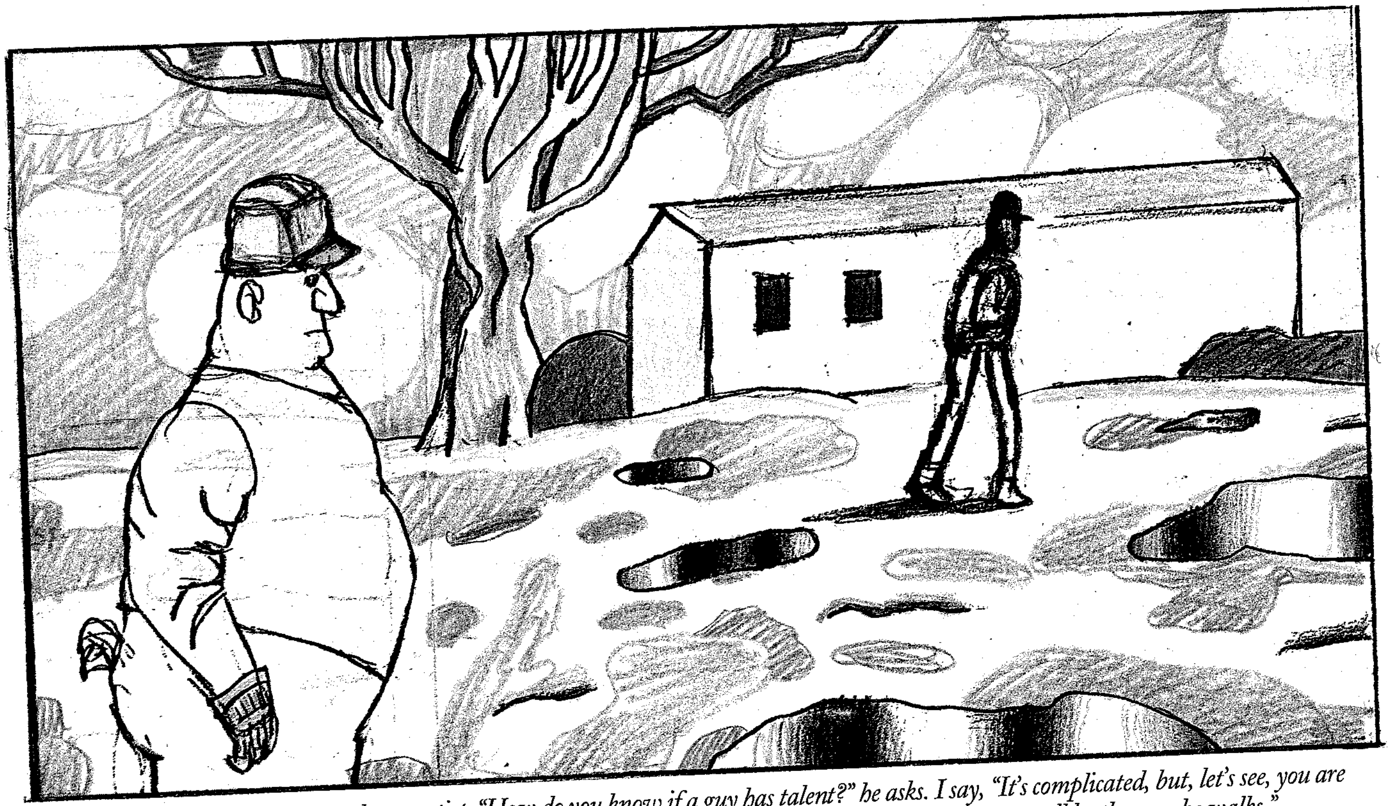
Driving on a Boston bypass, I listen to "La Clemenza di Tito" until the reception becomes faint. I make an illegal U-turn and head back toward "Clemenza."



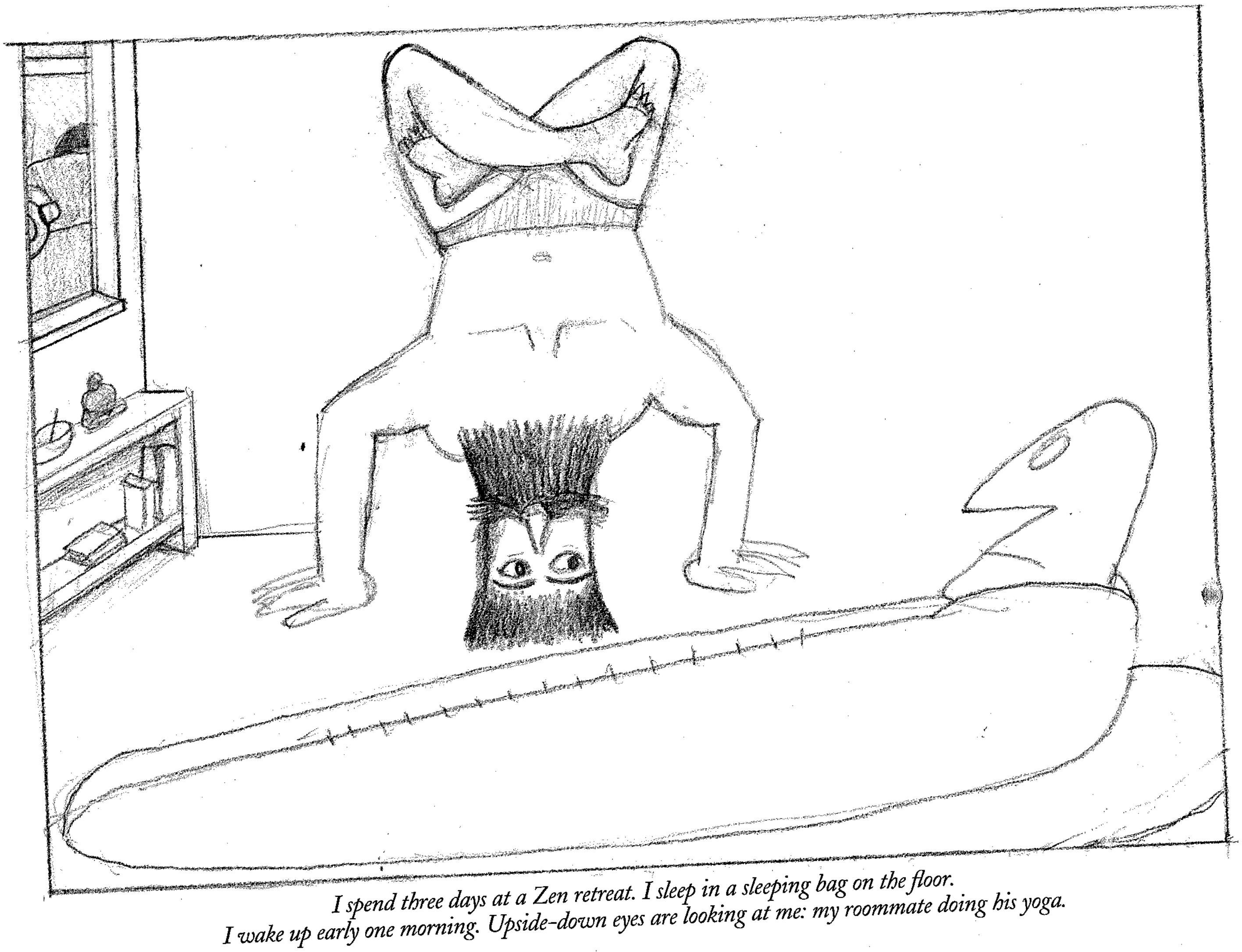
Many varieties of foreign English are taken for granted in New York. But out of town they look for subtitles.



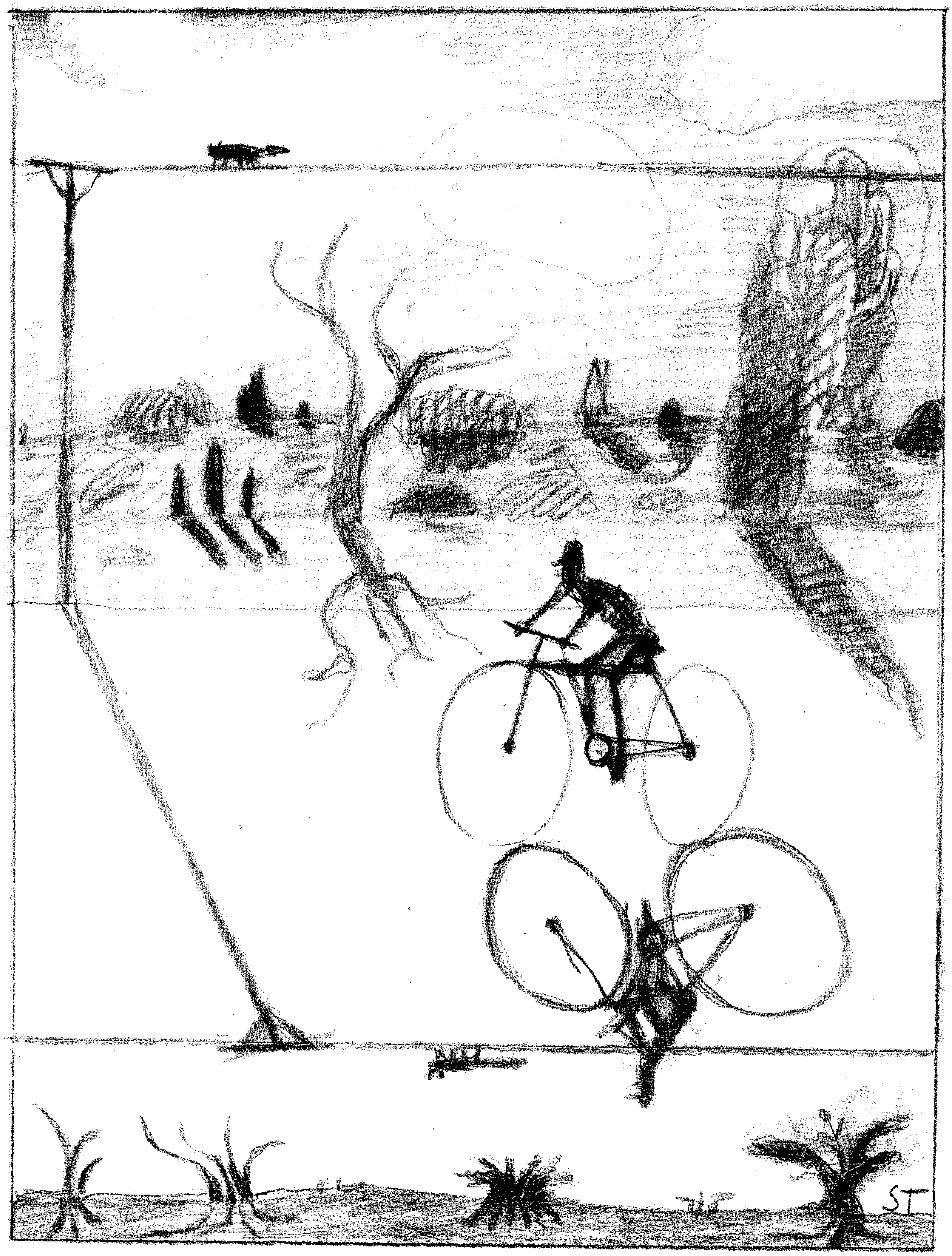
The cat is trying to open the door on the hinge side. I laugh,
then realize that I make the same mistake with people, ideas, and doors, too.



Ernie has a son who wants to be an artist. "How do you know if a guy has talent?" he asks. I say, "It's complicated, but, let's see, you are a contractor, you know about carpenters. How do you judge one?" "That's easy," he says. "I can tell by the way he walks."



I spend three days at a Zen retreat. I sleep in a sleeping bag on the floor.
I wake up early one morning. Upside-down eyes are looking at me: my roommate doing his yoga.

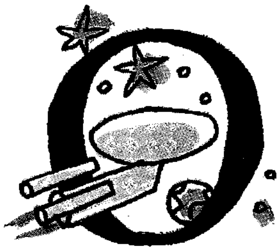


Riding with the shadow of a squirrel on a wire.

FICTION

CHEKOV AND ZULU

BY SALMAN RUSHDIE



ON November 4, 1984, Zulu disappeared in Birmingham, and India House sent his old school friend Chekov to Wembley to see the wife.

"Adaabarz, Mrs. Zulu. Permission to enter?"

"Of course come in, Dipty Sahib, why such formality?"

"Sorry to disturb you on a Sunday, Mrs. Zulu, but Zulu-tho hasn't been in touch this morning?"

"With me? Since when he contacts me on official trip? Why to hit a telephone call when he is probably enjoying?"

"Whoops, sore point, excuse *me.* Always been the foot-in-it blunderbuss type."

"At least sit, take tea-shee."

"Fixed the place up damn fine, Mrs. Zulu, wah-wah. Tasteful décor, in spades, I must say. So much cut glass! That bounder Zulu must be getting too much pay, more than yours truly, clever dog."

"No, how is it possible? Acting Dipty's tankha must be far in excess of Security Chief."

"No suspicion intended, ji. Only to say what a bargain-hunter you must be."

"Some problem but there is, na?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Arré, Jaisingh! Where have you been sleeping? Acting Dipty Sahib is thirsting for his tea. And biscuits and jalebis, can you not keep two things in your head? Jump now, guest is waiting."

"Truly, Mrs. Zulu, please go to no trouble."

"No trouble is there, Diptyji, only this chap has become lazy since coming from home. Days off, TV in room, even pay in pounds sterling, he expects all. So far we brought him but no gratitude, what to tell you, noth-*thing*."

"Ah, Jaisingh, why not? Excellent jalebi, Mrs. Z. Thanking you."

Assembled on top of the television and on shelf units around it was the missing man's collection of "Star Trek" memorabilia: Captain Kirk and Spock dolls, spaceship models—a Klingon Bird-of-Prey, a Romulan vessel, a space station, and of course the Starship Enterprise. In pride of place were large figurines of two of the series' supporting cast.

"These old Doon School nicknames," Chekov exclaimed heartily. "They stay put like stuck records. Dumpy, Stumpy, Grumpy, Humpy. They take over from our names. As in our case our intrepid cosmonaut aliases."

"I don't like. This 'Mrs. Zulu' I am landed with! It sounds like a blackie."

"Wear the name with pride, begum sahib. We're old comrades in arms, your husband and I; since boyhood days, perhaps he was good enough to mention? Intrepid diplonauts. Our umpteen-year mission to explore new worlds and new civilizations. See there, our alter egos standing on your TV, the Asiatic-looking Russky and the Chink. Not the leaders, as you'll appreciate, but the ultimate professional servants. 'Course laid in!' 'Hailing frequencies open!' 'Warp factor three!' What would that strutting captain have been without his top-level staffers? Likewise with the good ship Hindustan. We are servants also, *you* see, just like your fierce Jaisingh here. Never more important than in a moment like the present sad crisis, when an even keel must be maintained, jalebis must be served, and tea poured no matter what. We do not lead, but we enable. Without us, no course can be laid, no hailing frequency opened. No factors can be warped."

"Is he in difficulties, then, your Zulu? As if it wasn't bad enough, this terrible time."

On the wall behind the TV was a framed photograph of Indira Gandhi, with a garland hung around it. She had been dead since Wednesday. Pictures of her cremation had been on the TV for hours. The flower petals, the garish, unbearable flames.

"Hard to believe it. Indiraji! Words fail one. She was our mother. Hai, hai! Cut down in her prime."

"And on radio-TV such-such stories are coming about Delhi goings on. So many killings, Dipty Sahib. So many of our decent Sikh people done to death, as if all were guilty for the crimes of one, two badmash guards."

"The Sikh community has always been thought loyal to the nation," Chekov reflected. "Backbone of the Army, to say nothing of the Delhi taxi service. Super-citizens, one might say, seemingly wedded to the national idea. But such ideas are being questioned now, you must admit; there are those who would point to the comb, bangle, dagger, et cetera as signs of the enemy within."

"Who would dare say such a thing about us? Such an evil thing."

"I know, I know. But you take Zulu. The ticklish thing is, he's not on any official business that we know of. He's dropped off the map, begum sahib. AWOL ever since the assassination. No contact for two days plus."

"Oh God."

"There is a view forming back at H.Q. that he may have been associated with the gang. Who have in all probability long-established links with the community over here."

"Oh God."

"Naturally I am fighting strenuously against the proponents of this view. But his absence is damning, you must see. We have no fear of these tin-pot Khalistan wallahs. But they have a ruthless streak. And with Zulu's inside knowledge and security background . . . They have threatened further attacks, as you know. As you must know. As some would say you must know all too well."

"Oh God."

"It is possible," Chekov said, eating his jalebi, "that Zulu has boldly gone where no Indian diplonaut has gone before."

The wife wept. "Even the stupid name you could never get right. It was with 'S.' 'Sulu.' So-so many episodes I have been made to see, you think I don't know? Kirk Spock McCoy Scott Uhura Chekov *Sulu*."

ANDERS WENNGREN

"But Zulu is a better name for what some might allege to be a wild man," Chekov said. "For a suspected savage. For a putative traitor. Thank you for excellent tea."

IN August, Zulu, a shy, burly giant, had met Chekov off the plane from Delhi. Chekov, at thirty-three, was a small, slim, dapper man in gray flannels, stiff-collared shirt, and a double-breasted navy-blue blazer with brass buttons. He had bat's-wing eyebrows and a prominent and pugnacious jaw, so that his cultivated tones and habitual soft-spokenness came as something of a surprise, disarming those who had been led by the eyebrows and chin to expect an altogether more aggressive personality. He was a high flyer, with one small embassy already notched up. The Acting No. 2 job in London, while strictly temporary, was his latest plum.

"What-ho, Zools! Years, yaar, years," Chekov said, thumping his palm into the other man's chest. "So," he added, "I see you've become a hairy fairy." The young Zulu had been a modern Sikh in the matter of hair—sporting a fine mustache at eighteen, but beardless, with a haircut instead of long tresses wound tightly under a turban. Now, however, he had reverted to tradition.

"Hullo, ji," Zulu greeted him cautiously. "So then is it O.K. to utilize the old modes of address?"

"Utilize away! Wouldn't hear of anything else," Chekov said, handing Zulu his bags and baggage tags. "Spirit of the Enterprise and all that jazz."

In his public life the most urbane of men, Chekov when letting his hair down in private enjoyed getting interculturally hot under the collar. Soon after taking up his new post he sat with Zulu one lunchtime on a bench in Embankment Gardens and jerked his head in the direction of various passersby.

"Crooks," he said, sotto voce.

"Where?" shouted Zulu, leaping athletically to his feet. "Should I pursue?"

Heads turned. Chekov grabbed the hem of Zulu's jacket and pulled him back onto the bench. "Don't be such a hero," he admonished fondly. "I meant all of them, generally; thieves, every last one. God, I love London! Theatre, ballet, opera, restaurants! The Pavilion at Lord's on the Saturday of the Test Match! The royal ducks on the royal pond in royal St. James's Park! Decent tailors, a decent mixed grill when you want it, decent magazines to read! I see the remnants of greatness and I don't mind telling you I am impressed. The Athenaeum, Buck House, the lions in Trafalgar Square. *Damn* impressive. I went to a meeting with a junior minister at the F.C.O. and realized I was in the old India Office. All that John Company black teak, those tuskers rampant on the old bookcases. Gave me quite a turn. I applaud them for their success: hurrah! But then I look at my own home, and I see that it has been plundered by burglars. I can't deny there is a residue of distress."

"I am sorry to hear of your loss," Zulu said, knitting his brows. "But surely the culpables are not in the vicinity."

"Zulu, Zulu, a figure of speech, my simpleton warrior prince. Their museums are full of our treasures, I meant. Their fortunes and cities, built on the loot they took. So on, so forth. One forgives, of course; that is our national nature. One need not forget."

Zulu pointed at a tramp, sleeping on the next bench in a ragged hat and coat. "Did he steal from us, too?" he asked.

"Never forget," said Chekov, wagging a finger, "that the British working class collaborated for its own gain in the colonial project. Manchester cotton workers, for instance, supported the destruction of our cotton industry. As diplomats we must never draw attention to such facts; but facts, nevertheless, they remain."

"But a beggarman is not in the working class," objected Zulu, reasonably. "Surely this fellow at least is not our oppressor."

"Zulu," Chekov said in exasperation, "don't be so bleddy difficult."

CHEKOV and Zulu went boating on the Serpentine, and Chekov got back on his hobbyhorse. "They have stolen us," he said, reclining boatered and champagned on striped cushions while mighty Zulu rowed. "And now we are stealing ourselves back. It is an Elgin-marbles situation."

"You should be more content," said Zulu, shipping oars and gulping cola. "You should be less hungry, less cross. See how much you have! It is enough. Sit back and enjoy. I have less, and it suffices for me. The sun is shining. The colonial period is a closed book."

"If you don't want that sandwich, hand it over," said Chekov. "With my natural radicalism I should not have been a diplomat. I should have been a terrorist."

"But then we would have been enemies, on opposite sides," protested Zulu, and suddenly there were real tears in his eyes. "Do you care nothing for our friendship? For my responsibilities in life?"

Chekov was abashed. "Quite right, Zools, old boy. Too bleddy true. You can't imagine how delighted I was when I learned we would be able to join forces like this in London. Nothing like the friendships of one's boyhood, eh? Nothing in the world can take their place. Now listen, you great lummox, no more of that long face. I won't permit it. Great big chap like you shouldn't look like he's about to blub. Blood brothers, old friend, what do you say? All for one and one for all."

"Blood brothers," said Zulu, smiling a shy smile.

"Onward, then," nodded Chekov, settling back on his cushions. "Impulse power only."

THE day that Mrs. Gandhi was murdered by her Sikh bodyguards, Zulu and Chekov played squash in a private court in St. John's Wood. In the locker room after showering, prematurely graying Chekov still panted heavily with a towel round his softening waist, reluctant to expose his exhaustion-shrivelled purple penis to view; Zulu stood proudly naked, thick-cocked, tossing his fine head of long black hair, caressing and combing it with womanly sensuality, and at last twisting it swiftly into a knot.

"Too good, Zulu, yaar. Fataakh! Fataakh! What shots! Too bleddy good for me."

"You desk pilots, ji. You lose your edge. Once you were ready for anything."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm over the hill. But you were only one year junior."

"I have led a purer life, ji—action, not words."

"You understand we will have to blacken your name," Chekov said softly.

Zulu turned slowly in a Charles Atlas pose in front of a full-length mirror.

"It has to look like a maverick stunt. If anything goes wrong, deniability is es-

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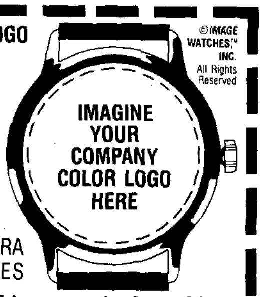

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sential. Even your wife must not suspect the truth."

Spreading his arms and legs, Zulu made his body a giant X, stretching himself to the limit. Then he came to attention. Chekov sounded a little frayed.

"Zools? What do you say?"

"Is the transporter ready?"

"Come on, yaar, don't arse around."

"Respectfully, Mr. Chekov, sir, it's my arse. Now then: Is the transporter ready?"

"Transporter ready. Aye."

"Then, energize."

CHEKOV'S memorandum, classified top-secret, eyes-only, and addressed to "J.T.K." (James T. Kirk):

> My strong recommendation is that Operation Startrek be aborted. To send a Federation employee of Klingon origin unarmed into a Klingon cell to spy is the crudest form of loyalty test. The operative in question has never shown ideological deviation of any sort and deserves better, even in the present climate of mayhem, hysteria and fear. If he fails to persuade the Klingons of his bona fides, he can expect to be *treated with extreme prejudice*. These are not hostage takers.
>
> The entire undertaking is misconceived. The locally settled Klingon population is *not the central problem*. Even should we succeed, such intelligence as can be gleaned about more important principals back home will no doubt be of dubious accuracy and limited value. We should advise Star Fleet Headquarters to engage urgently with the grievances and aspirations of the Klingon people. Unless these are dealt with fair and square there cannot be a lasting peace.

The reply from J.T.K.:

> Your closeness to the relevant individual excuses what is otherwise an explosively communalist document. It is not for you to define the national interest nor to determine what undercover operations are to be undertaken. It is for you to enable such operations to occur and to provide backup as and when required to do so. As a personal favour to you and in the name of my long friendship with your eminent Papaji I have destroyed your last without keeping a copy and suggest you do the same. Also destroy this.

CHEKOV asked Zulu to drive him up to Stratford for a performance of "Coriolanus."

"How many kiddiwinks by now? Three?"

"Four," said Zulu. "All boys."

"By the grace of God. She must be a good woman."

"I have a full heart," said Zulu, with sudden feeling. "A full house, a full belly, a full bed."

"Lucky so-and-so," said Chekov. "Always were warm-blooded. I, by contrast, am not. Reptiles, certain species of dinosaur, and me. I am in the wife market, by the way, if you know any suitable candidates. Bachelordom being, after a certain point, an obstacle on the career path."

Zulu was driving strangely. In the slow lane of the motorway, as they approached an exit, he accelerated toward a hundred miles an hour. Once the exit was behind them, he slowed. Chekov noticed that he varied his speed and lane constantly. "Doesn't the old rattletrap have cruise control?" he asked. "Because, sport, this kind of performance would not do on the bridge of the flagship of the United Federation of Planets."

"Anti-surveillance," said Zulu. "Dry cleaning." Chekov, alarmed, looked out of the back window.

"Have we been rumbled, then?"

"Nothing to worry about," Zulu said, grinning. "Better safe than sorry is all. Always anticipate the worst-case scenario."

Chekov settled back in his seat. "You liked toys and games," he said. Zulu had been a crack rifle shot, the school's champion wrestler, and an expert fencer.

"Every Speech Day," Zulu said, "I would sit in the hall and clap while you went up for all the work prizes. English Prize, History Prize, Latin Prize, Form Prize. Clap, clap, clap, term after term, year after year. But on Sports Day I got my cups. And now also I have my area of expertise."

"Quite a reputation you're building up, if what I hear is anything to go by."

There was a silence. England passed by at speed.

"Do you like Tolkien?" Zulu asked.

"I wouldn't have put you down as a big reader," said Chekov, startled. "No offense."

"J. R. R. Tolkien," said Zulu. " 'The Lord of the Rings.' "

"Can't say I've read the gentleman. Heard of him, of course. Elves and pixies. Not your sort of thing at all, I'd have thought."

"It is about a war to the finish between Good and Evil," said Zulu intently. "And while this great war is being fought there is one part of the world, the Shire, in which nobody even knows it's going on. The Hobbits who live there work and squabble and make merry and they have no fucking clue about the forces that threaten them, or those that save their tiny skins." His face was red with vehemence.

"Meaning me, I suppose," Chekov said.

"I am a soldier in that war," said Zulu. "If you sit in an office you don't have one small idea of what the real world is like. The world of action, ji. The world of deeds, of things that are done and maybe undone, too. The world of life and death."

"Only in the worst case," Chekov demurred.

"Do I tell you how to apply your smooth-tongued musca-polish to people's behinds?" stormed Zulu. "Then do not tell me how to ply my trade."

Soldiers going into battle pump themselves up, Chekov knew. This chest beating was to be expected, it must not be misunderstood. "When will you vamoose?" he quietly asked.

"Chekovji, you won't see me go."

Stratford approached. "Did you know, ji," Zulu offered, "that the map of Tolkien's Middle-earth fits quite well over central England and Wales? Maybe all fairylands are right here, in our midst?"

"You're a deep one, old Zools," said Chekov. "Full of revelations today."

CHEKOV had a few people over for dinner at his modern-style official residence on a private road in Hampstead: a Very Big Businessman he was wooing, journalists he liked, prominent India-lovers, noted Non-Resident Indians. The policy was business as usual. The dreadful event must not be seen to have derailed the ship of state, whose new captain, Chekov mused, was a former pilot himself. As if a Sulu, a Chekov had been suddenly promoted to the skipper's seat.

Damned difficult doing all this without a lady wife to act as hostess, he grumbled inwardly. The best golden plates with the many-headed lion at the center, the finest crystal, the menu, the wines. Personnel had been seconded from India House to help him out, but it wasn't the same. The secrets of good evenings, like God, were in the details. Chekov meddled and fretted.

The evening went off well. Over brandy, Chekov even dared to introduce a blacker note. "England has always been a breeding ground for our revolution-

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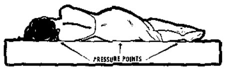

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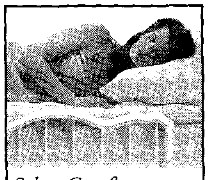

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ists," he said. "What would Pandit Nehru have been without Harrow? Or Gandhiji without his formative experiences here? Even the Pakistan idea was dreamed up by young radicals at college in what we then were asked to think of as the Mother Country. Now that England's status has declined, I suppose it is logical that the quality of the revolutionists she breeds has likewise fallen. The Kashmiris! Not a hope in hell. And as for these Khalistan types, let them not think that their evil deed has brought their dream a day closer. On the contrary. On the contrary. We will root them out and smash them to—what's the right word?—to *smithereens*."

To his surprise, he had begun speaking loudly and had risen to his feet. He sat down hard and laughed. The moment passed.

"The funny thing about this blasted nickname of mine," he said quickly to his dinner-table neighbor, the septuagenarian Very Big Businessman's improbably young and attractive wife, "is that back then we never saw one episode of the TV series. No TV to see it on, you see. The whole thing was just a legend wafting its way from the U.S. and U.K. to our lovely hill station of Dehra Dun. After a while we got a couple of cheap paperback novelizations and passed them round as if they were naughty books, like 'Lady C.' or some such. Lots of us tried the names on for size but only two of them stuck; probably because they seemed to go together, and the two of us got on pretty well, even though he was younger. A lovely boy. So just like Laurel and Hardy we were Chekov and Zulu."

"Love and marriage," said the woman.

"Beg pardon?"

"You know," she said. "Go together like—is it milk and porridge? Or a car and garage, that's right. I love old songs. La-la-la-something, brother, you can't have one without I think it's your mother."

"Yes, now I do recall," said Chekov.

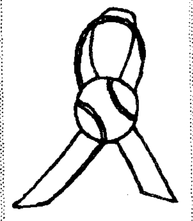
THREE months later Zulu telephoned his wife.

"Oh my God hai hai where have you vanished are you dead?"

"Listen, please, my bivi. Listen carefully, my wife, my only love."

"Yes. O.K. I am calm. Line is bad, but."

"Call Chekov and say, 'Condition red.' "



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"Arré! What is wrong with your condition?"

"Please. Condition red."

"Yes. O.K. Red."

"Say the Klingons may be smelling things."

"Clingers-on may be smelly things. Means what?"

"My darling, I beg you."

"I have it all right here only. With this pencil I have written it, both."

"Tell him, get Scotty to lock on to my signal and beam me up at once."

"What rubbish! Even now you can't leave off that stupid game."

"Bivi. It is urgent. *Beam me up.*"

CHEKOV dropped everything and drove. He went via the dry cleaner's as instructed; he drove round roundabouts twice, jumped red lights, deliberately took a wrong turn, stopped and turned round, made as many right turns as possible to see if anything followed him across the stream of traffic, and, on the motorway, mimicked Zulu's techniques. When he was as certain as he could be that he was clean, he headed for the rendezvous point. Roll over, Len Deighton, he thought, and tell le Carré the news.

He turned off the motorway and pulled into a lay-by. A man stepped out of the trees, looking newly bathed and smartly dressed, with a sheepish smile on his face. It was Zulu.

Chekov jumped out of his car and embraced his friend, kissing him on both cheeks. Zulu's bristly beard pricked his lips. "I expected you'd have an arm missing, or blood pouring from a gunshot wound, or some black eyes at least," he said. "Instead here you are dressed for the theatre, minus only an opera cloak and cane."

"Mission accomplished," said Zulu, patting his breast pocket. "All present and correct."

"Then what was that 'condition red' bakvaas?"

"The worst-case scenario," said Zulu, "does not always materialize."

In the car, Chekov scanned the names, places, dates in Zulu's brown envelope. The information was better than anyone had expected. From this anonymous Midlands lay-by a light was shining on certain remote villages and urban back alleys in Punjab. There would be a roundup, and, for some big badmashes

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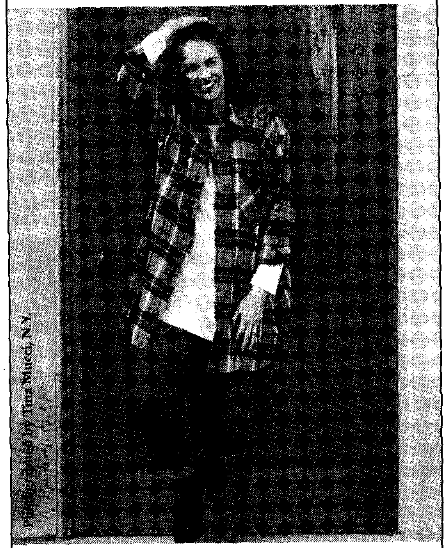

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at least, there would no longer be shadows in which to hide.

He gave a little, impressed whistle.

Zulu, in the passenger seat, inclined his head. "Better move off now," he said. "Don't tempt fate."

They drove south through Middle Earth. Not long after they came off the motorway, Zulu said, "By the way, I quit."

Chekov stopped the car. The two towers of Wembley Stadium were visible through a gap in the houses to the left.

"What's this? Did those extremists manage to turn your head or what?"

"Chekovji, don't be a fool. Who needs extremists when there are the killings in Delhi? Hundreds, maybe thousands. Sikh men scalped and burned alive in front of their families. Boy children, too."

"We know this."

"Then, ji, we also know who was behind it."

"There is not a shred of evidence," Chekov said, repeating the policy line.

"There are eyewitnesses and photographs," said Zulu. "We know this."

"There are those who think," said Chekov slowly, "that after Indiraji the Sikhs deserved what they got."

Zulu stiffened.

"You know me better than that, I hope," said Chekov. "Zulu, for God's sake, come on. All our bleddy lives."

"No Congress workers have been detained," said Zulu. "In spite of all the evidence of complicity. Therefore, I resign. You should quit, too."

"If you have gone so damn radical," cried Chekov, "why hand over these lists at all? Why go only half the bleddy hog?"

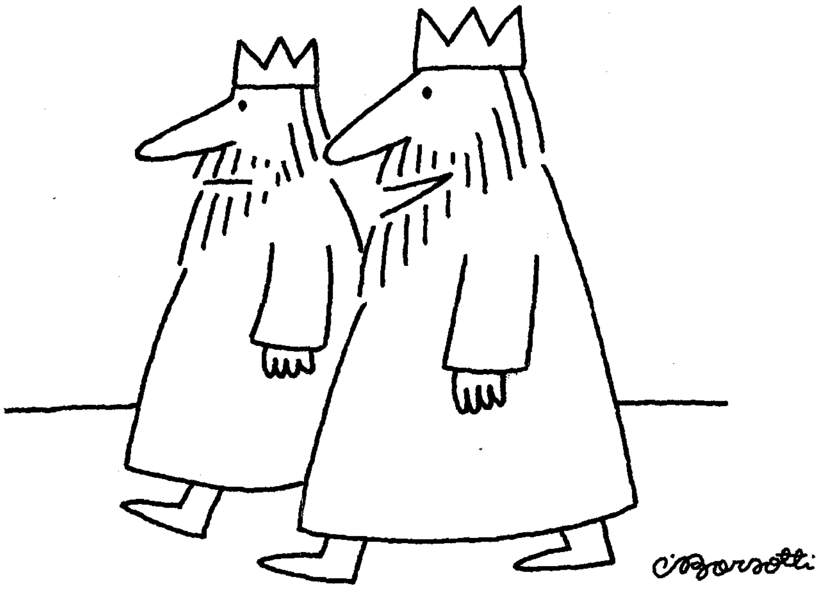
"I am a security wallah," said Zulu, opening the car door. "Terrorists of all sorts are my foes. But not, apparently, in certain circumstances, yours."

"Zulu, get in, damn it," Chekov shouted. "Don't you care for your career? A wife and four kiddiwinks to support. What about your old chums? Are you going to turn your back on me?"

But Zulu was already too far away.

CHEKOV and Zulu never met again. Zulu settled in Bombay, and as the demand for private-sector protection increased in that cash-rich boomtown so his Zulu Shield and Zulu Spear companies prospered and grew. He had three more children, all of them boys, and remains happily married to this day.

As for Chekov, he never did take a wife. In spite of this supposed handicap, however, he did well in his chosen profession. His rapid rise continued. But one day in May, 1991, he was, by chance, a member of the entourage accompanying Mr. Rajiv Gandhi to the South Indian village of Sriperumbudur, where Rajiv was to address an election rally. Security was lax, intentionally so. In the previous election, Rajivji felt, the demands of security had placed an alienating barrier between himself and the electorate. On this occasion, he decreed,



"No, I wasn't abused, but I cut off my father's head anyway."

the voters must be allowed to feel close.

The Rajiv group approached the podium. Chekov, who was just a few yards behind Rajiv, saw a small Tamil woman come forward, smiling. She shook Rajiv's hand and did not let go. Chekov understood what she was smiling about, and the knowledge was so powerful that it stopped time itself.

Because time had stopped, Chekov was able to make a number of private observations. "These Tamil revolutionists are not England-returned," he noted. "So, finally, we have learned to produce the goods at home, and no longer need to import. Bang goes that old dinner-party standby, so to speak." And, less dryly: "The tragedy is not how one dies. It is how one has lived."

THE scene around him vanished, dissolving in a pool of light, and was replaced by the bridge of the Starship Enterprise. All the leading figures were in their appointed places. Zulu sat beside Chekov at the front.

"Shields no longer operative," Zulu was saying. On the main screen, they could see the Klingon Bird-of-Prey uncloaking, preparing to strike.

"One direct hit and we're done for," cried Dr. McCoy. "For God's sake, Jim, get us out of here!"

"Illogical," said First Officer Spock. "The degradation of our dilithium-crystal drive means that warp speed is unavailable. At impulse power only, we would make a poor attempt indeed to flee the Bird-of-Prey. Our only logical course is unconditional surrender."

"Surrender to a Klingon!" shouted McCoy. "Damn it, you cold-blooded, pointy-eared adding machine, don't you know how they treat their prisoners?"

"Phaser banks completely depleted," said Zulu. "Offensive capability nil."

"Should I attempt to contact the Klingon captain, sir?" Chekov inquired. "They could fire at any moment."

"Thank you, Mr. Chekov," said Captain Kirk. "I'm afraid that won't be necessary. On this occasion, the worst-case scenario is the one we are obliged to play out. Hold your position. Steady as she goes."

"The Bird-of-Prey has fired, sir," said Zulu.

Chekov took Zulu's hand and held it firmly, victoriously, as the speeding balls of deadly light approached. ♦

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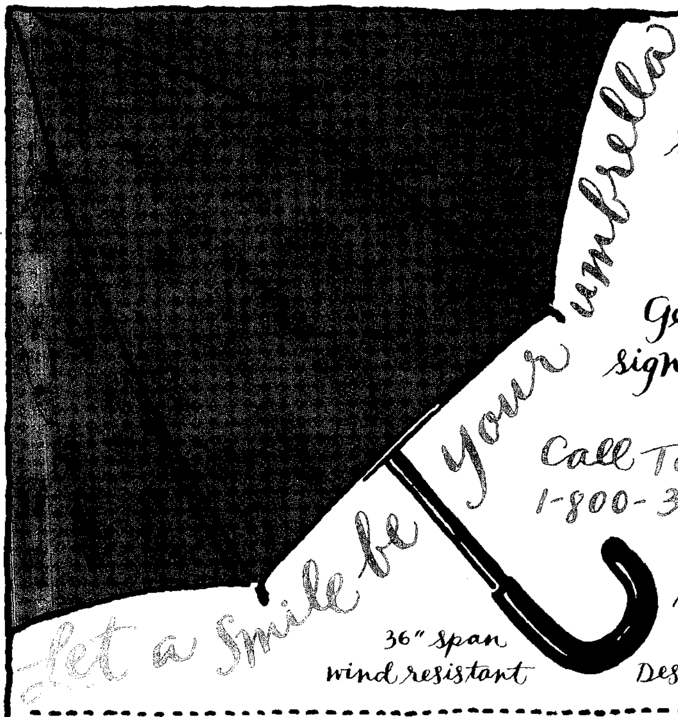
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THE CRITICS

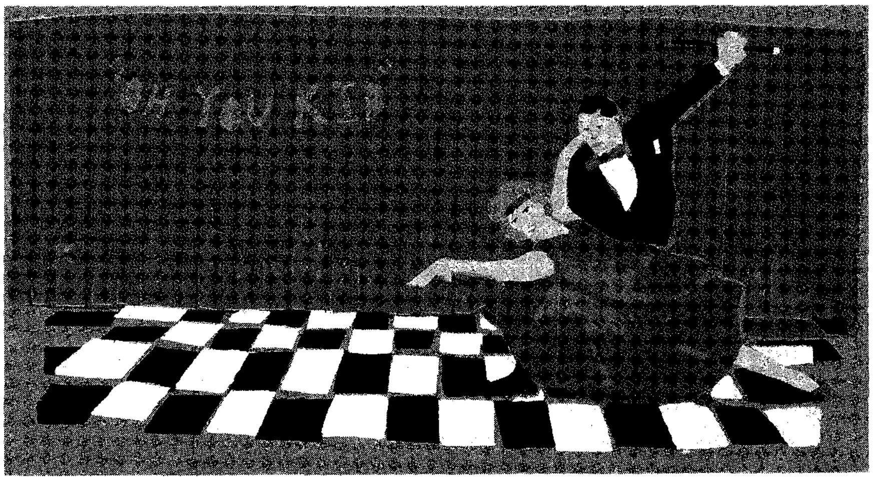
THE THEATRE

CITY SLICKERS

BY JOHN LAHR

Although the three thick volumes of George Bernard Shaw's collected music criticism do not once cite the Broadway musical or George Gershwin, the Shaw Festival, which was established in 1962, in the leafy, tranquil setting of Niagara-on-the-Lake, in Ontario, Canada, has devoted part of its ten-play season to celebrating the seventieth anniversary of "Lady, Be Good!" What would the old high-art curmudgeon, who complained in print about music-hall songs' being broadcast over the BBC, have made of "Lady, Be Good!," which audaciously mixed highbrow and lowbrow, and introduced to Broadway the new musical team of George and Ira Gershwin? "Lady, Be Good!," which opened on December 1, 1924, and ran for three hundred and thirty performances, was also the occasion of the first starring roles on the American stage for Fred and Adele Astaire, who, like Gertrude Lawrence and Ethel Merman after them, rode the chromatic brilliance of a Gershwin score to glory. "He wrote for feet," Astaire said of Gershwin's music. In its syncopation and conversational sass, his score caught the boisterousness of the city and turned its momentum into an enduring urban romance. Gershwin shortened the musical line, added blue notes, and brought the musical up to speed with the metropolis. "We are living in an age of staccato, not legato," said Gershwin (who wrote "Rhapsody in Blue" in the same year as "Lady, Be Good!"). "This we must accept. But this does not mean that out of this very staccato utterance something beautiful may not be evolved." At twenty-six, Gershwin—self-confident, streamlined, prodigious—was a child of his century; and he expressed its twin deliriums of output and energy. Neon and the Gershwins arrived on Broadway the same year: both made the city sensational in different ways. The lights turned Times Square into a sight; the songs turned Manhattan into a legend.

The twenties notion of Manhattan as a playground, "an isle of joy," starts, more or less, with the sibling fairy tale of Dick and Susie Trevor in "Lady, Be Good!" As the audience discovers at the overture, they not only are out of money but have been turned out, furniture and all, onto the street. "We were trying to do something that hadn't been done before," Astaire said; and among the show's many innovations—a thematic danced opening, songs that helped tell a story, two pianos in the orchestra—was the celebration of the city's blessings. No matter how far afield the locales of the American musical might be, its heart and soul were situated in New York City. Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson make the point in the first words of their script: "Sidewalk in front of the old Trevor homestead, Beacon Hill, R.I. This scene shows a sort of small 'square'—a cul de sac such as Sutton Place or MacDougal Alley." On their uppers but not down in the dumps, the Trevors make ingenious use of the city. When a strolling policeman refuses to take out a street light so that the Trevors can plug their electric stove into the lamppost, Susie says brazenly, "Very well, then I can! Now we'll have current, and no current expense." In the twenties musical, the Big City always provides. Even a passing hobo, Jack Robinson by name, catches Susie's eye; he turns out—as hoboes do in musicals—to be a millionaire. Abundance is the message both of the musical and of its version of urban life. The wondrous sense of bounty corresponded to the Gershwins' experience of what Ira called their "peregrinatory Manhattan boyhood," whose "Epicurean Delights of Childhood on the East Side" he listed in his diary: "1) Chinese Nuts 2) Polly



"Lady, Be Good!," now in revival. Gershwin, Astaire said, wrote music for feet.

Seeds 3) Hot Arbis 4) Sweet Potatoes 5) Lolly Pops 6) Candy Floss 7) Half Sour Pickles." The clamor of the city, the "metropolitan madness" that George Gershwin spoke of, was another form of abundance and a signal of "our incomparable national pep." In "Lady, Be Good!," the city's feverish pace is first dramatized as a thrilling but punishing alienation in the showstopping "Fascinating Rhythm":

> What a mess you're making!
> The neighbors want to know
> Why I'm always shaking
> Just like a flivver.

By the finale, when the song is reprised, the incessant rhythm has become a kind of redemption, holding out the promise of delight, not disintegration:

> Fascinating wedding
> Say, that appeals to me.
> Fascinating wedding,
> I hear you calling.

If George Gershwin absorbed the music of the city, his twenty-eight-year-old brother cocked a sharp ear for the poetry of street talk. "Listening to the argot in everyday conversation results in pay-dirt for lyric writers," Ira said. At the Shaw Festival, "I've Got a Crush on You," from "Treasure Girl" (1928), is grafted onto the production, and we get to hear Ira's colloquial cunning at its most charming: the beloved addressed as "Sweetie Pie" and the besotted admitting that his words of love are "mush."

Ira, who characterized himself as a "floating soul," was a dreamer whose words helped define that particularly American sense of expectation (another presenting symptom of America's abundance) which is summoned up by "The Man I Love," a superb song that was dropped from the original show but has been reinstated in the current production:

> Maybe I shall meet him Sunday,
> Maybe Monday—Maybe not;
> Still I'm sure to meet him one day—
> Maybe Tuesday
> Will be my good news day.

Although the proscenium arch of the Royal George Theatre is decorated with painted American five-dollar bills and coins of the realm, Glynis Leyshon's skeleton production of "Lady, Be Good!" (which plays until November) cuts back drastically on the show's orchestra, its chorus, and its celebration of prowess. Musicals shouldn't, and perhaps can't, be done on a beer budget. Watching a vintage piece like "Lady, Be Good!" performed by the festival's competent ensemble of actors, you can't help noticing the loss of technique that has accompanied the attrition of the musical. In their heyday, musicals like this one were star vehicles, and it's not hard to see why. You have to care about the characters, but as they're written they are stick figures lumbered with flat dialogue. Stars brought to the party the appeal of extraordinary personality. The Astaires were inimitable; and, while nobody would expect the actors playing Dick and Susie Trevor to equal them, they should at least have some charm. Paul Gatchell's Dick Trevor manages merely a sort of strained niceness, and Patty Jamieson's Susie calls attention to herself with a terminally cute Baby Snooks voice. It's left to the gangling Todd Waite, as the eccentric Bertie Bassett, and Richard Binsley, as Watty Watkins, in goggle-eyed imitation of the comedian Walter Catlett, who originated the role, to add energy to the evening and vigor to the comedy. Binsley enters with a ukulele and plays it for "Fascinating Rhythm." The expertise is welcome. The small stage is otherwise underpopulated and usually underwhelming. The cast, which has a few big voices, contains only one person who can actually tap-dance, although the chorus gets away with some simple, well-drilled steps. William Orlowski, who has also done the show's tap choreography, serves as a kind of one-man tap chorus. It's he who launches a Bill (Bojangles) Robinson routine, tapping up and down steps that light up like pinball bumpers when touched. Orlowski has the moves but never quite the illusion of ease. The others in the time-stepping chorus revolve around him like so many trainers with a performing workhorse. It's a funny sight, but its threadbareness is topped at the finale, when Dick and Susie, thanks to the prospect of marriage, are back in the money. In musical terms, this is cause for rejoicing; but here, against a background of painted balloons, a paltry dozen real balloons are dropped from the flies—a grace note that has as much clout as a popgun.

ON the festival's handsome, cedar-lined main stage, no expense seems to have been spared on the labyrinth of reddish-brown and white pipes

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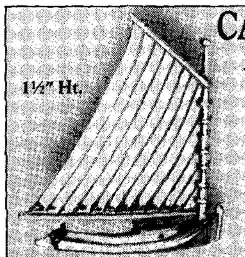

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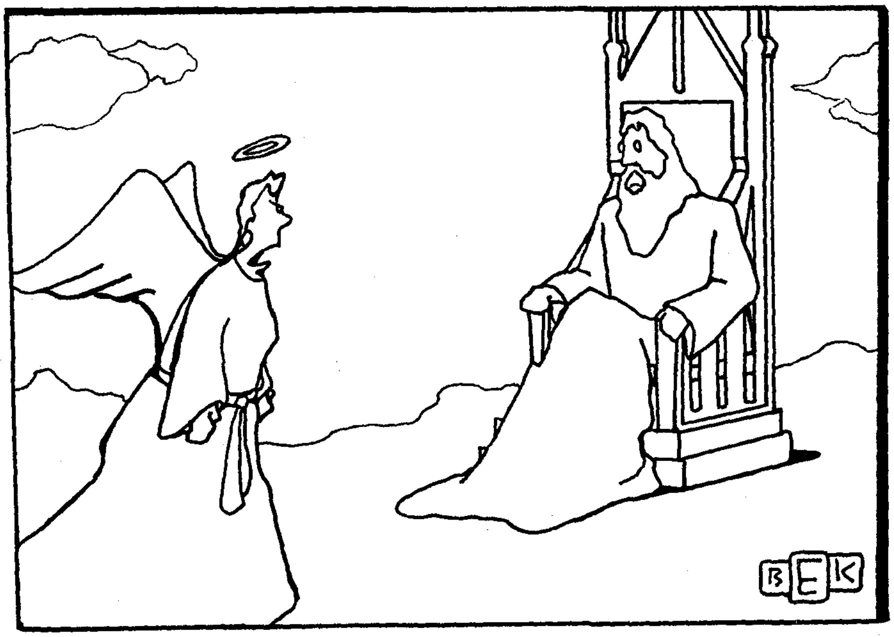
which surrounds the pressroom in Cameron Porteous's fine set for Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's iconoclastic "The Front Page." In this 1928 play, another celebrated team of wits romances not the blessings but the barbarity of city life. The Gershwins put a happy face on it, but Hecht and MacArthur, two seasoned and sour journalists from Chicago, smile at it with cold teeth. The play is a gleeful catalogue of urban faithlessness: murder, racism, political chicanery, journalistic skullduggery. In "The Front Page," the ace reporter Hildy Johnson (played by Stuart Hughes, who cuts a raffish figure that loses authority as he careens unnaturally around the stage) is trying to give up the newspaper game and start a new life with his girlfriend in New York. But then there's a spectacular jailbreak and shootout, deftly staged by Neil Munro. The set clatters with breaking glass and ricocheting bullets, and water sprays from punctured pipes. Afterward, the escaped anarchist—and an exclusive—falls into Hildy's lap. He can't resist. The rest is pure theatrical gold: the reporters looking for the story, the mayor and the sheriff trying to cover it up, and Hildy and his gruff managing editor, Walter Burns, protecting their scoop, who is hidden inside a rolltop desk in the pressroom. All this is played with great brio and accuracy by the ensemble. Richard Farrell, as the dopey and corrupt Sheriff Hartman, and Michael Ball, as the foul-mouthed misogynist Walter Burns, make especially vivid appearances. "Say, Hildy, listen! What do you think women are? *Flowers*?" Burns brays, reeling off a list of husband-killing wives—one who shot her husband, one who put arsenic in her man's soup, and one who burned her breadwinner in a furnace. "When you've been in this business as long as I have, you'll know what women are!" The brutality of Burns' cynicism matches the brutality of the newspaperman's beat and fuels a recognizable, almost psychopathic thrill in the city's murderous climate.

At the end, in one of modern American drama's best tag lines, Burns, bidding farewell to his ace reporter, spends a lot of time explaining the emotional meaning of the watch he gives him as a token of his esteem. Then, as soon as Hildy leaves for New York, Burns is on the phone to his assistant. "Arrest Hildy Johnson and bring him back here," Burns barks. "The son of a bitch stole my watch!" Instead of bringing the curtain down on that line, Munro lets the moment dribble away in a long pause and the jangling of telephones. The effect smudges an otherwise elegant production. But, together, "Lady, Be Good!" and "The Front Page" show the myth of modern urban life taking shape. In making that myth, the writers, lyricists, and composers themselves became inextricably woven into the city's story—a love affair, as Hecht said, "between the nine million human wallflowers of the town and its hundred headliners." ♦



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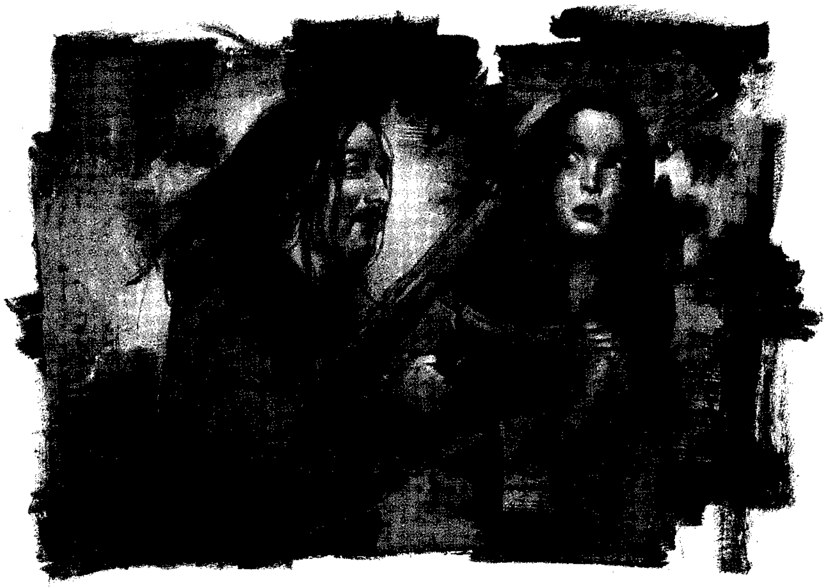

Crowd-threatening: Jean-Hugues Anglade and Julie Delpy in "Killing Zoe."

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"KILLING ZOE" is Roger Avary's first movie. One of the executive producers is Quentin Tarantino, with whom Avary wrote "Pulp Fiction"; this should be a warning to viewers that they are not about to see a retread of "Elvira Madigan." The film stars Eric Stoltz as a professional safecracker who arrives one day in Paris looking shattered, although where he came from we never learn; he keeps asking people the time and failing to get the right answer. Add the fact that he goes by the cryptic non-name of Zed and you begin to realize that the movie has an agenda up its sleeve: the drifting, anonymous youth of today. *That* again. From his hotel room, Zed phones out for company, "the honesty and security of a prostitute," and winds up with the angelic Zoe (Julie Delpy). In her spare time, Zoe studies art—"not any of the old shit," she hastens to add. Of course not.

"Killing Zoe" is very much the new shit. A little sex, a lot of drugs, and a steady overlay of rock and roll. The sex is a sluggish, barely mobile affair; the camera then goes into a handheld spasm of activity as Zoe is hustled out of the room by Zed's friend Eric (Jean-Hugues Anglade). These are the only two moods that Avary can function in, the somnolent and the epileptic; his movie bobs back and forth between Stoltz, an actor who looks stoned even when he's not, and Anglade, who had a rough time in "Betty Blue" and still seems angry about something. From Tarantino—and, more distantly, from Sam Peckinpah—Avary has inherited the stylish and rather desperate belief that life spools by in a dream, from which we occasionally wake into savage convulsions. But Peckinpah reached that conclusion with good cause, as if after a long struggle, and his pictures are tugged by an undertow of melancholy; even in the early ones, the cruelty is like an aging remembrance of distant excess, unforgivable and therefore not forgotten. "Killing Zoe" is funnier and more chic than anything in Peckinpah, but by comparison it feels dangerously airless and untroubled; nothing has been lived through to arrive at a movie like this, and, in turn, the movie has nothing to live up to except its own demanding smartness.

Eric introduces Zed to a few acquaintances, charming fellows who offer him beer, heroin, and a night on the town. As the combined effects take hold, Avary starts to pull and churn the images; Eric Stoltz's head appears to stretch slightly, and there's a rather en-

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dearing moment in a jazz cellar when he stares at the band and sees blue cartoon notes floating out of the instruments. Heaven knows how such a lighthearted gag found its way into the movie, but it stands out in relief against all the loaded degradation. Eric insists that this darkened dive is the real Paris, and the camera thinks so, too, hanging out there way past its bedtime, probing the dim corners; in truth, Avary is selling us a battered cultural cliché, and not doing much with it—unlike Audrey Hepburn, who danced in a similar downstairs bar in "Funny Face" and made the joint jump.

The next morning, Eric is still on a high: "Come on, get up, we've got a bank to rob." The crime has been carefully planned, but Avary pumps it up into a spree, a day trip, as if Eric and his friends had only just thought of it over breakfast; they all don masks and charge into the bank, whooping and cheering like soccer fans, and, from here on, "Killing Zoe" becomes a kind of punk response to "Rififi." Gallic theft is no longer a speechless, gentlemanly art; it's the sport of sweating cokeheads. This is the brightest patch of the movie; you shrug off the gruesome longueurs of the night before and snap into a world of throwaway energy—it could be the Paris of the young Godard. Darting among the clerks and customers trapped in the raid, the camera alights on the pale, stricken face of Zoe, then zips away before we have time to ponder the coincidence, or the possible outcome. Avary is fired up here, working at speed, just like his heroes; the walls of the bank vault are painted scarlet, and they glow with expectation, waiting to be daubed with extra red. Once the blood comes, however, something goes wrong. Avary falls in love with the violence, which interests him more than the characters on whom it is inflicted; and the first casualty is the movie itself.

What drove him in this direction? "Roger Avary began his career making aggressive Super-8 shorts at the age of 13," says the publicity blurb. The aggression remains: with so many directors intent on simple crowd-pleasing, there's a new generation toiling away at the other extreme. Like Tarantino, Avary isn't just crowd-challenging—he's crowd-threatening. The implication is that if we turn aside, or find it all too much, we're not cool enough to watch his work in the first place. Can *you* look at the switchblade that unzips Stoltz's cheek? And how do you feel about that bank clerk, a middle-aged woman, shot through the mouth? The characters treat her body like an obstacle, like nothing at all; one of them trips over it, another flicks a lit cigarette into the blood flowing out of her head, so that we hear the wet hiss. Thanks a lot. "Killing Zoe" has wit and will power—check out the opening credits—but in the end it chooses to squander them in favor of the slow burn. For all its immersion in scuzziness, this film is actually something of a snob; it looks down on us for wanting simple pleasures.

THERE is no finer tradition in movies than that of people behaving badly, or foolishly, or not bothering to behave at all; Hollywood in its infancy would have been nothing without fat policemen and revolving doors. The notion of a moving camera gave the pratfalls of vaudeville a breadth and license that lifted them into barely controlled misrule. The laws of nature, like those of the state, were made to be broken. So where has all the chaos gone? Where are the crazies of yesteryear? Cinema has been unable to support the spirit of rowdiness that prevailed in Mack Sennett quickies and, later, in the Marx Brothers movies—illogical and, at first sight, innocent pictures, yet crammed with men falling over themselves to make trouble, so determined to launch verbal and bodily attacks that you came out of the theatre almost frightened by fun. That torrent has divided in two, and lost force. On the one hand, we have movies like "Killing Zoe," where the characters still go wild, but do so with a self-regarding intensity, seldom leavened by playfulness; they slaughter those whom Groucho would merely have taunted. And, on the other hand, we have "Airheads," the new Michael Lehmann movie, which has a gratifying sense of the ridiculous but a woeful reluctance to push it too far. Both movies are populated by gangs rather than solitary individuals; both display bestial quantities of hair; both are surprisingly static, with yards of frantic narrative unrolling inside a confined space; and, for sheer anarchy value, neither of them can hold a candle to Harpo, although, come to think of it,

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that was never a very safe thing to do.

"Airheads" is a lightweight look at a trio of heavy-metal freaks: Chazz (Brendan Fraser), Rex (Steve Buscemi), and Rex's little brother, a helplessly hormonal pool cleaner called Pip (Adam Sandler). Together, they make up a band, The Lone Rangers, though, as someone points out, "there's three of you—you're not exactly *lone.*" All they want is a few minutes of airtime for a demo tape of their new song. So, brandishing water pistols loaded with pepper sauce, they take over a local radio station and demand that the disk jockey (Joe Mantegna) play the great number. When you finally catch it, of course, it sounds like every other heavy-metal composition you've ever heard, with that delicate, puma-in-labor, who-dropped-the-piano-down-the-mineshaft quality; but that's precisely the point. These guys are nothing much, yet they stir themselves to one act of daring, and everything starts to happen.

The film is more sweet-natured than funny; it's that very sweetness, indeed, which thickens and smothers the gags. This is a long way from Lehmann's first feature, "Heathers," which cast a cold eye on insufferable schoolkids and thrilled to the prospect of their destruction. There's not a smudge of black on the comedy of "Airheads"; Lehmann even manages to find a certain charm in Steve Buscemi, which is hardly worth the hunt. Buscemi is one of the great movie rats, the best supporting vermin—whippy and sneering, nasty when cornered, biting at his lines as if stripping meat from a bone. He should be playing the fool to someone grand (imagine him bouncing off Brando, or yelping at the heels of Charlton Heston); he certainly needn't be wasting his energy in movies that try to grow fond of him, although it's a joy to see him request sixty-seven copies of "Moby Dick" as a ransom demand. "The movie or the book?" comes the reply. "They made a book out of it?" he says, impressed. The problem is that "Airheads" has time on its hands; the plot is small, quiet, and easily solved, which leaves too much room for hemorrhoid jokes and meaningless crane shots of exuberant throngs, not to mention the indulgence of foibles. Someone please let Steve Buscemi out of his cage; let's get some madness back into movies. ♦

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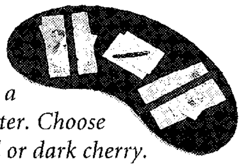

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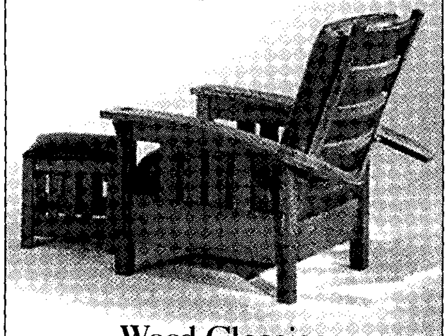

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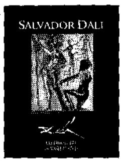
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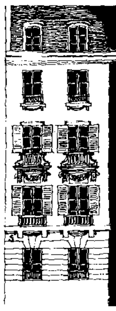
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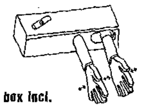
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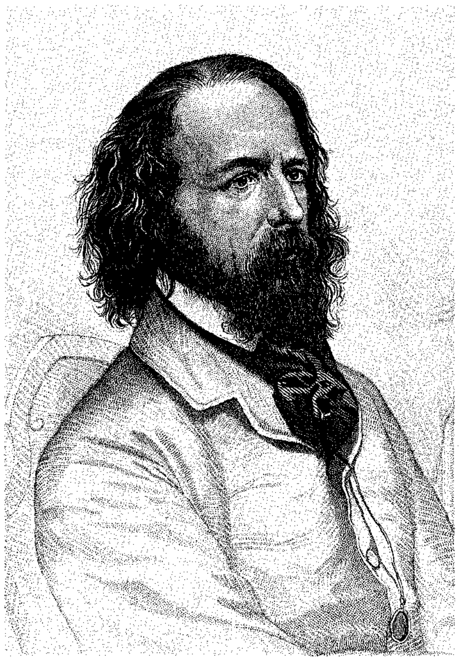
A CRITIC AT LARGE

TENNYSON, ANYONE?

BY IAN HAMILTON

OCTOBER, 1992, was the centenary of Tennyson's death, and in England the anniversary was greeted with a nonchalance that would have astounded his Victorian admirers. There was no ten-gun salute at Buckingham Palace, no minute's silence in the House of Lords. Nationwide, the tributes amounted to not much more than a few localized murmurs of respect. There was a small flurry of activity in academia—"Tennyson and the Text," "Tennyson: Seven Essays"—and the *Times Literary Supplement* came through with a cover picture and a two-page spread on which twelve current literary figures offered short assessments of Tennyson's "achievement and influence" in the twentieth century. The *TLS* feature was, I believe, the nearest anybody got to formal eulogy, but even this could hardly be thought of as full-hearted. "I grew up on 'The Lady of Shalott' and 'Morte d'Arthur,' " said A. S. Byatt. Gavin Ewart said, "I had Tennyson, willy-nilly, when I was nine or so, at my prep school." Each spoke as if in mitigation: Tennyson was fed to them when they were too young to resist. Others on the *TLS* panel also told sad tales of Tennyson abuse. Most of the twelve seemed ready to rank Tennyson as one of the great English poets; few, though, were able to sing his praises straightforwardly, without some foot-shuffling parenthesis. A weakness for Tennyson still needs to be accounted for, explained.


A hundred years ago, Lord Tennyson's death was regarded as a national calamity: a vital part of England had breathed its last.

Two recent biographies, both called "Tennyson"—one by Michael Thorn (St. Martin's; $30) and the other by Peter Levi (Scribners; $30)—were presumably commissioned with the centenary in mind. Thorn's effort is competent but full of those pat linkages which are such a feature of routine biographese ("Tennyson's mind was taken off his ghosts and irritations at the beginning of June by a visit from the vivacious Miss Gladstone"). Levi's is more showy and eccentric, and makes a parade of its author's command of the minutiae of Victorian intellectual life. A classical scholar and a former Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Levi sometimes sounds like a Monty Python caricature of the high-table don: Arthur Hallam's poetry, he says, "is not negligible, being about as good as Moore's, intellectually stronger than much of Campbell's, and technically at least as able as Bishop Heber's, abler for example than Archbishop Trench's."

Neither book has much to add, in the way of information, to Robert Bernard Martin's massive and elegantly written life, "Tennyson: The Unquiet Heart," published in 1980. And in the way of critical perceptiveness neither is in the same league as Christopher Ricks' masterly study, "Tennyson," which came out in 1972. Ricks and Martin between them rescued Tennyson from long years of neglect—neglect bordering on hostility—but even they could not achieve for him full reinstatement. For this, it seems, Tennyson still needs the passing years: nowadays we are inclined to measure a writer's standing by the length of the "books about" section of his bibliography, and according to this reckoning the Thorn and Levi contributions can be seen as a good thing. There is—can we say?—a *need* for unnecessary volumes about Tennyson. In the *TLS* centenary issue, there was a review article on T. S. Eliot in which eighteen studies of the poet were discussed—a year's crop, so it seemed. Few of us will read these Eliot publications, but we like to know that they are there—that Eliot, by sheer weight of scholarly toil, is getting to be unassailably "canonical," impossible to shift. After all, Eliot is our twentieth-century Great Poet. By comparison, Tennyson's centenary booty seemed niggardly, or hesitant—as if the powers that be were still making up their minds.

A HUNDRED years ago, the death of Tennyson was regarded as a national calamity: a vital part of England, people felt, had breathed its last. And, as far as the status of poetry was concerned, it surely had. Since Tennyson, no poet has enjoyed his measure of celebrity, or been so admiringly identified with the so-called temper of his age. In mid-Victorian England, the temper of the age was to deplore the temper of the age, and in this department Tennyson excelled. Yet his melancholia usually left room for spiritual maneuver—enough, anyway, to leave his readers feeling both lowered and uplifted:

> Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
> Sleep, holy spirit, blessèd soul,
> While the stars burn, the moons increase,
> And the great ages onward roll.
>
> Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
> Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
> Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
> Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

In gratitude, they hailed him as their laureate, who could voice their deepest fears, their proudest boasts. One of the Victorians' proudest boasts was that they knew how to grapple with their deepest fears. Tennyson showed them the way.

Simply at the level of cash takings, Parnassus will never see his like again. For the larger part of an extremely long career—his first book came out in 1830—the author of "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King" was a regular, and spectacular, best-seller, outstripping most fiction writers of his day. "Enoch Arden" sold forty thousand copies within weeks of publication and netted him eight thousand pounds—in 1865, huge money. (Once, when he read this work aloud, he begged his audience "not to go into hysterics.") Near the end of his life, he was offered fifty thousand dollars for a lecture tour of the United States. For twelve lines on a Christmas card he could have asked a thousand guineas. His toenail clippings, he once reckoned, might do a brisk trade were he to put them up for sale.

He never needed to, any more than he needed to give lectures or write book reviews. Although his first two books were cruelly panned, his third scored a great success. He was made poet laureate at forty-one. On the proceeds of his verse, Tennyson acquired two mansions, and lived in them like a lord. But then he *was* a lord—made so in 1883, by Gladstone and Queen Victoria, who were his friends. He was also viewed by many as a god: his utterances were believed to be not of this world. Tourists would climb fences at his Isle of Wight retreat, hoping to see him eat his lunch. This was not a pretty sight, by some accounts, since Tennyson was rough-mannered, and at table he regularly downed two bottles of port. "He did things which were just not done," says Michael Thorn, who also speaks of the poet's "utter lack of any sense of social decorum." Levi is less reproving, on the whole, but even he can sound a bit sniffy on the subject of Tennyson's nicotine intake. For nine hours of every day, Tennyson could be found puffing on a "small, blackened clay pipe." According to one contemporary, he favored the "strongest and most stinking tobacco."

Although Tennyson often seemed graceless in his ways, he was a gregarious spirit and was much in demand at social gatherings. At the height of his fame, he hobnobbed with aristocrats and high-up politicians. Queen Victoria admired his work and now and then summoned him to court. When, at dinner parties, his host asked him to read aloud from one of his new works, he usually complied, setting to with great stamina and powers of emphasis. And when he sallied forth on country walks he looked the part: the wide-awake hat, the flowing cloak, the straggly beard. And was not his un-English swarthiness a

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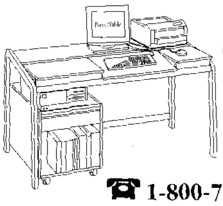

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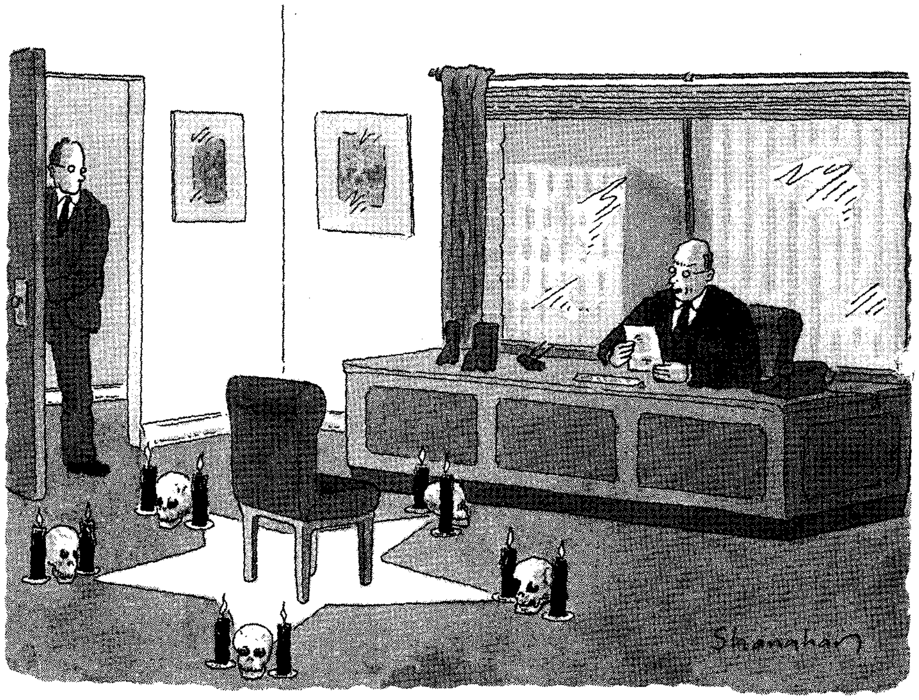

"Ah, Stevens—sit anywhere."

• •

sign that he had issued from afar? He was also tall, and intriguingly shortsighted. When he ran into old acquaintances, he sometimes looked through them or asked who they were. This, too, could be taken as a guarantee of his inspired unworldliness. Both Levi and Thorn recount a famous and perhaps true story of Tennyson's introduction to James Russell Lowell. He asked Lowell, then America's Ambassador to England, "Do you know anything about *Lowell*?"

Like several of our own celebrities, Tennyson pretended that he wanted to be left alone, yet monitored his fame with angry vigilance. He had grown used to adoration in his early twenties and could easily be thrown off track thereafter by even the mildest disparagements. "Don't abuse my book," he wrote to his candid and usually admiring friend Edward FitzGerald about his "Poems" of 1842. "You can't hate it more than I do, but it does me no good to hear it abused; if it is bad, you and others are to blame who continually urged me to publish." Even at the height of his fame, he was looking over his shoulder, ever ready for the back stab, the betrayal. When critics spoke ill of his works, as now and then some did, he was cast into the depths. Why should his name be "Shot like a racketball from mouth to mouth/And bandied in the barren lips of fools," he asked in an unpublished poem of 1839. For him, the pain of being attacked was "thrice keener than delight from duest praise."

Worldly praise was never quite enough—it fell short of the highest validation. But then, for Tennyson, what didn't? Life itself was meaningless, he used to say, unless he could be *certain* that there was an afterlife. And the same went for literary celebrity. "Modern fame is nothing," he once said. "I'd rather have an acre of land. I shall go down, down! I'm up now. Action and reaction."

In his final years, Tennyson was able to pick up one or two intimations of posterity's likely "reaction." There had been a slight falling off from his great peak of the eighteen-sixties, and if he listened hard enough (and we can be pretty sure he did) he would have been able to detect the faintest of faint murmurings against him from the youth. There were Tennyson parodies, and the term "Tennysonian" was sometimes used in fun. But the gibes were generally respectful. As Swinburne said, "I allow no one to laugh at Tennyson except myself." When Tennyson died, his reputation and his popularity were solidly intact, and they remained so for thirty years longer.

It was not until after the First World War that Tennyson, along with many another icon of his period, came under serious assault. As an "eminent Victorian," he was lumped in with the old men who had sent their sons to slaughter in the war. His "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which in 1854 had been one of his biggest hits, was now reviled as the ultimate imperialist battle hymn. His Arthurian idylls were laughed at as typical Victorian escapism. Even the racked miseries of "In Memoriam" were patronized as facile, metronomic. By the nineteen-thirties, the decade in which loathing of the Victorians was at its fiercest, he had become Alfred Lawn Tennyson. The sally was copyright James Joyce, who was by then revered as being all that Tennyson was not. To be Tennysonian in the nineteen-thirties was to be sentimental, bogus, a state lackey, a reactionary dud. And the fact that his work was thought by the very old to be "real poetry" made matters worse, as Kingsley Amis has explained:

> When I first noticed Tennyson, some time in the 1930s, he must have been at or near the nadir of his reputation among those starting to read poetry. He had not only been Poet Laureate all those years and written "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; he was popular with antiquated persons like Mr. Oakley, who taught me Latin, and above all he was a *Victorian* and therefore intolerable. The young and youngish of today can hardly imagine the extreme pejorative force of that label at that time.

Tennyson's very giftedness was held against him: his ear was too perfect, and his productivity and range were sure indications of an eagerness to please. He was expert, yes, but slickly so. A consummate self-parodist, he could turn on the quality at will. The vandalistic drives of modernism found in Tennyson a monument that *had* to be pulled down. Discredit the Tennysonian, said Ezra Pound, and you will expose the hollowness, the mediocrity of British taste. Only then will you be free to "make it new." It was as if nothing of the new—the new morality, the new atheism, the new frontiers staked out by Marx and Freud—could be properly developed or explored until poor Tennyson was given the heave-ho.

FROM a distance of sixty years or so, the treatment of Tennyson seems philistine and thuggish. There was an awful willfulness about it, as if everyone were determined to read the jacket, not the book. Still, the tide gradually turned, and biography can take much of the credit for this. Tennyson often railed against biographers. The "lives of great men," he said, should not be treated "like pigs to be ripped open for the public." In an effort to protect himself, he recruited his son Hallam as his authorized-life writer. Not only that but he assisted Hallam in his research—destroying or censoring letters, advising on points of interpretation, suppressing negative reviews, glossing over ancient quarrels. Anything that smacked of "intensity of feeling" was suppressed. Hallam got the message and set to with the scissors. The result, five years after the poet's death, was an anodyne two-volume "Memoir" that would soon enough be ridiculed as further evidence of its subject's pitiable hunger for respectability. "A smooth bust of rosy wax," one critic called it.

Hallam's memoir stood for fifty years as *the* Tennyson biography, and it did his father's cause no good at all. In 1949, though, another family-approved "Life" was published, this time by the poet's grandson Charles. Charles had access to the family papers—what was left of them—and, with Hallam dead, he was under no pressure to safeguard the family name. After all, he was addressing a hostile audience, for whom the name Tennyson had been made risible, a byword for rectitude and cant. His job was to introduce some darker hues, to rattle a few skeletons.

This he did, and with a vengeance. When Charles Tennyson's biography appeared, the world was ready to take another look at Tennyson. In Charles's presentation, the family tree bristled with neurosis, and in the light of his revelations the poems somehow became stranger, more disturbed, more genuine. Even "Idylls of the King," once thought of as a pretty tapestry, now appeared to be simmering with sexual thwartedness and with the nervous strain of trying to live up to an ideal. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," it could be seen, dispatched its warriors to certain death. "Maud" was reread as a psychological case study. In other words, Tennyson was rediscovered as that most "modern" of literary animals: the deep-divided yearner. When T. S. Eliot called Tennyson the saddest of all English poets, and when Auden described him as a connoisseur of melancholia, there was in each of these judgments a distinct whiff of condescension, of reproof. The music of Tennyson's despair was far too

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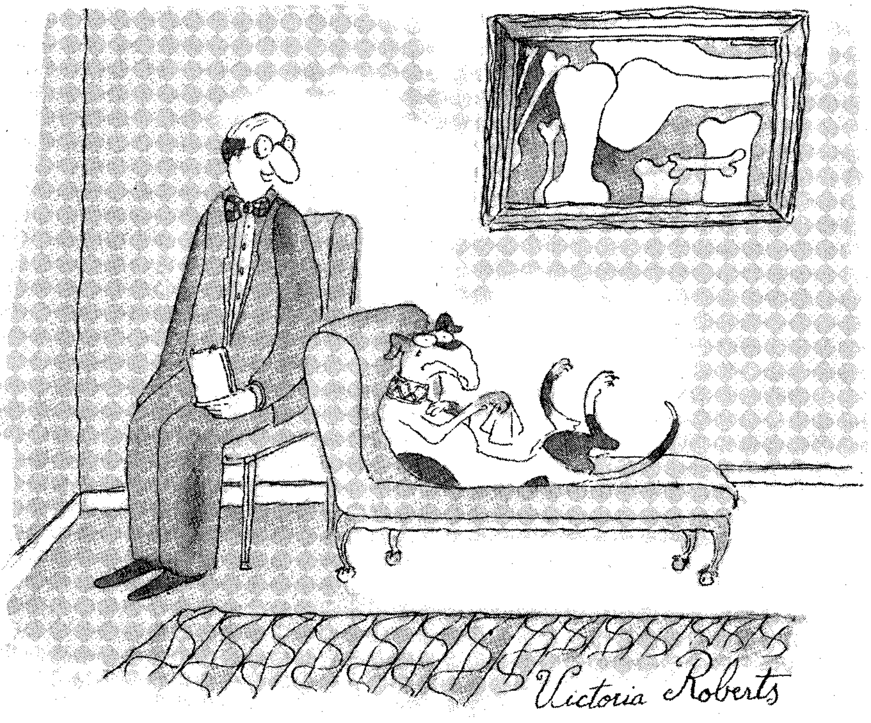
easy on the ear. And how had that despair been earned? Charles Tennyson's book made questions of this sort seem cheap, and paved the way for Ricks and Martin—and, indeed, for the generally relaxed respectfulness of the new biographies.

The Tennysons, it transpired, were victims of "black blood": a disposition toward melancholia, sometimes bordering on madness. Drink and drugs were used to keep the malady in check. In the poet's immediate family, three brothers were afflicted with some kind of mental illness. One of them became an opium addict; another ended up in an asylum. And the boys' father, George, was famously unbalanced—a drunk, given to titanic rages and pitch-black depressions. George had a bitter grievance: the eldest son of a rich man, he had been disinherited in favor of his younger brother and forced to seek a living in the church. Nobody ever told him why. It was the whim, seemingly, of his black-blooded father. As a result, his own black blood went on the boil. For a dozen years, his rectory was a madhouse, with the whole family living in dread of George's regular "attacks." Levi speaks of the rectory's "doom-laden and bottle-strewn atmosphere," Thorn of the "prevailing atmosphere of savagery in the house." In the end, Tennyson's mother had to remove herself and her children from the scene, and leave George to it. He died, still furious, in 1831.

Throughout Tennyson's adolescence, it seems, barely a week passed without some agonizing psychodrama. By the time he escaped to Cambridge, to make friends and write poems, he was well established in the fear that he, too, was marked for lunacy. Then came a further blow—for him more cataclysmic than any of his family tragedies, though, as he saw it, part of the same pattern. Arthur Hallam, his best friend, his most admiring critic, and the fiancé of his sister, died—of a stroke, it was said—at twenty-two. Tennyson was devastated by this loss, and over the next two decades he wrote "In Memoriam," the long sequence of heartbroken elegies, which he at first intended not to print. It was published anonymously in 1850. That year, he married Emily Sellwood, after a lengthy and frustrating courtship. His wife-to-be kept him waiting because she suspected that his soul was not at peace. She had presumably scented the black blood. Tennyson's most powerful work—poems like "Ulysses" and "The Lotos-Eaters"—spoke of inertia, of exhaustion, of not really wanting to go on.

When they married, Tennyson was famous, about to be made poet laureate. Emily saw it as her duty to provide a well-ordered ambience in which his genius might flourish—and in which, she hoped, he would find God. She became his secretary, business manager, and spiritual counsellor, and the around-the-clock supporter of his self-esteem. Some of Tennyson's friends believed that her solicitude was stifling—that she encouraged the respectable in Tennyson and steered him away from the darker sources of his inspiration. Both Thorn and Levi, though, speak well of her: she handled him "most perfectly," Levi says, and in Thorn's view "Tennyson's marriage was good both for his work and for his temperament." Even so, Emily's wifely tasks exhausted her, and she herself fell victim to a never diagnosed lassitude that kept her more or less bedridden for the last eighteen years of their long marriage. But Tennyson did not go mad. Edward FitzGerald was one of those who hinted that his poems might have got better if he had, but even FitzGerald would probably have shuddered at the thought of what might have become of him if Emily had not set herself to do battle with his demons.



"Lassie is merely billed as America's best-loved dog."

THERE are questions about Tennyson that will almost certainly not be answered. How important was his early, pre-Emily infatuation with Rosa Baring, an upper-crust, coquettish heiress, who spurned him around the time of Hallam's death? Christopher Ricks believes that the pain of this setback was "deep and abiding," that Rosa was the inspiration of several well-known poems, most notably the anguished "Maud." ("Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek, / Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drowned . . .") Levi dismisses the whole episode as "an insignificant flirtation or hardly even that." What was the "true nature" of his relationship with Arthur Hallam? Why, really, did his engagement to Emily drag on for so long?

And then there is the Tennysonian black blood. How much of it did Tennyson actually inherit? Levi refers to the idea that the black blood was a form of epilepsy, and that Tennyson himself may have been subject to epileptic fits, but he dismisses this theory with fine bedside scorn: "impossible for medical reasons," he declares, without quite saying why. Thorn refloats the old notion that Tennyson may have been hooked on opium, like his brother Charles, citing "the popular perception during his own life." This perception, he says, "was more widespread and lingering than the effort to brush it aside has implied." Thorn also wants to make out that Tennyson was more of a rake than we had known: "On the Isle of Wight . . . you can still hear off-the-record (and off-the-wall) saloon-bar theories about the poet's amatory exploits. They are probably as wide of the mark as the more sedate fabrications enshrined in Tennysonian legend." Do we detect here a new legend in the making—Alfred Porn Tennyson, sex fiend of Farringford? Well, action and reaction. Who can tell?

Tennyson often yearned for easeful death, but more hungrily he yearned for life. He wanted more of life, not less; he already knew what less felt like. "So various, so beautiful, so new" was how Matthew Arnold described *his* land of dreams. No more than Arnold did Tennyson like being a Victorian. And yet he also yearned for stability and reassurance, a deep sense of duty done. To serve or to escape? To do or to dream? Such themes could hardly be thought of as not "modern." Once forbiddingly well groomed, Tennyson in the nineteen-fifties could be seen as excitingly unkempt. In the age of Dylan Thomas, it even became possible for him to be regarded as a bohemian at heart. Biography had done the trick—or, at any rate, had set in motion a willingness to think again. By forcing a new reading of the man, it had also forced a reappraisal of the texts. Readers were free once more to marvel at his music, and not have to say of it, Oh, how Victorian:

> There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
> There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
> Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
> That ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
> Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
> Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
> Death closes all: but something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
> Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
> The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
> The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
> Moans round with many voices.
> Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

And yet, of course, the music *is* Victorian. It plumbs the depths, it reaches for the heavens, and it doesn't know for certain which is which. We are used to not knowing things "for certain," but Tennyson was not. We must therefore be careful when we seek to rescue him from history, or to reclaim him as a modern, one of us. Much of Tennyson's power to touch us springs from sources that we know he would rather have kept hidden—hidden from Emily, from England, from himself. Seen like this, even his official mode can strike us as a near-heroic style of recompense, a making up for not being the kind of Victorian he seemed and wished to be, and loathed.

For some readers, Tennyson's acts of recompense—if such they were—need not have been conducted at such length. It takes a rare sort of devotion to plow through the two hundred or so pages of "Idylls of the King" in the hope of encountering the real man behind the tapestry. Similarly, "In Memoriam" is best read in selections that eschew its more ponderous stretches of "philosophy." Even "Maud," the most jaggedly "modern" of his works, goes on and on.

New readers, then, need guidance, but when it comes to Tennyson—once we have picked out the best of the bleak early lyrics, or "Ulysses," or "Tithonus," or bits of the "Morte d'Arthur"—it is not easy to know where to point. As Gerard Manley Hopkins famously opined, Tennyson wrote well even when he was untouched by inspiration: he wrote well when he wrote badly. With Keats or Wordsworth, say, we can readily distinguish the inspired works from the duds, but the duds in Tennyson are pretty good: skillfully made, sonorous, and ever likely to throw up something we would not have wished to miss—a wave of pathos, a glintingly accurate description. He is thus both the most skippable and the least skippable of poets. To know him is to know that there is far too much of him; there had to be. From most overproductive poets we salvage what we like, and put the rest on ice, for scholars to pick over. Not so with Tennyson. In his case, the very bulk of his collected works has an important meaning. Chiefly, and most movingly, it means that the "real Tennyson" can never be set free. ♦

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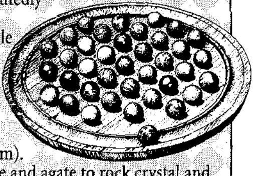

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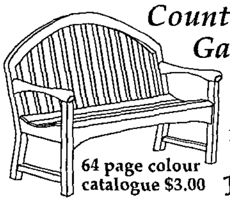

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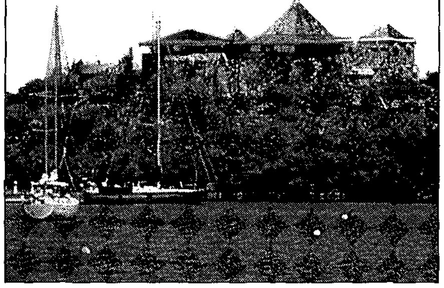

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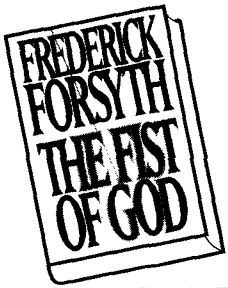

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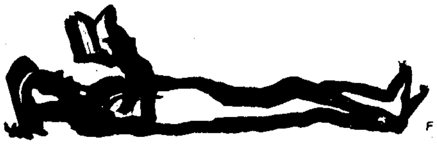

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

AMERICAN HISTORY

The Shadow of the Panther
by Hugh Pearson
(Addison-Wesley; $24)

THIS is a history of Huey Newton and the Black Panther Party, which for a brief time was the dominant expression of African-American rage in this country. Pearson has written a book with an unsteady narrative and an unfortunate reliance on clichés, but from it a story emerges that is still strong enough to chill the reader. Newton, who died a crack addict, gunned down on an Oakland street in 1989, was an intelligent and predatory young man, and the Panthers reflected his complexity. They sponsored a free-breakfast program for children and started a school called the Oakland Community Learning Center. They sold Mao's "Little Red Book" in Berkeley to raise money for weapons. They shook down local businesses and fought a running battle with the police. In essence, Pearson argues, the Panthers were a street gang with political overtones who managed to undermine with viciousness every one of their undeniable accomplishments. This book will awaken profound misgivings—about gun-barrel rhetoric, about armed rebellion, about the ambiguities of justice.

Un-American Activities: A Memoir of the Fifties
by Sally Belfrage
(HarperCollins; $22.50)

BELFRAGE, who died this year, at fifty-seven, wrote that the great lesson of her life was to embrace being an outsider—an un-American—after a youth spent chasing conformity while her father was imprisoned for, in effect, having been a member of the Communist Party very briefly in the nineteen-thirties. Despite the painful contradictions in her past, Belfrage makes you envy its richness, from the racy songs she sang with her father to her intellectually serious education at the Bronx High School of Science (where she was nearly the only shiksa). This memoir is also the inside story of her charismatic and difficult British parents: her father, a writer, was a hero to the American left, and was deported by the United States government in 1955; her mother had been one of England's most prominent woman journalists. You could say that the adage "The personal is the political" was the story of Belfrage's life. She had funnier and much more elucidating ways of putting it.

Gay New York: Gender, Urban Culture, and the Making of the Gay Male World, 1890-1940
by George Chauncey
(Basic; $25)

LIKE an old Sears, Roebuck catalogue, this account of New York's pre-1940 gay milieu is a fascinating inventory of a world so long forgotten that it is almost universally believed to have never existed. Using a wide array of court records, newspaper clippings, diaries, and interviews, Chauncey, a historian at the University of Chicago, firmly dispels that notion. He begins with turn-of-the-century saloons, like the Slide and Columbia Hall, where anti-vice crusaders found "painted and powdered men" calling each other "Princess this and Lady So and So," and then shows us that these were only the most notorious elements of an elaborate and visible gay subculture. Although at times Chauncey overstates his theoretical arguments, he is very adept at evoking this surprisingly integrated urban scene, in which "fairies drank with sailors . . . at waterfront dives . . . ; 'noted faggots' mixed with other patrons at Harlem's rent parties and basement cabarets; and lesbians ran speakeasies where Greenwich Village bohemians—straight and queer alike—gathered to read their verse."

The Unredeemed Captive
by John Demos
(Knopf; $25)

ON February 29, 1704, a French-and-Indian raiding party attacked the frontier village of Deerfield, Massachusetts, killing dozens of residents and abducting more than a hundred. Among those taken were the Puritan minister John Williams and his family. Within a couple of years, all the surviving members of the family had been redeemed except one daughter, Eunice, who was living in a Mohawk settlement on the St. Lawrence and refused repatriation. For Reverend Williams, the horror of her adopting Mohawk ways was perhaps exceeded by the horror of her being converted to Catholicism by French priests, and he spared no effort to reclaim his "lost" daughter. Many original documents about the case have survived, and Demos draws the reader into the job of assessing the objectivity of the witnesses and weighing the possible motives of the participants. When evidence is lacking, he engages in speculation to advance the story, and the reader, having been granted complicity in his exegesis of the texts, can accept these acts of imagination as a legitimate extension of the interpretative process. In piecing together the absorbing life of Eunice Williams, the author demonstrates that good social history and good storytelling can stroll hand in hand.

La Salle

by Anka Muhlstein; translated from the French by Willard Wood
(Arcade; $22.95)

AWARDED the 1993 History Prize of the Académie Française, this biography of the first European to travel down the Mississippi recalls for us the curiosity and the endurance that won France a North American empire in the seventeenth century. Robert Cavelier de La Salle sailed for Canada in 1667; he had been a Jesuit but had left the order because his superiors refused to let him join a mission abroad. La Salle could adapt his manners to the huts of the Hurons and the palaces of Versailles, but, wherever he was, he was afflicted by the desire to be somewhere else. The home government was content with what France held—settlements on the St. Lawrence and missions around the Great Lakes—but La Salle had a hunch that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico and insisted on finding out. Muhlstein superbly evokes the American wilderness and subtly conveys its effect on Europeans, who discovered that in America they could escape the control their betters exerted over them in Europe. La Salle was assassinated by mutineers in Texas in 1687, but his work survived him, and when Louisiana was sold to the United States we became his heirs. ♦

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SUMMER RULES

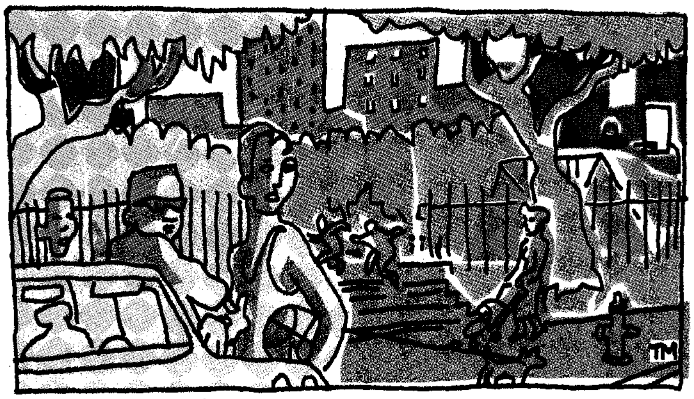
BY IAN FRAZIER

THERE are dozens and dozens of playgrounds in Brooklyn. Most are paved with worn asphalt stained by faded graffiti and oil spills and chocolate splotches and white dots of chewing gum. Trash collects in the corners of some, and starlings police it. At many playgrounds, the bathrooms are closed. The drinking fountains, when working, have shreds of burst water balloons in the basins, which are of a concrete so old and water-marked as to seem hardly man-made. Trees shade some playgrounds, but others lie open to the sun. Officially, many playgrounds have names like Monsignor McGolrick Park or Betty K. Rappaport Playground or Joe Galapo Playground or Bill Brown Park. Unofficially, a few parks commemorate, in large graffiti paintings on the walls of handball courts, people like Imel (November 20, 1967–August 20, 1993) or Cliff (July 25, 1947–January 14, 1993: "Rest in Peace, Daddy!"). In any playground, you hear the sound of balls bouncing. No playground is so forlorn that it doesn't have four or six guys shooting a game of listless hot-weather hoops.

Some playgrounds are jumping. On a weekend afternoon at Nostrand Playground, in Flatbush, young guys in wheelchairs do small stunts by the gate and shout greetings to passersby. Venders sell sugarcane and mango halves and split green coconuts. When a person gets up from a bench, someone soon takes his place. Candy-colored cars at the curb give off a cicada-throb of music. Kids swing so high on the swings that the chains become slack; they flop on their stomachs, and their hair grazes the ground. A guy holding a twenty-two-ounce bottle of St. Ides malt liquor in one hand and a slipping-around girl on roller blades in the other says, "Look up! Stop lookin' down!" Overhead, an unfrayed American flag flies straight out in the breeze.

At Paerdegat Park, some blocks away, men play dominoes and drink malta from small brown bottles. They exclaim as they slap the smooth tiles down hard. One man wears a T-shirt decorated with pictures of the members of the Trinidad and Tobago soccer team, a World Cup qualifier in 1990. Suddenly there is a bang, a screech of brakes, a scary, violent vibration from the street alongside. All the people look in that direction, like a herd of deer. A teen-age boy lies on the pavement. He doesn't cry; he is moving one leg back and forth. Someone puts a knapsack under his head. A short, bald brown man—the driver who hit him?—stands over him with pencil and notebook, explaining to bystanders with a repeated gesture of his hand. A man from the crowd begins to direct traffic; on the man's T-shirt is a black-and-white picture taken from the videotape of the police beating Rodney King. An E.M.S. truck arrives, and two paramedics get out and pull on latex gloves. The paramedics lean over the boy, they strap immobilizing supports to his head and leg and neck, they put him on a stretcher, they lift the stretcher into the back of the truck. The boy stares upward, his eyes blinking, his skin the color of clay.

At Albemarle Playground, in Borough Park, the buildings and trees all around make the half block of space seem taller than it is wide. Gray-haired ladies wearing new black Adidas with white stripes play cards, and boys in yarmulkes shoot high-powered squirt guns at girls in skirts down to their shins. Black and Asian and Hispanic and white boys play a fast game of basketball, in which it seems that everybody gets a shot. Four shirtless white guys are playing handball, towels draped around their necks. A dark-eyed, downcast little boy wearing a Rangers T-shirt hanging to his knees walks onto the handball court. With him are a frizzy-haired woman and a thickset man whose upwardly tapering haircut makes him look like a wedge. The man talks to the handball players, waving his finger in their faces. The woman says they took the boy's ball and made him beg for it back. The handball players hold their palms up in conciliation. Pointing, the wedge-shaped man tells the handball players, "This is my son!" Then he walks to the middle of the playground and sets his feet apart and says, "Listen, everybody. Alvaro is my son! Do you all hear that? Alvaro is: *My. Son.* If you disrespect him, I'm gonna fuck you up! If I can't fight you, I'll bite your dick off! Either you swallow my dick or I'll swallow yours!" Still talking, he walks from the playground, then trots away down Twelfth Avenue. The boy and the frizzy-haired woman leave. The gray-haired women in the Adidas return to their card game. The basketball again begins to bounce. ♦



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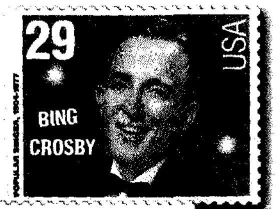
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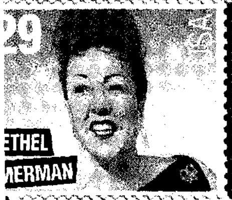
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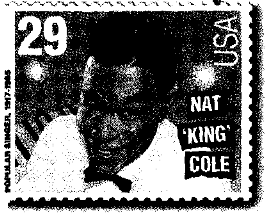
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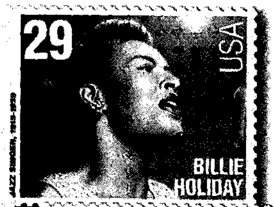
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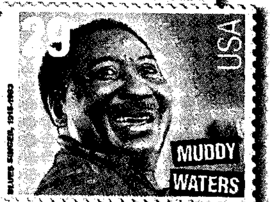
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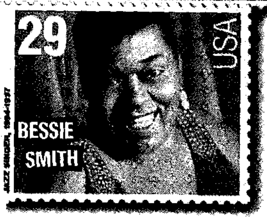
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